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IN his all-embracing volume, 'The Artist's Pilgrimage to Bayreuth,' M. Lavignac begs the reader to pardon him for having written 'a thousand and first book upon Richard Wagner and his achievements.' But if M. Lavignac needed an apology, which he does not, since few or none have grasped the Wagnerian idea more firmly than himself, it would be for adding not one to a thousand, but one to ten thousand—a literal myriad of dissertations, assaults, defences, commentaries, all in diverse tones and on the most varied scale, under which, as some say, the creator of the Bayreuth drama lies buried, or upon which, according to others, he stands exalted, the greatest of Germans, equal to Sophocles and Shakespeare, raised above Goethe by his sublime gift of music, and uniting Beethoven the artist to Faust the philosopher. Such are, indeed, his own pretensions, put forth modestly yet with conviction, during a long day of struggling with enemies and friends, with his own circumstances, and with a temperament as impetuous as it was sensitive, as unwearied in effort as it was impressionable to influences,

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though not to motives, from without. After endless conflict, the hour of triumph came. And then all the episodes of a battle so far-extended—the journeyings, rivalries, oppositions, misfortunes, disappointments—were taken up into a glory which no German, except the old laureate of Weimar, has enjoyed since that ambitious literature put on its modern wings and soared into a new heaven. Nietzsche declared that Wagner was not only a rare artist, but ‘one of the greatest powers of civilization.’ It seems an extravagant saying; yet who will deny that, if measured by influence, popularity, or discussion, a power of the first rank this Leipzig musician has become, on the stage, in the orchestra, in books, and in the life which art adorns or inspires?

It does not follow that he is rightly read by the multitudes who worship his name. On the contrary, it would be amazing if he were. We may lift him to the pedestal which his biographers, Herr Glasenapp and Mr. Chamberlain, have erected for him, or agree with the disparaging judgments of the second Nietzsche ‘contra Wagner,’ but, in any case, it is impossible not to own that we are in presence of a complex and fascinating personality, whose views were as deep as his accomplishments were vast,—a man who stretched out his hands in all directions, who took hold of existence with a mighty power, whose emotions were violent enough to shake the pillars of the house where he had been brought out to make sport for the Philistines, and who passed with equal vehemence from one extreme of feeling to its opposite. If we are to know Wagner, we must not be ignorant of the principles on which he shaped his course, or allowed it to move. And they are German principles, not English or French; they keep their own colour; they rise out of an instinct which has been striving for centuries to make itself heard in the world of letters, which has done incomparably well in music, and which is now vindicating to itself the stage. As a name is of the utmost service when we would preach to the crowd, all these things have been brought to a focus by calling them ‘the Bayreuth idea.’ And it must be evident to those who have studied Wagner that the Bayreuth idea is not so simple, or so superficial, as to be easily assimilated by the pilgrims of every degree of culture who will henceforth flock to the Bavarian temple where this new worship is practised.

The hour, then, is seasonable to enquire in what sense Wagner proposed, as undoubtedly it was his aim and intention, to become a power of civilization. Merely to have dreamt of such an enterprise, stamps the man as original; but he carried out his plan through storms and lightnings, in a life which

was

was full of the bitterest suffering, and with a resolution so set and irresistible as to deserve a place among heroes for this, if for nothing else. Had he been the victim of an over-mastering delusion, his strength, displayed in obedience to it, should have made him famous. The comprehensive glance which revealed to him all phases of life, as it is now lived in Europe, was more turbid than Goethe's, and shot through with visionary colours; but only a poet could have borne such eyes in his head. As a poet we must think of him, and let him tell his own story,—tell it as he would his great mythical dramas, in words, and tones, and action, ourselves not interposing with criticism or denying him our sympathy, while he relates, as Schopenhauer would say, his figured representation of the world, and accompanies it with music which is alone capable of disclosing the secret hidden beneath all he says and does.

Wagner did not need any biographer but himself. We learn that he has left behind him an 'Autobiography,' which will be printed when those whom it describes have passed away. But as early as 1842 he published a short and characteristic sketch of his life; and through the eleven volumes of his writings many pages are scattered which, though not always accurate in detail, show us the man as well as the artist, picture his moods, enlarge upon his distresses, and are sometimes touchingly natural. The 'Communication to My Friends,' sent out in 1851, may be fairly entitled an 'Apologia pro Vita sua'; it is by far the most momentous account of his development into that novel kind of dramatic author, who was then looking forward confidently to the production of the 'Nibelungen Ring.' His letters, again, to Liszt, Uhlig, Berlioz, Villot, and his theoretical pamphlets, of which he put forth a long series, throw the most direct light upon a mind always agitated, abounding in projects, and curiously self-regarding. His whole life was a play of emotions, a succession of raptures and ecstasies, but never did he lose sight of the end which, from a boy, he had framed to himself. It took many shapes; and the tragic element in all he attempted was due, partly to his own anguish in mastering a dimly perceived and elusive ideal, and still more to the indifference or hostility of men, whether musicians, actors, or critics, who saw him struggling but could not imagine that his antagonist was a god-like figure. All they beheld was the cloud which distorted him to something grotesque.

Hence, as Nietzsche justly observes, when we look at the life of the master without affection, there is even a touch of the comic in it; and Wagner, who had an inexhaustible vein of laughter

from the gods, confesses as much. 'When we see how few things hold their ground,' he wrote to Liszt, 'when we meet again and again with the same passion of superficiality, the same incredible frivolity and morbid love of pleasure, our own earnestness often appears in a very ludicrous point of view.' It was said of him in 1848 that he wanted a European revolution in order to regenerate the Opera. Germans, he was always complaining, would not be serious out of business-hours; the shop closed, the lecture ended, they dined and went to the play for amusement. But the last thing Wagner dreamt of, once he had come to his true self, was to amuse them. And the prophet of a religion of art discovered that he had taken on his shoulders a burden the like of which was not in history. Other men had aimed at changing the laws of society; reformers, from Savonarola to Jean Jacques, had preached to the nations in sackcloth and ashes; but who had been wild enough to suppose that a revolution on the stage would bring to pass a revolution in the street? that a fresh interpretation of the Opera would work that miracle which neither philosophy nor religion, neither learning nor liberalism, had hitherto coaxed out of the Pandora's box at the bottom of which it lay hidden? Wagner felt that there was a comic and exasperating truth in the objections made to him by Puritans on one side and by Philistines on the other. His idea of Art was a revelation; but the many deemed it a craze. Both worlds were against him, the serious-minded and the frivolous. What was he striving to set up in the nineteenth century? A Greek altar in a modern theatre; that, and nothing more. He would have men return to Æschylus and Athens; he was bent upon uniting what had long been put asunder in countries north of the Alps, music with tragedy, art with life. His undertaking might be expressed by a reversal of Schiller's celebrated dictum, and by saying now, 'Ernst ist die Kunst, heiter ist das Leben.' As he saw the world around him, it was gloomy because art had become trivial; he could not find religious or human earnestness in its occupations, or anything more than the excitement of fatigue and the debauch of the senses in its moments of leisure. He had gone through all this, with the spirit and the soul of an artist, compelled to earn his bread by amusing a weary audience, while his own great powers lay unused, or vexed him by their demand for realization. The hour struck when he leaped down, indignant, almost beside himself, from off the stage, broke his director's baton, fled into solitude, gave up his days and nights to the dreams that had long been slumbering beneath those ashes, and evoked a universe of myth and music, although

although no theatre could yet exhibit his creations. He would be the first, if he were also doomed to be the last, in that better order of things where harmony, and not confusion, must reign.

His philosophy, much as in detail it varied, was all of a piece; the form was Hellenic, if the substance proved to be German; and the end was ideal unity,—a society of brethren who had passed beyond mercantile greed, who flung away pedantry as a worn-out garment, who scorned dilettantism as the ghost of a great idea, and who would enter deep into the eternal nature of the universe by emotion, by the exquisite play of symbols and artistic devices, by the mystery of tones, by the beauty of self-sacrifice, shown before their eyes in living gesture. It is manifestly the Greek tragedians who have spoken through their choral odes and long resounding lines to this kinsman of theirs; but he is endowed with a science of harmonies which they never knew. His musical expression will reach up to heights and descend into abysses unexplored by the dance or the song of twenty-three centuries ago. His idea cannot be false, for it was once a reality; the most highly gifted of the children of men lived upon it; what they have left us under its inspiration is, even in death, sublime and persuasive, a thing of supreme loveliness. No age will wither Sophocles, no highest Shakespeare darken the mighty light of *Æschylus*. But our concern is with Leipzig, Paris, and London. How will this new-old dream of a beautiful civilization fare in these latter-day cities?

At Leipzig, therefore, on the morning of May 22nd, 1813,—that memorable year for the old Saxon battlefields,—Wagner was born. He died in Venice, seventy years after, on February 13th, 1883. Pious research has traced his ancestors back as far as 1643; and in the catalogue we find many schoolmasters, besides precentors and organists. But, as he wrote gaily, 'while fine feathers make fine birds, and our new Hebrew fellow-citizens dazzle and delight us with their exquisite names, we poor old sons of townsfolk and farming folk must be satisfied for ever with our wretched Smith, Miller, Weaver, and Waggoner.' He did not need to complain; Wagner belonged to a sound German stock, on both sides; his inheritance was learning, music, and acquaintance from childhood with the stage; and though he lost his father young, he had a remarkable and highly-distinguished uncle in Adolf Wagner, as well as a friend in his stepfather, the artist, Ludwig Geyer. Uncle Adolf was a man of extraordinary gifts. He published the complete edition of *Giordano Bruno* in Latin and Italian; was the first

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to bring out all the poems of Robert Burns; printed the 'Parnasso Italiano' at Leipzig; and wrote essays on the Greek tragedians. Geyer was an actor as well as a painter. And Karl M. von Weber, whose influence on Richard proved to be lasting, found that his stepfather had an admirable voice, and invited him to sing in his operas.

The whole family may be said to have grown up on the stage. Richard saw with his bright piercing eyes what most children do not know even by hearsay, the life of the green-room and the look of a theatre behind the scenes. He attended rehearsals; went every evening to the play; and must have cherished as a lad of nine or ten the ambition to act and recite as these glorious creatures were doing. His brother Albert had thrown aside his medical studies and mounted the boards; his three sisters followed the same profession. But hitherto this genius of the family did not, like Mozart or Beethoven, practise music as if intended for that career. He went to the old Kreutzschule in Dresden; by and by, returning to Leipzig on the death of Geyer, he was a student at the Nicolai; and his matriculation in 'music and philosophy' has a Grecian sound that would have delighted Plato. His love of the German language grew into a passion for philosophy and antiquities. He read Shakespeare with enthusiasm; and at thirteen had begun to conceive of the Attic stage as a vision of beauty, the background to lofty recitation and noble symphonies. If he had possessed the voice or the resources of an actor, says Nietzsche, an actor he would have been. From his own lips we gather how strong an impression was made upon him by the spectacle,—and it is always a wonderful thing,—of a large audience subdued or excited as it answers to the magic of gesture and emotion. But he could not be a personage before the footlights; and he soon turned his daring thoughts to musical composition. Daring enough, since he had first to learn counterpoint, of which he knew not even the rudiments!

A most inspiring note in Wagner is the forlorn hope, or desperate courage, that neither difficulty nor disappointment can beat down. He is like a man without knowledge of mechanics who, finding himself in want of a steam-engine, sets about making one, and amid the derision and incredulity of his friends, does, at length, produce a unique motor-car and drive it triumphantly forward. Weber had awakened in him the desire to be a musician; but when he first listened to the enchanting and sublime creations of Beethoven, a world opened its gates in which he had never travelled; it was, to the letter, such a revelation as couching the eyes of the blind might have
been;

been; realities grew upon him in the mysterious light so beautiful and strange, that he seemed to be caught up into Paradise. When he was sixteen he had composed a 'Pastoral Play,' writing words and music together. Then he attempted symphonies and overtures for full orchestra; and it is noticeable that from the beginning he had in view a grouping or division of instruments such as, at Bayreuth, is confessedly one of the most marked improvements on the old confused system. He wrote a 'Scena and Aria' which was performed in 1832 at the Leipzig Court Theatre, and the same year sketched an opera 'Die Hochzeit.' His brother now called him to direct the chorus at Würzburg, where Albert was stage-manager. Richard went thither in 1833; and while abounding, as always henceforth, in the most versatile activity, composed his first real work, 'Die Feen,' which bears a singular likeness in its motive to 'Lohengrin' and 'Parsifal,' and is said to contain much poetical beauty and inspiration.

With this earnest of a new style he came back to Leipzig; and there his trials began. He had drawn the eyes of some distinguished persons towards him; but when the opera was submitted to Franz Hauser,—a friend of Mendelssohn's, who managed the Leipzig theatre,—his verdict was that Richard 'displayed complete ignorance of his resources; that he had not composed from his heart; and that the tendency of the piece did not in any way please him.' Wagner swallowed down his vexation and went to Magdeburg, where he remained as conductor till the spring of 1836. This theatre, like others with which he was connected, became bankrupt; and his second work, 'Das Liebesverbot,' performed by a company in the agonies of dissolution, turned out an utter failure. He wandered to Königsberg; gave orchestral concerts; fell into debt, and could not keep from falling in love;—for he was always passionate and impulsive, and we fear it must be added that he was often selfish;—so now he married in haste a well-meaning but quite unsuitable helpmeet, the actress Minna Planer, and lived to repent when it was too late. Bankruptcy again deprived him of his situation. Further afield he moved on to Riga. There he became Kapellmeister; and, sick as he was of conducting wretched pieces with such companies as were at his disposal, in those melancholy days he wrote 'Rienzi,' the last of his 'operas,' and the prelude to that 'musical drama,' thoughts of which were already fermenting within his eager mind. He offered it, when he had written the words and some of the music, to Eugène Scribe. Scribe did not welcome 'Rienzi,' and in a sudden access of desperation Wagner packed
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up his goods, left Riga, and embarked with his wife for London. It was an unspeakable voyage, lasting many weeks, and taking these travellers into the fiords and sounds of the Norwegian coast. They suffered dreadful things; but in the stormy nights and wild weather an apparition glanced out of the clouds; Wagner grew acquainted with the sea; and he now learned in what moods of imagination sailors had invented the story of 'The Flying Dutchman.' He arrived in Paris, Sept. 18th, 1839; lived there, but nearly died of hunger and misery, until 1842; and returned to Dresden, where at last 'Rienzi' was accepted, a made man. Outward events might wrap him in tempest, or drive him from his country again; they could not take away that vision of a new and divine art which had risen up amid his Parisian solitudes, and whose lineaments he seemed to recognize in the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. His apprentice years had come to an end.

The next period, down to 1849, is one of comparative calm and an intermittent but delusive success. 'Rienzi' had called out immense applause. 'The Flying Dutchman' was performed in January 1843; but so unusual a mode of treatment divided the audience: it seemed new and suspicious, rather than taking. A month afterwards, Wagner won by public competition the appointment of Royal Saxon Kapellmeister. Two years passed; the splendid and pathetic 'Tannhäuser,'—to be rendered even more beautiful by and by,—took possession of the scene. But neither did that succeed. Wagner felt very lonely. Presentiments of a sketch for the drama, from Siegfried's adventures in the 'Nibelungen Myth,' were knocking loudly at the door. Lohengrin, too, the incarnation of sacred chivalry, was coming down from his heights, heralded by a mystic strain. But Richard, simple artist as he was, had gone aside into the political movement,—half of it antichristian, the other half Utopian,—which feather-headed philosophers like Bakunin were not so much guiding as misleading into dense fog and darkness. To them Wagner was a dilettante or a visionary; still, he might serve to light up an insurrection; he could speak with eloquence at a dinner-table, when the 'Patriotic Union' was gathered round it; and he spoke accordingly. On May 5th a revolt broke out in Leipzig which lasted four days. Wagner rang the alarm-bell for his confederates; scattered broadsheets among the soldiery sent to attack them; and would be sure to have given proof of the foolhardy courage that was his true element, although we cannot now ascertain his motions during that cloudy time. On the Prussians entering, he escaped to Liszt at Weimar. A hue and cry, in the most exquisite

exquisite style of Dogberry, was raised after him. Mr. Chamberlain gives a facsimile of the 'Steckbrief,' or proclamation, which now reads like the ironical device of some roguish Mercury, who was well aware that the solicitude of the Saxon Government to catch and imprison so notable a genius would lend itself in due course to the most comical of reflections. The 'town-police deputy,' Oppell, describes Wagner as 'from thirty-seven to thirty-eight years old; he is of medium height, has brown hair, and wears spectacles.' And he was to be arrested wherever found, all police-authorities, meanwhile, keeping a sharp look-out for him. An abominable charge was made against him of attempting to set on fire the old Opera House. Perhaps one should allow that he had thoughts of doing so, metaphorically. But he could not die for a myth. He was banished without trial. Franz Liszt obtained him a passport under a false name; he crossed into Switzerland, settled at Zurich, and now being an outlaw, felt that he was bound by no ties to the hypocrisy of modern life. This is the flight, or Hegira, of Wagner, at the age of thirty-six, from the old idolatries of stage and civilization into the wilderness.

Twelve years did his exile continue, and to examine what he brought to a ripe and perfect finish during that period would take volumes. As an Elizabethan poet sings:—

'Were man's thoughts to be measur'd by days,
Ten thousand thoughts ten thousand days should have,
Which in a day the mind doth daily raise;
For still the mind's in motion like a wave.'

Wagner's mind resembled a succession of waves, high and mounting, restless beneath an attraction which was mighty though far distant. Poor in friends as in money, remote from the great centres of his profession, not happy at home, absorbed and sleepless, tortured in society, the man was 'gey ill to live wi', like Carlyle, whom he would have comprehended and probably detested. He dwelt in two worlds, most discordant and opposite. To die was easy; perhaps the miserable fate which threatened him in Paris, where his simple wife had watched by his bedside with zeal beyond all praise, would overtake him now. But he wanted passionately to live on until his works had seen the light; and, come the worst, he would never again make merchandise of them. In a century which buys and sells everything, even the souls of men, what a mad resolution! The directors who were putting on their stage his published operas had given him little; and there was but one virtuoso in Europe who possessed a clear intuition of the

the gifts that had gone to the making of 'Tannhäuser,' and 'The Flying Dutchman.' That was the large-hearted, keen-eyed Franz Liszt, a character, with all its faults of impulse, not less generous than lovable, free from envy, and open to impressions of a greatness unattainable to the finest of executants. Long ago, Wagner, who had learned by much suffering to be timid and suspicious in the presence of celebrities, had seen Liszt in Paris, gone away from him with a feeling of wounded pride, and quite failed to enter into his true disposition. When Liszt became aware of the misunderstanding, he took infinite pains to set himself right with his sensitive German acquaintance. Wagner was melted. The correspondence which ensued is, in itself, a work of art, finely coloured, tenderly modulated, ascending on Wagner's part into high lyrical melodies and bursts of gratitude, while his friend, his 'Prince, and World, and everything,' answers in tones of perfect kindness, wisdom, and respect. It is hard to say which of these two modern heroes we like the better, as they move along their mountain-path, scaling such Alpine summits, over ice, in deep snow, always together in their march. Perhaps the quiet confidence of the Hungarian, attested by effort and sacrifice, touches us more nearly; there is something beautiful in his self-effacement, in the recognition of a master whom he can but expound to stupid mortals, and does not dream of rivalling. These letters Robert Browning could have thrown into a sort of 'Friendship's Tragedy,' and made them superb verse for Englishmen. They are not such letters as Goethe wrote to Schiller,—long level rays of light, tranquil as a June evening; there is more sympathy, as in Wagner himself the sound of battle never dies away; he is fighting with his own heart, stung by the swarm of every day's discomforts; most uncertain in temper, and as loud and violent as Benvenuto Cellini, though much more harmless. In his outbreaks of scorn and satire he spared none; but his intimates let the thunder pass; it soon turned to sunshine. In these sudden variations we may suspect that there was a little of the actor, not insincere, but with an eye to his audience, and finding relief from overpowering thoughts by striking an attitude. Wagner was extremely natural, with all the fractious vehemence of a child who knows that he is clever, and can get forgiven when he has done teasing. He had not Carlyle's bitterness; and as in his dramas so in his life the keynote is sentimental. Beneath emotions so unceasing, a genuine kindly nature, of which we see the reflection in Hans Sachs, was discernible for those who would look deep enough.

No longer willing to purvey amusement, a pensioner on the bounty of his friends, often in want of a thousand francs, and borrowing that he might live out the year, what did this extraordinary man propose to do for the multitude whom he now declared to be his only genuine clients? He has told us in a very moving account of his earlier fortunes and final conversion to these new ideas—'Eine Mittheilung an meine Freunde.' Wagner's prose writings have no strong claim to the perfection of a classic; around his sentences floats a sea of words, charged with feeling, but hazy and obscure, not clearly defined, or consistent in their implications, philosophical rather than convincing, and embarrassed though pretending to system. The combatant was weighed down with armour not suited to his size or stature. His own language was music, accompanying the simple heartfelt idioms of old German life and story. School-terms, like the conventional opera, neither expressed his views nor called out his genius. But he must speak in the prevailing manner as well as he was able. And when he tells us what he did and suffered, we follow him easily; all is pathetic, luminous, and true in the spirit; we allow so rapid a thinker to forget or to distort unawares some petty incident. As soon as he offers us the 'gruel thick and slab' of Teutonic mysticism served up on scholastic platters, we turn away by instinct, unless we have been feeding on it from our youth. We prefer the new thoughts that grew to knowledge, as he says feelingly, in his 'lonely heart.' Can we render them so as to be understood by those to whom the German 'chair-philosophy' is mere sound and smoke? We fancy that the thing is possible.

In his days of misery,—*la misère* which was for him real and poignant destitution,—Wagner had attempted two or three short musical stories, among them 'A Pilgrimage to Beethoven,' and 'A Finale in Paris.' The pilgrim extols 'Fidelio' to its great creator, and Beethoven answers that it is disgusting work—he is no musician for the opera; at least, he knows not a single theatre for which he would write again. Were he to compose an opera to please himself, the audience would run to the doors; there would be neither arias nor duets nor terzetti, and no singer would accept a part, and no public listen; for all they know are 'glittering lies, brilliant nonsense, and sugared tedium.' One that dared to compose a 'true musical drama' would be taken for a fool, and with reason, if he dreamt of drawing a house with his performance. 'How then,' the scholar asks, 'ought he to do, supposing him to be ambitious to write a musical drama?' 'Do?' answers Beethoven testily, 'let

'let him do as Shakespeare did,' and thereupon he explains his theory of vocal music elevated to a 'great and serious kind,' where the human voice determines, and the instruments support, a representation of the world,—of life and its mysteries—given to us through the medium of pure feeling. Such will be the symphony which he is composing, 'with choruses,' on that beautiful hymn of Schiller's 'To Joy,' 'An die Freude.' Poetry and music are there to combine as two elements of a new and living unity. The science of instrumental sounds had reached its highest expression; but, apart from words or human language, it remained indefinite, 'rudimentary feeling,' or 'absolute music,' and something could yet be done to make it the supreme art which it was evidently intended to be in our modern period. That miraculous transformation would issue in the 'musical drama.'

But have we not the drama set to music already? What is the Opera, if it is not this? Cynics had answered, 'the Opera is an unmusical invention for idle people.' Stage-poetry was the silliest of all possible verse, as Voltaire, who saw everything in his singular half-light, had long ago remarked, 'Ce qui est trop sot pour être dit, on le chante.' No one who had even a slight degree of poetic sensibility but must have felt the contrast between melodies so ethereal as Mozart's, and the empty verbiage that floated along their divine and lucent stream. On the other hand, Goethe, for years a stage-manager, and the finest lyric poet in a 'nest of singing-birds,' whose touch was amazingly delicate and his skill supreme, had written many fairy-pieces—in the 'Second Faust,' for example—but no 'great earnest drama' that could be rendered simultaneously in music. It is worth while to remark, however, the charm exercised on Wagner as a youth by the operatic setting of 'Egmont.' This, again, was the incomparable Beethoven. Yet, even thus, the problem did not yield up its secret. Genius might clothe the fairest sentiments in language rare and fitting; the master-musician might endow them with expression still more persuasive, playing round the heart and stirring its deepest chords. But the actors, the singers, the audience? Goethe, when he saw his 'Iphigenie' on the stage, felt as a preacher sometimes may do, when the texts he is uttering are given back, from a column or an aisle, in vulgar mocking echoes. The play was exquisite art in the reading; not so the stage version of it. His company of actors followed their rules, ranted and strutted, threw themselves into postures, thought only how they might each outdo his rival, and would have laughed at the simpleton who should try to convince them that the end and purpose of a stage-exhibition

stage-exhibition was to render the play artistically, in other words, as a living though mythical figure of human thoughts and emotions. No, surely, the whole business of the stage, they would reply, is a speculation; to the actors it brings fame and a varying recompense in money; to the director, if he knows what he is about, a handsome fortune; and to those who pay at the doors, amusement and a place where they can pursue their love affairs, or watch their neighbours doing so. For all these things, art is a convenient pretext; 'heiter ist die Kunst.' Make it entertaining, but do not imagine that you can make it a religion. Those that wish to enjoy the heavenly delights of music, and nothing else, let them attend chamber-concerts. If they are lovers of poetry, they can read it at home. The Opera is a social institution, where fine or difficult singing is sure of a reward; and its essence is the ballet, interspersed with orchestral thunders, or leading off into roulades and high notes from a *prima donna*.

Two very different, but equally qualified, teachers of our century, Carlyle and Count Leo Tolstoy, have given judgment in this curious question. It is remarkable that each of them agrees with Wagner, though Carlyle, writing in 1851, had never heard of him, and Tolstoy draws neither moral nor illustration from his voluminous indictment of the stage. 'Serious nations,' said our Scottish Puritan, when he had spent an evening at the Haymarket Opera, 'all nations that can still listen to the mandate of Nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was a *vates*, admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man.' But now? We must quote the sage's conclusion:—

'Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes! Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste; which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation. . . . Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred, as I judged, to "the Melodies Eternal," might have valiantly weeded-out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's Creation more melodious,—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for . . . I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini, too, and

and Mozart and Bellini—O Heavens! when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me. Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death.'

Carlyle might have stolen every word of this stern denunciation from Wagner. It was all in print; we read it now in 'Die Kunst und die Revolution,' but with a significant change of key. To the philosopher in London it appeared that the Opera would by no means 'abolish itself this year or the next;' it was a detestable phantasm to which he said, 'Apage Satana!' and then went his way. But the disciple of Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, and all those godlike Germans who had brought down their harmonies from the world beyond sense,—the transcendental expressing its wonders in a voice so enchanting,—lived under the spell of this problem, and must resolve it or die. That strange kingdom of the stage belonged to him; he had infinite treasures there, but nothing anywhere else. As a conductor of plays, none could excel him in discernment of the resources at hand, or the best way to deal with them; what he has written on this subject stamps him as the clear, practical intellect, alive at all points, quick to seize the *raison d'être* of every attitude, the inflexion of every tone, and most persuasive by his exceeding good sense. He had watched the methods of a truly great actress and singer, Madame Schröder-Devrient; they told him what marvels could be wrought, even with the Opera, when a conscientious artist threw herself into the wretched puppet-show, and made these wooden figures palpitate with some breath of her vital being. He was indefatigable, and success of a kind rewarded him; but always as he moved upwards to the heights, admirers fell away, hostile voices cried out against him, and 'Tannhäuser' was the stone of stumbling and rock of offence that not even well-trained musicians could surmount. He was endeavouring to reform a corrupt and effete institution from within. The public relied upon journalism to teach them what they must applaud. The journalists were in one tale with the speculative manager; it was ever the same closed circle; interest and intrigue will put a piece on the stage and keep it there; excellence is not in demand, but a fashionable style. See Meyerbeer, for instance, who plays to the gallery; yet he must advertise, and win over coteries, and be as diplomatic as an Austrian Chancellor; the mercantile instinct prevails, and 'das Judenthum' invades music as a profitable region where money is to be made by adroit combinations. It was too much. The 'musical drama' could not be developed on an operatic stage; if it was ever to see the light,

light, an entirely fresh basis must be found for it, a new theatre, and actors of a spirit and training hitherto unknown.

The average man, who had arrived at this just conclusion, would perhaps sigh over human depravity, but, if he could compose operas, would at once set about them, and charge a higher price, by way of avenging his own surrender to the force of circumstances. Wagner could starve, but he never surrendered. He would be true to his principles, though not another scene of his should pass from manuscript into life. Not that he declined all negotiation with managers. He was anxious to win converts; and Liszt, in the small theatre of Weimar, was teaching Germany what the new art of this eccentric genius really signified. 'Lohengrin' was acted in 1850 with tumultuous and repeated acclamations. From that day, Wagner was famous. But he despised fame. He felt like Mark Antony, 'valiant and dejected.' The plays which were given in his name, with hacking and hewing to fit them for the small proportions of an opera, were phantoms or caricatures, dishonourable to that idea on which his mind had been lifted during their composition. Yet we may affirm that 'Lohengrin' was Wagner's 'Ninth Symphony.' In it we pass from the modern to the Greek stage, from opera to drama, from the empty musical feuilleton to sacred myth, from language distorted and unreal to the direct expression of feeling in concrete poetical terms, and thus, at last, from convention, or *la mode*, into the world which lies beyond space, beyond time. Wagner will simplify his methods and be still more direct, untrammelled, and profound as he goes forward; 'Lohengrin' is neither his greatest nor his deepest work; but within its charmed circle this new magic reigns, the sovereign master of an art that has yielded to long incantations, and is now, in all essential features, realized. The magician has gained his power as much by sifting as by soaring—he has let fall whatsoever was unfit, run through the meshes of his sieve an infinite quantity of dust and sand, gone back to the Greek alphabet—so to express our meaning—and stands after painful pilgrimage in the presence of the human tragedy, rendered here in song, music, action, dialogue, and taken to their hearts by an audience of the initiated.

To this amazing result he was drawn as by the movements of a subtle conscience within him, not instantaneously, nor until he had tried and rejected forms more germane to the received than his musical drama. He did not know, at first, whether a prose tragedy, founded upon the story of the 'Nibelungs,' for example, might not serve his purpose. But he was incapable of thinking

thinking except in the forms of music; and he sifted out history from the problem; its local colouring was a refraction of the pure light which he sought. Again, he perceived, long before he had turned a page of Schopenhauer, how true is that saying: 'Music tells the secret of the universe in a language that reason cannot comprehend.' The reason here in debate is abstract reason, argumentative, explicit, and transferable as mere paper-money from hand to hand. There is a more elemental way of interpreting reality,—an experience which can be simply shadowed forth, told in whispers, spread by contagion, and never by argument. That is likewise termed 'reason' in English; but the German mystic gives it another name, less confusing, though not easily, or perhaps at all, definable; he calls it 'Vernunft,' that is to say, spirit; or 'Anschauung,' contemplation; or even with Schopenhauer crudely and yet suggestively, 'the will,' as implying a primitive, fiery, ecstatic power like one of those old gods whom Zeus dethroned but whose blind instincts he served still on his snow-capped lightsome Olympus. The faculty which thus lives and moves, being essentially indescribable, language, to picture it, must take symbols, allegory, metaphors, and all the riches of romance, in its vain effort towards imitation or hinting of what is given—not by talk but by life. Hence the whole algebra of grammatical construction, particles and phrases, reasoning on the French pattern, rhetoric demanding assent, and, in one word, civilized drawing-room dialect, tends to disappear. We have done with 'the modern lie of conversation;' we find ourselves back again at the Norse, a swift, straight interchange of emotions, resolves, and spoken acts: or else it is once more the 'Psalm of Asaph,' which Carlyle thought no man could set to music again,—a prayer, an intuition of deep things, far beyond the compass of written philosophies. The language of our musical drama will be antique, simple, popular, as instinctive as the song of birds, as spontaneous as the fall of streams or the swaying of branches in the wind. For school-systems and paper-arguments it will possess absolutely no significance.

Nietzsche has well likened this primitive speech to the chorus, or the dithyrambic movement, in ancient tragedy. Wagner, he says, is the poet of Dionysus, a seer, not a rhetorician, who offers us ecstasy, which his music will provoke, when we have felt the weariness and the void of literal explanations. In him the seen universe grows audible; these are his 'deeds of music' which pour themselves out in many moulds, but from the same fountain. And as language casts aside algebra, and history rises into myth and legend,—rises, not falls,
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be it observed,—the incidents become fewer and greater ; speech is simplified, character magnified ; the drama turns to the heart and is first acted within ; feeling stirs and wakens, leaps up to life, flows out from the lips, puts on armour, strikes and is stricken again, suffers or inflicts suffering, is in delight, in torment, struggles with fate, learns to deny itself, flames up a holocaust on the funeral pyre, and dies, renouncing this ephemeral existence, this show, this vain delusion, through every stage of which it has passed, until it sinks into the bosom of the All.

Certainly Wagner had a presentiment of his true method, when he wrote 'The Flying Dutchman.' Even then he wrought from within outwards ; he desired to give 'the passionate will' its due expression ; and as the phantom sailor is a forecast, dim and vaporous, of Lohengrin, in like manner Senta has much that reminds us both of Elsa and of Elizabeth. It is, nevertheless, a sketch or outline, without the fulness, majesty, and sacred awe, which in Wagner's first approach to the legend of the Holy Grail, are a disclosure of something ineffable. The mystic colours of an idealism such as Goethe never knew float round this grave and tender vision ; is it Christian-mediæval ? or the myth of Semele in Brabant ? or a deifying of chivalry and a far-off glimpse of the religion, so utterly perished from Wagner's own experience and training, in which the Eucharist is a Real Presence, and Mont Salvat its secluded shrine ? All these things may be found in 'Lohengrin,' and many more. It has the transparent, yet solid-seeming, reality of a dream ; the visionary eye is turned upon life, and the parable sings, dances, prays ; it takes all kinds of lovely or terrible shapes ; it is thrown into opposing figures and groups, Elsa and Ortrud, Lohengrin and Telramund, the nobles and the burgesses ; and over them, as by means of them, one sole idea prevails, to which every actor is subservient, yet in his own way. For the scenes which we look upon are the embodiment of feelings which a simple tragic situation has created in response to itself.

Out of the musical emotion thus conceived flow the peculiarities of Wagner's technique. As it is most free and exuberant under its great ruling idea, the symmetrical partitions of the opera vanish away ; to keep them would be impossible ; and instead of a doll's house with its tiny apartments, we see one mighty alto-relievo, not unlike the immense Panathenaic procession with its moving figures, scene passing into scene as a river goes down to the ocean. Students of Shakespeare know whence the reform has been derived ; but if any one

chooses, with M. Lavignac, to cite the excellent Rameau, he is quite welcome; Wagner and Beethoven will prefer the greater precedent, which itself was handed on from the *Miracle Plays*. And Nietzsche again is justified when he dwells upon the singularly grand impression made by this panorama in motion, with its living commentary,—the verse that is borne up on waves of sound, intensifying and interpreting the tragic story. Scene, verse, and melody are alike released from artificial bonds; they have become plastic, or 'infinite'; together they make a magic web, the threads of which no so-called 'rules' can cut asunder. 'Endless melody' has often been a reproach to this marvellous musician, as though he had never praised Bellini; or had not grown enthusiastic over Haydn's brilliant novelties, when the Italians were spoiling their best gifts by frivolous sing-song; or as if he could forget his adored Mozart! But Wagner possessed a skill in setting jewels of melody, where he judged they would shine, which every one acknowledges. In the musical drama, with its long and subtle train of emotions, to employ them largely would have meant the degradation of tragedy to opera and the artificial again. He uses a rhythmic and cadenced form, pure melody, in the 'Romance of the Star,' and the march in 'Tannhäuser'; he returns to it in 'Lohengrin'; it is to be found in the 'Meistersingers'; and he never wholly discarded it. But when he applied to his changing verse a form derived through Bach from Palestrina, the innovation was not so much bold as it was necessary. The orchestra comments and interprets; the singer is free to declaim his music as a man would speak out the thoughts of his heart; he sings home, and sings true. Such is the meaning of 'endless melody.' And the famous 'leit-motiv' is a part of the same general system, by which we are made one with the actor on the stage, see into his very being, and move down the currents of his will and emotions to their decisive issue.

The 'leit-motiv' is a remarkable instance of psychology turned to good account. We may call it the 'harmonics of personality,' or the shorthand which reminiscence employs to evoke what we have seen or heard with least expenditure. In the old and precise language of the schools, again, it will be defined as a musical 'phantasma,' or image and group of images,—that is to say, of sounds,—which we attach, as a kind of permanent symbol, to places we know, men and women we have come across, objects that have engaged our attention, and incidents of which we happen to be eye-witnesses. The point to bear in mind is that such images tend to abide with us, and recur when we see the objects of which they are the token, or
when

when we merely think of them. To Wagner, who thought in music, as M. Lavignac admirably observes, the like persons or situations brought up identically the same musical phrases. Where other men recall a name, or an outline of some feature, perhaps a vague remembrance of costume or attitude, the musician may think of a stave, and make that his *memoria technica*. In the 'Flying Dutchman' Wagner has three such forms, but they are employed timidly, and almost as if by accident. It is only when we come to 'Lohengrin' that we hear them with insistence, though episodically. And afterwards they furnish a most powerful means in the hands of their creator, by which to lead his audience on until they see the whole drama, as he did himself, from within. We are reminded irresistibly of Goethe's judgment on the character of Hamlet; it has become, under the touch of Shakespeare, transparent mechanism. The 'leit-motiv,' as Wagner manipulates and combines it, is a clear glass through which we are perpetually seeing into the actors, the situation, and the moral idea that binds up all together.

Though much fanciful commentary has been indulged in by enthusiasts, to whom 'motive-hunting' is a duty of the Wagnerian as text-hunting has seemed that of more serious fanatics, it is impossible, save by an experiment of the sort, to realize what an astonishing power the motive wields in this complex and picturesque drama. But when we call it picturesque, we do not imply that Wagner attempted 'word-painting' in composition. He was unwilling to admit any such transference of the procedures of one art to another. Words cannot paint; music has no visible contours, and it never has spoken a definite message or rendered the tones of landscape. The 'leit-motiv' is seldom an echo of material sounds; it comes to us from the poet's imagination, suggested by slight or evanescent circumstances which he has not dwelt upon and could scarcely recall. But once it has taken his fancy, all the felicities of counterpoint are lavished upon the characteristic theme; it undergoes the changes that every passion brings with it and every variety of fortune may inflict; into all the combinations of the play it makes an entrance, revealing to the hearer what the actor's words have not yet spoken, and giving to each of the scenes that peculiar light and vivacity which are tenants only of the Palace of Truth. It fulfils, in the most natural, but likewise in the most profound and meditative fashion, all that was undertaken by the ancient chorus. It is one with the person or the object which it represents symbolically, and yet is as distinct as conscience from the

the man who possesses it. Wagner's music as a whole, but especially his 'motives,' may be compared to the 'Animism' of primitive peoples, according to which there was a double series of activities in each of us, and the inward, or spiritual procession, revealed itself in dream. The musical play is a vision of the night, and its music 'the dream of a shade.' But we know these shades by the sounds, inaudible to them, which float round them as they move; and large as may be the throng, or violent its commotions, every phantom keeps its motive, as a light hovering close to, or projected from its heart upon the air. Sometimes all this knowledge, as of a god who sits apart, and watches the action unfolding, has a strange ironical appearance; we are too much out of the cloud, omniscient and præterhuman. But it would not be Wagner if the prevailing tone were aught except pity and tenderness. Meanwhile, the general effect is not unlike that of the legends in black or golden letters which encircle the heads of Byzantine saints. It is distinctly hieratic, though with a continual variation which turns what would otherwise be monotonous into a spirited commentary. And thus we see the Greek chorus restored, but in its most primæval form, ere philosophy and gnomic wisdom had given it the strong bent towards abstract speculation which it has already taken in *Æschylus*.

But these are means, abundant, original, superbly handled. What is the end which they accomplish? Our Hellenic poets would describe it as 'the Myth;' Herodotus, with a devout shudder, would talk of the 'Hieros Logos,' the holy Legend; and in the Middle Ages we should be told it was a 'Mystery,' or a 'Miracle Play.' Since it belongs to the realm over, which phenomena do but hang their dark veil, painted with infinite figures, its 'content' must be transcendental; and Wagner repeats, on becoming acquainted with Schopenhauer's philosophy, that its musical expression partakes of this sublime nature. Hence it cannot escape being religious; for what is Religion but the symbol and shrine of that which passes beyond phenomena? Wagner comes to us, therefore, in the nineteenth century, not as an epic poet, or even as a dramatist in the worldly Shakesperian sense, which requires some interpretation if we desire to find for it a religious meaning. But he is a mythologist, who sets up the great Eleusinian, or Dionysiac, Mysteries, and who lets the sacred story tell itself in action, while his orchestra brings out the moral, and creates the corresponding mood. Of course he is always an artist, never a dogmatic teacher; his whole effort and exhibition belong to the religion of the felt ideal; he has no creed; he cannot travel

travel into the domain of mere intellect. As an Eleusinian master, he follows the prescription; there are sacred words spoken, mystic actions performed, symbols held up to view; and music is the element in which all this takes form and exerts an influence. The play is, literally, a show; the audience submit to purification and are initiated; they come away changed men, resolved to live the higher life the image of which they have seen.

If Wagner did not fully enter into his own drift when he was led on by 'Tannhäuser' to this Wartburg, he came to know it better in writing 'Lohengrin,' which was the first fruits of his Alpine solitude. But the great revelation broke upon him from the Nibelungen story; it glowed and melted in a thousand flaming splendours when he sang of Tristan and Isolde; then it concentrated in the ruby light of the Grail, and his warfare was accomplished. Thirty-two years he spent in the divine pilgrimage that, not without resemblance to Dante's ascending march, rises up from the deeps of Nifheim, and pauses not until it has rested in the Holy of Holies.

He had told his friends with a proud but simple confidence, in 1851, that at length his way was clear; 'and now,' he said, 'as an artist and a man I step forth into a new world.' The single figure of Siegfried was becoming a Promethean trilogy, to which the Rhine maidens would furnish a prelude and a choric element, by no means unlike those daughters of Oceanus, in whose gleaming wings, scented with salt odours, and in their delicate aerial singing, we catch by subtle affinities the same beauty that lights up 'the many-dimpling smile of the sea and all its waves.' Eight years,—with an interval which 'Tristan' excused and made glorious,—were spent on the astounding work. We may say of it now, 'Nec simile nec secundum visum est'; it stands alone, a miracle which the father of German mythology, Jacob Grimm,—a kind-hearted old Wotan, stormy and great,—would have hailed with thunder-pealings of applause. It was ancient in spirit, bold and new in its selective formation out of the story without an end which welters along, turbid as a stream bearing foam and drift and muddy waters, in the poem of the Nibelungs. Wagner saw, with the eye of a true master, that he must group all round one colossal figure in heaven, the god who is destined to be his tragic hero; and lead his circling movement on till it encompasses a beautiful, piteous, foredoomed Achilles, the human antagonist of these storm-gods, Siegfried, on whose fall and bloody sunset the whole universe shall be wrapt in fire and go into the dark. But to carry such a scheme, in action, words, and floods of harmony,
through

through to its end, was to be as preternaturally daring as the majestic Florentines, Dante and Michael Angelo; let him achieve it, and Wagner is unique among Germans, and sure of immortality.

Leaving the epic, therefore, he drew, by innumerable fine threads, a drama out of the old tumultuous verses, and wove the web—chanting to himself all the while—in whose large colours we discern a mythical and long-forgotten world, now touched into life again, where we may live also, breathing its open air. Wagner was the Hermes to lead us down thither, Theopompus, herald of the earlier gods, with wings to his sandals, and the magic rod, whose power brings sleep and death, given into his keeping. For we must not fancy that the life which he sings has merely to imitate, by clever presentments and exciting trickeries, the everyday life of the street and the drawing-room. Our need is rather to be set free from such an existence, by vision, ecstasy, the image of times past, by the saga which tells of gods and heroes, by the pure deep passion of a childlike instinct, by love, and fear, and pity, or, in another language, by resignation which, owning the evil, strangely triumphs over it, and casting back into the Rhine its gold ring,—the symbol, the sovereign token of blind material powers,—passes thence, through flames and beyond the funeral-pyre, into a realm which gold can neither purchase nor conquer. It is the spirit which we have always recognized in our musician. But he is changed. He has gone up into mysticism and escaped from the revolution. His own deliverance came, not by seizing on a larger share of the commodities for which men scramble, but by flight and accepted poverty; is not that, also, a noble manner of winning one's freedom? He never could have composed his trilogy in Leipzig. It was wrought now, itself the golden ring, endued with dominion over the ages. But who would bring it out, and where? It asked a kind of stage that did not exist. Wagner looked round for help; he had few friends, or hardly a friend at all, in 1859; the King of Saxony still condemned him to exile; and in 'dumb, toneless Switzerland' he was freezing into a silent statue himself. 'Ah, children!' he exclaimed, 'I shall be forsaken; one day you will understand what "too late" means for me!' The event seemed not improbable. He, too, might have perished as Rembrandt did, in want and misery; or, like Beethoven, grow blind and deaf ere his music had told the stupid generation about him that a fresh wonder was being enacted in their presence. Happily, the tale does not end here. Much of its romantic incident was yet to come.

From 1859 until 1862 Wagner lived in Paris, unless we should

should say that he was there 'in deaths often;' poor, and with enemies such as Meyerbeer to teach him how great works of art receive a welcome at the hands of its votaries; or else he was giving concerts that he might not starve,—'the music,' says Mr. Chamberlain in scornful italics, 'of "Tristan" and the "Ring," torn from the living organism to which it belonged; whereupon friend and enemy alike reproached him with want of principle.' He knew what his principles were better than they did. 'My tragedy,' wrote the tormented man, 'is that I must live by the boldest things I have done. I could be so much to the world, and existence is becoming impossible to me. None can enter into the depth of that bitterness but I.' The Parisians, indeed, were susceptible to his magic; not they, but intrigues led by so-called artists, brought about the famous catastrophe of 'Tannhäuser.' A sort of musical mendicant, he wandered to Vienna, Petersburg, Pesth, and Prague; in 1862 he settled in Vienna; next year, seventy-seven rehearsals of 'Tristan' were gone through at the Imperial Court Theatre,—and the drama was not given. Wagner's plans failed; he was at his wit's end. Turning his back on the 'Austrian barbarism,'—it is Beethoven's word,—again he found himself without a home; 'in helpless despair' he was haunted by sullen and melancholy temptations, when, on May 4th, 1864, a message came to him from the young King of Bavaria, Louis II. It was the charter of a new life, not unclouded or without passing showers, but a glorious April, sent out of season, fresh and sweet, with rich blossom, dewy leafage, and the music of his dreams filling a thousand throats in the woodland where his world of fantasy at length began to unfold, far from the dust and din, from the streets and the crowds, of hateful cities.

When he had seen the King, he wrote the same evening to a friend in Zurich, 'You know I was presented to-day. He is unhappily so handsome, so intelligent, so ardent and noble, that I fear for him lest his existence should vanish from this common world like a fleeting heavenly dream.' Alas! The god-like youth was that strange apparition, truly, of an artist upon a throne. His eyes beheld all things as in prismatic reverie, neither the white light of day nor the smoke of modern Babylons, but an immense rainbow, under whose arch he travelled,—and how the end overtook him we know. He meant to be a Siegfried and a Parsifal. His friendships were passionate attachments; he would be prodigal of benefits to those he loved; the treasury must build him palaces in mountain-solitudes; and something of the doubtful Neronian magnificence, with its amazing shows, its decadent romance, its musical mad-

nesses,

nesses, and its long lines of fair-faced youths, moving in procession to barbaric chant, clings about Louis the Bavarian. Always an enthusiast, fit to be choragus in a classic tragedy, and yet sweeping onward through the night as if the Wild Huntsman with horns and hounds were abroad, spectral in his beauty, and in the deep strain of his mysticism mediæval, what could be the fortunes of a King so little resembling our 'modern gentlemen,' elegiacally mourned by the tenderest of laureates? He ought to have died in 1870, on a French battlefield. Had he perished thus, Wagner might have fallen, too, in a conflict no less violent. We owe Bayreuth to the enamoured and beautiful harp-bearer of this new rhapsodist. He is the kingly figure standing on its threshold, in whose earnest gaze we seem to learn what mysteries await us within. We cannot pass by without a singular mixture of admiration, surprise, tenderness, and dread, as at the sight of a Parsifal who is struck with insanity as he uncovers the Grail. And we ask ourselves if, after all, Wagner may be a decadent. It is remarkable that the two men who, in all Europe, knew him most profoundly, were Louis II. and Friedrich Nietzsche, and that upon both descended the same visitation. A mere, but yet a tragic, coincidence!

Bayreuth, however, was not built, as is commonly supposed, by free grants from the King. Twelve years elapsed, from 1864, when Wagner became a royal guest at Munich, until 1876, ere the first series of festivals could be given. And as all things in this world are bound together, the great serving the small no less than the small the great, we may look upon those Bohemian and French campaigns as a huge overture, leading up to the Nibelungen Trilogy. After Sedan, there was an outburst of German patriotic fury, which Englishmen living at that time abroad will not have forgotten. 'Deutschland über alles' looked coldly upon strangers out of their blue eyes. What does Tacitus call them—'oculi truces et cærulei'? Such they were after '70; the bayonet-steel gleamed on you as they glowered your way. But Wagner, with his Old-Teuton mythologies and national music, suddenly caught the popular imagination, though simply as a name. With Bismarck and Moltke he paraded in their sight; and they almost took the artist for a Prussian. On May 22nd, 1872, the foundation-stone was laid of a new theatre in Bayreuth, the new 'Festival Playhouse,' where his 'Nibelungen' should see themselves in visible shape. To complete it, the help and encouragement of King Louis II. did not suffice. It was raised, in a characteristic modern style, by subscription from lovers of Wagnerian music,—with a right to attend the plays for their sole dividend,—nor
has

has it quite proved a commercial success. In a most effective sense Wagner deserves to be held up to fame as its master-builder. He suffered grievous things to establish it; none more distasteful than a last return to the trade of concert-giving, which brought him to London in 1878. But the loans from the Bavarian treasury were paid off, although 'the German burgher slumbered contentedly on.' No conversion to Wagner's philosophy of the stage had, indeed, set in. His first intention had been to make the Festivals private, without payment, or, as he said, 'among ourselves.' He foresaw a peril that is now beginning to threaten the 'Bayreuth idea;' and how to contend against fashion, commerce, and stupidity in defence of his own art, was a problem which occupied him incessantly, but which even Wagner did not quite resolve.

In 1866, his wife, who had parted from him and gone to live in Leipzig, passed away. It was an unhappy marriage. When he wrote 'Tristan,' he poured out his heart to Liszt, saying that he designed it as the celebration of a happiness which had never come to him, love given and returned passionately on both sides, as the supreme good of existence. In Cosima Liszt he found the lady of his dreams. She was married to his most attached disciple, Hans von Bülow. But in Germany, the doctrine of elective affinities, which Goethe preached and practised, has more abundant honour than as yet on this side of the English Channel. Bülow has told the story himself. We need not tell it again. Cosima Liszt became the second wife of Wagner.

And now the end was come, in unexampled brilliancy. Never did the Wartburg witness a spectacle so animating, yet so solemn, as that which opened amid the pine woods of Bayreuth in June 1876. The bitter hardships of Vienna and Munich, where none but the King saw into Wagner's difficult and yet lovable nature, had sunk into the past; and though Germany had still to be won, he might, on such an event, recite from his triumphal ode to the Emperor, with more truth, perchance:—

'Es strahlt der Menschheit Morgen;
Nun dämm're auf, du Göttertag.'

Gods and men, as in the heroic age of Greece, were to be moving on the same stage. The company of artists, freely chosen, and serving as in a sanctuary, without fee or reward; the veiled orchestra, in its 'mystic abyss;' the scenes of a fabulous or golden springtide, passing already into the age of battles and of tragic disaster; and the single mysterious note
which

which breaks upon our hushed silence, all are tokens that a fresh day is dawning. The Rhine, as yet invisible, reveals itself in music, profound, elemental, bewitchingly monotonous; wave follows upon wave; the presence of a growing trouble is felt as when life rises up out of the waters; and the mighty prelude flows along from which shall be derived, by subtle management and in a thousand feats of skill most musical, the motives that dominate the Rhine gold, the Nornes, the Twilight of the Gods, the Sword, the Thunder, the Ride of the Walkyrien maidens, and 'Brünnhilde Sleeps.' It is an overture worthy to be given upon Miltonic instruments, 'with notes angelical, to many a harp;' and truly a miracle of daring as of genius. When the new concord enters, the story begins. We see the elemental creatures, nixies or water-sprites, graceful and sportive in their stream, to whose keeping the Rhine gold has been committed.

A gigantic myth unrolls itself out of these depths. In language of which the strength is astonishing, with variety as endless as it is original, rude and primitive, yet by no means devoid of charm, the characters sing their several parts; and so finely touched are they, so inward and true is the music by which they are figured, that to mistake one for the other becomes impossible. Not that Wagner, as a dramatist, can be set on a par with Shakespeare; it would be an unwarrantable and almost insane conclusion, as we shall show presently. But he is the Shakespeare of music, considered in its new quality or endowment of creating human forms and giving the course of a dramatic history in a series of emotions, rendered significantly, though in the most complicated harmonies. The mere written drama is, we do not shrink from saying, a very noble performance; it is sometimes, as 'King Lear,' if not as 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' beyond the powers of spectacular action; it cannot always be acted, not because it falls too low, but by reason of its soaring up into a symbolism which impresses the mind far more than it charms the eyesight. Again, the dragons and the Bengal lights of a theatre will hardly vie with the illusions that fancy calls up when it is dreaming though awake. To disparage the poetical gifts of Wagner, so long as we do not exalt him to Goethe's melodious mastery, would be unjust as well as futile. He is a poet in his verses, but beyond all comparison in his music, where every word is first a rhythmical sound, expressive of feeling, as when language began among mankind. And on this principle he must be interpreted. Every one of his dramas has its own cast or mode of speech. Take the living forms, then, with their triple
language

language that appeals to the whole man at once, and it will be evident how extraordinary is the creative power in them. Wotan, Brünnhilde, and Siegfried are as certain to survive in these hitherto unimagined shapes, as the tyrant Zeus of 'Prometheus Bound,' the Athena of the 'Ajax,' or Ajax himself, the hero of the dying and vanquished day. But they survive in musical drama; let that fall silent, and the verses will not save them from oblivion. Wagner would ask no more.

All nature sings through him, and this immeasurable play is a symphony. The first evening offers us the great trial-elements, by which every actor is to be searched into and finally judged. If he will enjoy the power of gold, he must renounce love. The 'Ring,' which is our symbol of affection, becomes here a counter-symbol of loveless power and brute dominion. It is, therefore, accursed from the beginning, in its essence; nothing can make it a sign or cause of prosperity in the ideal world, where love rules. Mark the high Platonism of all this, and consider how it is incarnate in the music, not a text but a tragedy. And who can escape from the trial? Neither gods like Wotan, nor demonic natures like Alberich and Mime, nor mortals like Siegmund and Sieglinde, nor the child-hero that knows not fear, Siegfried,—that embodiment of the wild young spirit, whom love alone can make us deeply care for, as alone it could touch and subdue his stubborn heart. This common thing, love, which has no price, nor can be bought or sold, turns out to be the salvation of all possible worlds, or else, when slighted, their certain ruin. Walhalla, the house of the gods, built on force and fraud, purchased by the selling of Freya, which is, being interpreted, divine love, is doomed, though built in Heaven. Down it must fall, through the blazing sunset, after an Iliad of woes, and the infinite waves of the music, charged with meaning, shall say wherefore it fell, and the gods along with it. To their thirst for dominion as mere power, the innocent, loving, and all-wise maiden, Brünnhilde, is sacrificed. But in their passing, we hear the prophecy of a better world.

By insensible degrees Wagner had been slowly returning towards Christian ideals, and his acquaintance with Schopenhauer's philosophy quickened his pace. The key to life was, he now thought, redemption by love; and if it must go through the fire, it is not to Moloch, or any devouring deity, but to a morning of resurrection in which all things are renewed. The symbols of Holy Week, as it is celebrated in mediæval and Eastern rites, took his plastic imagination and laid a spell upon him. Once he had begun to write a sacred play, 'Jesus of Nazareth;'

Nazareth;’ later on, his thoughts turned to the resignation of the Buddhist sages, and how, in choosing Nirvana, or in giving up this world of sense, they had conquered. His heroic youth, Siegfried, was strong by a kind of instinctive purity; but he could now perceive a more spiritual temper, which denied itself in the presence of temptation, and learned wisdom by innocence turning to pity. The ‘Ring of the Nibelungs’ idealized is ‘Parsifal.’ And it is Wagner’s own Requiem, at which we see him, already ‘half-way down the shadow of the grave,’ assisting as the phantom Titurel, while the music sends forth echoes in subdued harmony of all he has ever sung, and the Grail lifted over him announces that he dies a Christian.

He had seen his ‘Parsifal’ in vision as early as 1865, if not before. The friendship with which Louis II. honoured himself and Wagner threw a mystic mediæval light upon a mind ever impressionable to fresh aspects of beauty; and Mont Salvat rose out of the dim and cloudy distance into a foreground, where its high cathedral shrine grew yet more imposing than in his dreams of the knight in silver mail who came down from it to rescue the lost maiden, Elsa. With these rich fancies were strangely mingled scenes in the New Testament, which he had always thought of dramatizing, reverently, though not as an orthodox poet would have done. Now, instead of the Redeemer Himself, he chose a shadowy figure, somewhat according to the principle on which Calderon,—a great favourite with him,—had fashioned his ‘Autos Sacramentales,’ or Corpus Christi miracle-plays. And thus, in ‘Parsifal,’ we meet with a kind of allegorical person, who rehearses, or acts over again, the sacred ceremonies which, in Southern lands, are associated with the cycle of the Passion, with the so-called sepulchre of Maundy Thursday, with the ‘mass of the Presanctified,’—which has its funereal vestments, and solemn laments, and mournful expiations on Good Friday,—and with the bells and rejoicings of Easter. ‘Parsifal’ may be viewed as a Northern Passion-Play, which is open at once to all the privileges, but likewise to the manifest perils, attendant upon a transformation, the result of which is to give the stage a close resemblance to the church and even to the altar. We know that, in Greek tragedy, the actors and singers moved about the altar of Dionysus. But we do not much mind the Greeks; and since dramatic art has been banished from our houses of prayer, we find it scarcely becoming to introduce religious rites upon the stage. That all is done in a spirit of profound respect for the doctrines and ceremonies thus shadowed forth, is undoubtedly true. Nevertheless, we have arrived, with Wagner, by a long course of ascent from his revolutionary

revolutionary period, upon a summit which is crowned, not with any mere shrine of art, or modern theatre, but with a temple which embodies the idea of the Christian Eucharist; and our play is a reminiscence, or even a reproduction, of events the most sacred that the New Testament contains and exhibits. As Nietzsche observes with absolute justice, it is a revolt from Luther, and 'an idealized Christendom, imaged after the Catholic manner.'

We can now perceive why this 'miracle of miracles,' which is admittedly a beautiful work of art, and perhaps Wagner's masterpiece, as he intended it to be his dying legacy, has given rise to discussions so vehement. Those whom we may describe as men of goodwill towards Wagner, mediæval in their attachment to the mystic rites which he borrows or imitates, and apt, as many are, to import their religious feelings into his music, even as an English audience is wont to do on hearing the 'Messiah,' listen, gaze, and are edified. No words will express too strongly the delight that springs up within them while the 'mystery' moves along from scene to scene. They are devout in the temple of the Grail, and the strange and perplexing figure of Kundry does not give them pause; she is a repentant Magdalene; while Parsifal, bearing the part of one too sacred to be named, does but remind them of the Gospel and in no way detract from its inviolable and unique character, by the symbolism of certain acts. To all such as these, no more scandal is given than would have been suggested to naïve and orthodox Spaniards who were present at the 'Autos' of their poet-priest, Calderon.

Another class, whom we may quickly pass over, will be found among artists,—mere artists as it is scornfully said, but, in any case, so absorbed by one passion, so single in their aim, like Gabriel Rossetti, that the whole universe, including religion and its rites, will appear in their eyes to be a kind of material, a canvas, or a 'property,' suitable for purposes of painting, writing, singing, and otherwise not to be considered. Their only serious concern is their art; they can grasp no other interest, and their church is the studio, the stage, the orchestra. Like our naïve friends, and by a similar strong prepossession, they will adore 'Parsifal' if they feel drawn to Wagner as a mighty musician, scene-painter, stage-poet, or inventor of ideal forms. But yet a third class remain, whose judgment cannot quite be left out of our reckoning. These are philosophers and critics, united in their way of looking at the question, but in their conclusions opposed.

For while both agree in regarding Wagner as 'a power of civilization,'

civilization,' they differ as to the quality of that civilization. Is it progress or decadence, anarchy or a world of ordered forces? It is clearly not the order that now reigns which 'Parsifal' would glorify, any more than the drama of the Nibelungs. 'But,' says Nietzsche, whom we quote for the last time, 'it is decadence; life governed by emotions, in love with disease, pessimist and voluptuous, which takes its pleasure by watching the agonies of a dying religion, as the Romans looked on at their dying gladiator. If men wanted Christian truth, or believed in it, they would seek it elsewhere than in the *simulacrum* of its realities, where feeling does duty for the ten commandments, and luxurious sentimentalism ravages the heart of its "horned Siegfrieds." This, expressed a little more decorously, would be the Puritan's objection to all art and representation. It attacks the 'image' as an 'idol' which it would fain abolish. And Nietzsche, desirous of a less effeminate existence than he saw around him, held that Wagner was teaching men to be contented with their sensations—that he was filling them with passive pleasure, instead of rousing them to exertion, or calling out the faculties of self-control. He would agree with M. Lavignac's description of that mood which is essentially Wagnerian, 'a complex and indefinable emotion, profoundly disquieting, which, after all these scenes from mythology, plunges the melting spirit into a state of supernatural contemplation, and of an almost Christian idealism.' But he would argue that a reverie which leads to idealism is much the same as an opiate; and that contemplation, divorced from energy in act, is Nirvana.

Perhaps the Nirvana which he condemned may turn out, as other philosophers would say, when deeply analyzed, to be mysticism and nothing worse, the preliminary or the accompaniment of a musical art carried to perfection, nor less reconcilable with the duties of life than other fruits of the meditative instinct. It is certain that we cannot, like the aged Plato, banish either the musician or the tragedian from our pattern city. And, without pretending to answer questions which only time can resolve, we may take our farewell of Richard Wagner with the candid admission that he attempted and achieved the great things which he proposed to himself. In his own splendid dramas, if not in life, he combined music with tragedy and with comedy of the most impressive character; he reformed the stage; and he increased, beyond his contemporaries and his predecessors, the power of musical expression as applied to definite actors and visible scenes.

- ART. II.—1. *History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798.* By W. H. Maxwell. New Edition. London, 1894.
2. *A Popular History of the Insurrection of 1798.* By the Rev. Patrick F. Kavanagh. New Edition. Dublin, 1898.
3. *La France et l'Irlande pendant la Révolution.* Par E. Guillon. Paris, 1888.
4. *The French Invasion of Ireland in '98.* By Valerian Griboyédoff. New York, 1890.
5. *Ulster Biographies; relating chiefly to the Rebellion of 1798.* By W. T. Latimer. Belfast, 1897.
6. *The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.* By Thomas More. Edited by Martin MacDermott. London, 1897.

THE author of 'Waverley' has laid it down that sixty years represent the period at which the chronicle of the events that make up the record of political struggles mellow into history. Two generations, he considered, should suffice to give to the animosities of party rancour, and to the still deeper wounds of which even a brief period of civil warfare must inevitably leave the scars, that neutral tone which the veil of time sooner or later imparts to all things human. When the first chapters of 'Waverley' were written, sixty years had elapsed since the attempt of the Young Pretender had convulsed Scottish society in a struggle which was at once dynastic and national, and which divided sharply the Celtic from the Teutonic elements in the Scottish people. Yet in the course of no more than two generations, the fever of loyalty and feudalism which gave reality to the rising in behalf of Prince Charlie had so completely vanished as to have ceased to affect in any real sense the course of Scottish politics. Attachment to Jacobite traditions had become no more than a picturesque survival, with just enough vigour about it to add interest to a picture of the times when it dominated the national aspirations of Scotland, and threatened, not remotely, a revolution in Great Britain.

The very opposite case of the Irish Rebellion of 1798 affords in this respect yet another of the many striking contrasts in which the history of the two islands that form the three kingdoms abounds. Not two generations, nor three, not sixty years nor a century, have availed to chase from the sombre memories of the Celtic population of Ireland the recollection of the events of '98. For them the lapse of time has scarcely served to soften a single animosity, or to obliterate the marks of racial and religious hate which the disorders of the Rebellion kindled

kindled afresh in Ireland. In the popular imagination the long procession of a hundred years has only served to tinge with the romance of history the figures of the chief actors in a struggle which, hopeless as were its objects, bloody as was its progress, and mournful its conclusion, is still regarded with a certain enthusiasm of patriotic reverence as a central and inspiring episode in the drama of Irish history.

For this peculiar attachment to memories of defeat and failure, which to other races would be too depressing to dwell upon, it is not difficult to account. The pathetic delight with which the Irish people love to indulge in the dreary recollections of their abortive past is no new feature in their character. Unfortunately for themselves, they have ever been as unable to forget as unwilling to forgive, and the contemplation of their own sufferings and misfortunes has continually a morbid attraction for them. They will allow neither the balm of time nor the oblivion of the grave to work their merciful alleviations. Contests which the victors have long ceased to remember, the vanquished cannot forbear to brood over. And but for the unequalled facility with which they can console themselves with the shadowy might-have-beens of their history, the Irish would surely be the most unhappy instead of the most buoyant of peoples. This characteristic optimism of the race has never been more powerfully exemplified than in the arrangements which have for several months been in progress in Ireland for celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Rebellion of 1798. Had the movement which it is proposed to celebrate been a triumph instead of a disaster, a glory rather than a reproach, a splendid Waterloo rather than a humiliating Sedan, it could not be more magniloquently commemorated. Within the past few months all the energy which the discouraging aspect of Nationalist prospects has denied its normal outlet has been expended upon elaborate arrangements for the celebration of the centenary of the Rebellion; and as the British Government appears to treat with indifference this glorification of the most serious attempt ever made to destroy the connexion between the two islands, there is nothing apparently to mar the success of this national festival.

It is long since the subdued notes that followed the Union have checked the grandiloquence of Irish eulogies of the heroes of the Rebellion. The fear to speak of '98, of which Dr. Ingram spoke in his stirring lyric, no longer troubles the patriot. The cult of the Rebellion which began among the Young Irelanders is just as strong to-day as it was fifty years ago. It does not indeed find literary expression in
a form

a form as attractive as when Thomas Davis devoted the stores and resources of a gifted imagination to the apotheosis of Theobald Wolfe Tone; but there is no lack of writing or of speechifying on the subject. Fair enthusiasts of English blood and gentle nurture recall for crowds of rough artisans the story of the more prominent among the men of '98, and picturesque patriots who played their part in '48, presiding at the lectures, typify the continuity of the revolutionary tradition. The leader of this most thoroughgoing branch of Irish Separatism, himself a Wexford man, descants to crowded audiences on those episodes in the Wexford rising which are most flattering to the self-esteem of Irishmen, and an attempt is even being made to find in the commemoration of the Rebellion a platform on which the warring factions of Nationalism may exhibit for a moment a make-believe of unity. Monster gatherings of American-Irish are to assemble in Dublin next summer to celebrate the Centenary, and the Nationalist press teems with articles and paragraphs which, whatever may be thought of the reality of the movement as a serious political display, testify at any rate to the hold which the Rebellion and its incidents still retain upon the popular fancy. At such a moment it is natural to consider afresh the history and the causes of the Rebellion, and to examine how far the Nationalist party of the present day, by whom the celebration is being promoted, can claim to represent the opinions of the men who planned and fostered the insurrection.

The volumes enumerated at the head of this article are among the most recent additions to the already considerable literature which the progress of a century has accumulated round the history of the Irish Rebellion of 1798; but, meritorious as some of these undoubtedly are, none of them supply more successfully than earlier publications that accurate, graphic, and impartial record of the most picturesque episode in modern Irish history which has long been desired by the public. For despite the wealth of contemporary narratives, many of them possessing high individual merit, and providing a storehouse of materials from which more modern accounts must always be largely drawn, and notwithstanding the elaborate studies of the rising which give so much attraction and value to the pages of 'The English in Ireland' and of 'The History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' the final history of the Rebellion has still to be written. In one sense, indeed, it is impossible to add anything of serious importance to the pages which Mr. Froude and Mr. Lecky have devoted to the subject. The narrative of the elder historian may and does suffer from occasional

inexactness of detail, and from the somewhat polemical character of the objects its author had in view in writing it. But making the fullest allowance for the defects of Froude's qualities, his account of the Rebellion is in general reliable and accurate, while the picturesque vividness with which the period is recalled and presented must remain the despair of all subsequent students in the same school. Still, with all these merits, the Rebellion is with Froude necessarily no more than an episode in a long historical drama, and the brilliant narrative in 'The English in Ireland' cannot be divorced from its context.

Of Mr. Lecky's yet more detailed examination of the story, it is impossible to exaggerate the merits, nor can any one who follows the historian of the eighteenth century fail to acknowledge an immense indebtedness to the results of his patient investigation, scrupulous accuracy, and generous indication of the sources from which he has drawn his facts. But though of yet higher authority than Froude's as a chronicle of events, Mr. Lecky's work is scarcely as formidable a rival to any fresh attempt at a history of the Rebellion. For the Irish chapters of his book are less a history than a collection of historical materials, illustrated with copious extracts, and accompanied by an elaborate and always judicial criticism of the value and authenticity of those materials. His pages on the Rebellion have less of narrative unity than Froude's, and scattered as they are through three out of the five Irish volumes of the cabinet edition of the History, they are practically inaccessible to the general reader. The effect, however, of the attention devoted to the subject by the two most eminent of modern writers on Irish history has been to deter others from venturing into the same field; and thus it happens that, at a distance of over fifty years from its first publication, the 'History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798, with Memoirs of the Union and Emmett's Insurrection of 1803,' remains the most complete account of the rising accessible in a single volume. Even this work, however, is less a history than a compilation based on such authorities as were accessible so long ago as 1845, and is largely a *réchauffé* of the writings of Musgrave, Hay, Barrington, and others of the earlier historians. Its literary merits are not conspicuous, and the book lives mainly through the quaint and rather blood-curdling illustrations with which it was enriched by Cruikshank, whose plates, by the way, though possessing the distinctive touch of the artist, indicate the hopeless unfitness of a caricaturist to be the illustrator of a tragedy.

Of works earlier than Maxwell's the number is large, and the merits are not inconsiderable; but they are all too deeply tinged with

with the prejudices of their respective authors to be entirely trustworthy, even where their writers were fully informed. For the Wicklow and Wexford rising the vivid narratives of Hay and Cloney on the rebel side, of Taylor and Jackson on the Protestant, give a vivid picture of the most stirring episodes by actors in the struggle. Of the works which attempt to tell the whole story, Gordon's narrative has been eulogized by Mr. Lecky as presenting the most truthful, most moderate, and most humane account of the rebellion, and of its causes. In that judgment most people will be inclined to concur; but there is no reason why the encomium should be paid, as it generally is, at the expense of Sir Richard Musgrave, the most painstaking and most fully informed of the crowd of writers who approached the subject in the years immediately succeeding the Rebellion. His narrative has been stigmatized by a recent writer on Irish history 'as written in the evil Orange spirit.' But a more just estimate of its merits has been expressed by an American historian of the final episode in the rising, who is certainly not lacking in sympathy for the weaker party. The author of 'The French Invasion of Ireland,' Mr. Griboyédoff, points out that, whilst it has been the fashion among anti-English chroniclers of '98 to treat Musgrave's book as utterly unreliable, a comparison of the 'Memoirs' with other contemporary works fails to reveal any instance of conscious misrepresentation. And he also shows that his connexion with the Government party gave Musgrave access to channels of information at that time closed to other writers, his appendix of sworn depositions and other original documents giving warrant for many charges which it has been the fashion of too many popular writers to denounce as unsupported by authentic evidence. But pending the appearance of a complete and independent narrative of the whole story of the Rebellion, based upon the original authorities, printed and documentary, we welcome such works as those set out above as valuable additions, from their very different points of view, to our knowledge of those aspects of the insurrection to which they more particularly refer.

The deficiencies of the early historians of the Rebellion intensify the regret which all students of the period must feel, that the persuasions of Castlereagh were ineffectual to prevail upon the one man in whom opportunity and capacity united to provide an ideal historian of the Rebellion and the Union. In 1811, while most of the chief personages of the time were still alive—Grattan and Castlereagh, Cornwallis and Plunket—but when the asperities of the conflict had become in some degree assuaged, the chief agent in carrying the Act of Union

pressed upon his old friend and private secretary, Alexander Knox, the duty of compiling, from the ample materials then available, a full and authentic account of the events of that stormy and turbulent time. The quondam associate upon whom, in a remarkable letter, published in Owen Maddyn's 'Chiefs of Parties,' he urged this duty, was himself a remarkable and interesting figure. A native of the north of Ireland, he had become intimate with Castlereagh while the latter was still a member of the Opposition; and when his friend took office, Knox became his secretary, a position which he retained throughout the whole period of the Rebellion, and of the Union controversy. Three years older than his patron, Knox was already a thoughtful and mature student of politics when he first came into practical touch with them. He had been at the outset of the popular agitation, in his own words, 'a sincere and zealous advocate for a limited Parliamentary reform,' and a sympathizer in the then views of Grattan and the Whig Club. But he was from the first alarmed by the methods of the United Irishmen, and being early convinced that any measure of reform conceded to the importunities of a revolutionary organization must lead to consequences incompatible with the maintenance of the Constitution, he had become an unqualified supporter of the Government, and his influence not improbably weighed for much in determining Castlereagh's own transition from Whig to Tory views. Surveying Irish politics in the spirit of the old Whigs, he had, in 1794, published a pamphlet, entitled 'Thoughts on the Will of the People,' in which he analyzed the causes of the failure of the Revolution to give ordered liberty to France; while in 1795 he had published a series of 'Essays on the Political Circumstances of Ireland,' in which the true inwardness of the United Irish movement was exhibited with remarkable acumen, long before the danger had been substantiated by the Reports of the Secret Parliamentary Committees, of the most instructive of which, that of the Irish House of Commons in 1798, Knox was himself to be the author. That Castlereagh's eulogies of the disinterestedness of his subordinate were well founded may be inferred from the fact that Knox neither sought nor accepted reward for his political services. He had spent his boyhood at the feet of Wesley, whose teaching had aroused in him a passion for religious speculation which ultimately absorbed all other interests; and almost simultaneously with the passing of the Union he had fallen under the religious influences which dominated his subsequent career. Abandoning politics, he gave himself up to the theological discussions which are so fully set forth in Knox's well-known

well-known 'Correspondence of Knox and Bishop Jebb;' and recent criticism has found in the speculations of his subtle and ingenious intellect, the spark from which was fired the torch that, handed from Knox to Jebb, from Jebb to Hugh James Rose, and from Rose to Keble and Newman, kindled the flames of the Oxford Movement.* But unfortunately, when, in 1811, Castlereagh sought to charge him with a task for which he was, in point of knowledge, of all men then living, the best fitted, Knox was in enfeebled health, and tortured by a curious distrust of his own abilities, which led him to decline it. The Rebellion of 1798 thus lost its best chance of finding an efficient historian.

The two most commonly received impressions in regard to the origin and objects of the Rebellion are both equally and most strangely contrary to the facts of the case. Upon the one hand, the idea generally entertained by persons who have not enquired into the subject is that the Rebellion was a rising prompted by the discontent engendered by the harsh operation of the penal laws, and that the sole motive force which rendered it formidable was the zeal of religious fanaticism. Upon the other hand, it is alleged that, great as was the prevalent popular discontent occasioned by religious oppression, the Rebellion would never have broken out but for the vindictive policy pursued by the Government, and the terrible severity of the coercive measures adopted for the purpose of rooting out the United Irish conspiracy. Neither view, perhaps, can be said to be wholly false, yet, as an explanation of the outbreak, nothing can be more ludicrously inadequate. Indubitably, when the insurrection had once taken place, religious intolerance had much to do with the form which it assumed, and resentment at the severity of the *régime* of martial law which had preceded it served to aggravate the ferocity of the insurgents. But neither the harshness of the penal laws, nor the severity with which the Executive Government strove to suppress illegal combinations, could of themselves have produced the Rebellion. The Rebellion of 1798 was not, as in English popular imagination it has long appeared, a sort of eighteenth-century repetition of the Gunpowder Treason. It did not originate in a Roman Catholic plot. As little was it provoked by the strong measures of the Government. The circumstances that the outbreak followed closely upon those measures, and that, in the counties in which it reached the most formidable

* See the notice of Knox in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' and two very interesting articles by Professor Geo. Stokes, of Trinity College, Dublin, in the 'Contemporary Review' for 1888.

proportions, it assumed the appearance and character of a religious crusade, render both assumptions very natural; but these coincidences, however striking, had little to do with the real causes of the Rebellion. It will be found upon the contrary that, so far from drawing its inspiration from Celtic and Catholic Ireland, from the wrongs of a conquered people or a proscribed creed, the real source and origin of the treasonable conspiracy out of which the Rebellion grew were the Protestant province of Ulster; and that, so far from being occasioned by the tyrannous coercion of the Government or the cruelties of the soldiery, the insurrection was most formidable where the Government had been least active, and where the greatest indulgence had been shown.

In order to form anything like a just conception of the Ireland of a hundred years ago, it is necessary to survey briefly the state of Irish politics during, and even prior to, the era of the Grattan Parliament. And the first point to be noted, with respect more particularly to the third quarter of the eighteenth century, is the profound calm which prevailed throughout Ireland, and the, at least, negative loyalty of the mass of the people. Whether because of the hopelessness of effecting any real change for the better under a dependent Parliament which was the creature of English ministers, or because, as we believe to have been certainly the case, the degrading inequalities contained in the Statute Books did not press with much actual severity upon the great body of the inhabitants, Ireland, both north and south of the Boyne, was in a condition of not unprosperous tranquillity. Local and passing disturbances there were, of course. In the southern districts discontents at the conversion of tillage land to pasture, with a resulting diminution in the demand for agricultural labour, gave rise to the White-boy societies; and in the north the outrages perpetrated by the 'Hearts of Oak' and 'Hearts of Steel' were stimulated by the hardships of local taxation, and by the exaction of heavy fines at the fall of the leases on certain estates. But these disturbances represented no general dissatisfaction; and an active and sincere loyalty prevailed throughout the island. In 1759 the reality of that sentiment was conspicuously proved in the neighbourhood of Belfast, on the occasion of a French descent upon the coast of Antrim, and the landing of Thurot at Carrickfergus. Of the warm loyalty which permeated all classes and united all creeds in the counties of Down and Antrim at this period, the following episode, taken from an unpublished manuscript book of anecdotes, showing the amenities prevailing between a Protestant land-agent and a Roman Catholic

Catholic clergyman in the presence of the foe, affords a sufficient illustration :—

‘When the French made good a landing at Carrickfergus in the year 1760, my father, as commanding the Moira militia, had, like others, been ordered to march his men to Belfast. Whilst he and they were preparing, Priest Lavery (the parish priest of Moira), who lived near my father, then residing on his own estate, called on him, when the following conversation took place. “Well, Sir, I hear you are going to meet the French.” “We expect so,” was the reply. “How does your pocket stand?” “Why, pretty well; enough, I presume; for when there, of course we will be amply provided for.” “May be not,” said the priest. “Here are twenty guineas I have no immediate use for; take them and the priest’s blessing too; neither will do you any harm.” “But, Mr. Lavery, if I am killed, you may probably lose your money as well as your friend.” “If I do, no one will know I lost the one; and everyone will know I lost the other, and will condole with me enough for both.”’

It is related of this priest, who died about 1763, that by his own instructions his remains were brought into the Protestant Episcopal church, and the burial service of the Church of England read over them prior to their interment in accordance with the rites of his own religion.

A few years later, on the other hand, the zeal of the Roman Catholics of the south for the integrity of the empire was illustrated by the success which attended recruiting operations to provide troops for the defence of the American colonies. In a history of the county Limerick, it is recorded in the chronicle for the year 1775 that

‘Major Sir Boyle Roche, baronet, attended by his captain and a grand procession, beat up for recruits in Limerick, and met with great success. This,’ says the historian, ‘was the first man of rank who, when the war broke out, with an honest zeal for His Majesty’s service, beat up in person for recruits. Lord Kenmare gave half-a-guinea additional bounty to every recruit.’

Again, when in 1778 the junction of the privateers of the revolted colonies with the naval power of France exposed the coast of Ireland to imminent danger of invasion, the people of Belfast and its neighbourhood coalesced to provide for their homes and their commerce the protection which the Irish Government confessed itself unable to afford, and adopting a military organization, raised the first companies of the afterwards celebrated Volunteers.

This being the state of the island prior to the concession of legislative independence, it is natural to enquire what was the provocation

provocation which, within a dozen years, could produce the widely different condition of popular sentiment from which the Rebellion emanated. Here indeed the suggestion of religious oppression as an explanation of the altered situation begins to assume a greater semblance of reality; yet it will be found that this Catholic question played a very subordinate part in the movement which led up to the insurrection. The agitation, upon the strength of which the Volunteers wrested the concession of legislative independence from the despairing weakness of British statesmen, had nothing whatever to do with the wrongs of Roman Catholics. Irish independence was won on a fiscal agitation, and was desired for the benefits which it was supposed that the fiscal legislation of a native parliament would be able to confer upon the country. From the year 1783 down to 1790 the Roman Catholic question was little heard of outside Parliament, and was scarcely mentioned within it. The object which the Volunteer Convention set before it was not Catholic Emancipation, but Parliamentary Reform, and down to the outbreak of the French Revolution little or no progress had been made, even outside Parliament, with either article in what subsequently became the creed of the United Irishmen. From the date of the rejection of Flood's Reform Bill, at the close of 1783, the reform agitation slept, and the Catholic question was scarcely mooted. In point of fact, indeed, the introduction of the Catholic question by the Earl-bishop of Derry was the real cause of the dissolution of the Volunteer Convention.

Although, in July 1784, the Volunteers of Ulster expressed 'their satisfaction at the decay of those prejudices which had so long involved the nation in feud and disunion, a disunion which, by limiting the rights of suffrage, had in a great degree fostered the aristocratic tyranny, the source of every grievance,' the majority of the Ulstermen deferred to the entreaties of the Earl of Charlemont, who, though he professed 'himself free from every illiberal prejudice against the Catholics,' entreated his followers 'to desist from a pursuit which would fatally impede the prosecution of their favourite object.' The National Congress summoned by Napper Tandy equally failed to unite the members of the Volunteer Associations in favour of a common programme of reform and emancipation. The oil of Roman Catholic Emancipation could not be mixed with the water of Parliamentary Reform. For five years there was a practical cessation of agitation. Almost the whole period of the Viceroyalty of the Duke of Rutland, which lasted from the spring of 1784 to the autumn of 1787, was occupied with
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other and widely different questions ; while, during the greater part of the administration of the Marquis of Buckingham, the Regency controversy, occasioned by the first appearance of insanity in George III., occupied the attention of the Irish Parliament and people to the exclusion of almost every other topic.

The revival of the twin movement dates absolutely from the outbreak of the French Revolution. The tidal wave produced by that great upheaval nowhere produced more remarkable effects than in Ireland, and particularly in Ulster. In the capital of that province the outbreak of the popular forces in France was greeted with an enthusiasm of democratic fervour in startling contrast with the loyal and constitutional sentiments which had previously prevailed in the north. On the 14th July, 1791, the inhabitants of Belfast met to celebrate the anniversary of the Revolution, and *feux-de-joie* were fired by the remnants of the Volunteer corps who assembled on the occasion. In the year following, the same anniversary was observed as a sort of popular festival. Emblematic figures, including portraits of Lafayette and Franklin, were drawn through the streets in solemn procession, addresses were voted to the National Assembly of France, and resolutions were passed bracketing Catholic Emancipation with Parliamentary Reform as objects of equal interest and importance.

To account for the rapidity with which this change in the attitude of the leading spirits in Ulster politics had been brought about, it is necessary to remember the effect naturally and inevitably produced in Ulster by the revolt of the American colonies and the recognition of the independence of the United States by Great Britain. Between the people of the new republic of the West and the Presbyterians of Ulster there was a close affinity in blood, in religion, and in political sentiment. Many of the people of Belfast had near relatives in the ranks of the armies which had won independence for America, and the sympathy with the efforts of the colonists then naturally produced was soon extended to the principles for which the colonists contended.* Years before the French Revolution broke out, republican principles had thus won a large measure of popular assent, and when the successful assertion of those principles in France appeared to herald the reign of democracy in the old world as well as in the new, there was no lack of disciples for the gospel of a democratic Ireland which the more

* It has been stated in the biographical notices of the President of the United States which appeared after the late Presidential election, that Mr. McKinley is directly descended from one of the Ulster insurgents who was executed for his participation in the Rebellion.

ardent spirits among them at once began to preach. It is an unquestionable and demonstrable fact that, but for the feeling in the north in favour of a democratic reform of Parliament, to effect which the more speedily the Ulster Protestant leaders bethought themselves of the expedient of an union with the Roman Catholic advocates of emancipation, the latter object would never have attained a prominent position in Irish politics during the period of the Irish Parliament, or at any rate, that its supporters would have been content to accept a very limited and partial measure of enfranchisement. During the earlier stages of the United Irish movement, fears were constantly expressed by the Protestant members of the partnership lest the Roman Catholics should acquiesce in a partial and limited concession, and lest the Parliamentary reformers of the north should thus be deprived of Catholic assistance. In his contribution to '*Pieces of Irish History*,' Thomas Addis Emmett intimates that even Keogh, the Catholic leader, was not disinclined in 1792 to accept the concession of the elective franchise and the repeal of the Catholic laws relating to juries as a not insufficient satisfaction of Catholic demands. Throughout the whole eight years of agitation which preceded the Rebellion the Ulster Protestants were the predominant partners in the United Irish alliance, and the power which really made the movement formidable. All the information which has become available in the century which has since elapsed does not render it possible to state the facts upon this point more accurately than they were set forth by Alexander Knox, two months after the conclusion of the Rebellion, in a preface to a collected edition of his '*Essays on the Political Circumstances of Ireland* : '—

'Still, however, the author must deem those persons mistaken who conceive the Irish Union to have been originally a Roman Catholic plot. He thinks the erroneousness of such a supposition will fully appear from the following pages. The attentive reader will find sufficient proof that the primary object of the United Irishmen was strictly and exclusively Revolutionary Democracy; and that though, from the first moment of their institution, they regarded the religious disaffection of the Irish Catholics as the chief instrument of their design, and the surest pledge of their success, it was uniformly their object to make Religion subservient to Jacobinism, and not Jacobinism to Religion.'

That these views are scarcely, if at all, an exaggeration appears from the facts that, while the insurrectionary organization of the United Irishmen was fully developed in the Protestant counties of Ulster, it made comparatively little progress in the
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more Catholic counties of the northern province, such as Donegal and Cavan; that of the four provinces, Munster was the least organized, so much so that when, in December 1796, Hoche's invasion threatened the safety of Ireland, the Roman Catholics of Cork, far from welcoming the prospect, exhibited an active loyalty; that the higher orders of the Catholic clergy exerted themselves vigorously and often effectively in favour of the Government; and that the only counties outside Ulster which were fully prepared beforehand for insurrection were those of Dublin and the adjacent counties of Kildare, Meath, and West Meath. A survey of all the facts in the light of the fullest information which the research of Mr. Lecky and other students has provided, compels acquiescence in the conclusions proclaimed as long ago as 1808 by Sir Henry Parnell in the history of the Penal Laws, viz.: 1. That the persons who were the founders of the Rebellion were those who formed the first societies of United Irishmen, who were all Protestants. 2. That the object of the leaders of the Rebellion was a republican form of government, and separation from England, and not Catholic Emancipation or the establishment of the Catholic religion.

Had the Rebellion broken out in 1797, as the northern leaders desired, and as, but for the restraint put upon them by the Dublin Committee, it would then have broken out, it is not too much to say that it would have been as much a Protestant Rebellion as it was subsequently transformed into a Catholic one. Who shall say that its results would not in that case have been much more formidable to the connexion than the actual outbreak of the following year?

Of the explanations and excuses most commonly put forward by apologists of the Rebellion, perhaps the two commonest are those which represent the United Irish Society as having been formed for purely constitutional purposes, and entirely devoid of treasonable intentions in the earlier stages of its development, and which further represent the transition from constitutional agitation to treasonable conspiracy, from treasonable conspiracy to armed rebellion, as having been produced solely by the brutal excesses which the soldiery, militia, and yeomanry were guilty of in carrying out the orders of an oppressive Government. The latter charge has indeed been pressed even further, and posterity has been gravely invited to believe that the cruelties complained of were not merely unreprieved by the authorities, but were prompted by them for the purpose of goading the people into an insurrection in order to provide a justification for the Union. In view of the
apotheosis

apotheosis of the Rebellion and its authors, and of the hearty endorsement of its separatist objects which is to be found in the writings of all nationalist historians of the movement, the formal demonstration of the groundlessness of these charges may be thought superfluous. But as these same historians have, with extraordinary inconsistency, repeated and enforced these charges in the same breath in which they have eulogized the martyrs of rebellion as the leaders of a spontaneous movement, those representations can scarcely be passed by in silence. When even such frankly Separatist writers as John Mitchel and Dr. Madden have not been above repeating these insinuations, notwithstanding that, if well-founded, the fact would deprive their heroes of one of their chief claims for the admiration that is demanded for their aims, it is to be supposed that they seriously believe them. These charges have been adopted, too, in all their naked ugliness by an English historian of the Rebellion with some pretensions to impartiality. Mr. Harwood, in his account of the Rebellion published in 1845, actually attributes to the Government 'a deliberate policy of exasperation, a determination to get up a Rebellion for the sake of putting it down.'

The attachment of popular writers to these time-honoured fictions is probably due to the fact that they were originally put forward with the official seal of the United Irish leaders themselves, in the 'Memoir of the Origin and Progress of the Irish Union' delivered to the Government by Messrs. Emmet, O'Connor, and McNevin, three members of the United Irish Executive, and insinuated in the account of the objects of the organization given by these leaders in the course of their respective examinations before the Committees of the Irish Houses of Parliament in August 1798. The apologist theory of the United Irish organization is thus stated in the 'Memoir':—

'The discussion that had long existed between the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland, particularly those of the Presbyterian religion, was found by experience to be so great an obstacle to the obtaining a reform in Parliament on anything of just and popular principles, that some persons equally friendly to that measure and to religious toleration, conceived the idea of uniting both sects in pursuance of the same object—a repeal of the penal laws and a reform, including in itself an extension of the right of suffrage to the Catholic. From this originated the societies of the United Irishmen in the end of the year 1791; even then it was clearly perceived that the chief support of the borough interest in Ireland was the weight of English influence; but as yet that obvious remark had not led the minds of the reformers towards a separation from England. Some individuals, perhaps, had convinced themselves that benefit would result to this country

country from such a measure ; but during the whole existence of the society of United Irishmen of Dublin we may safely aver, to the best of our knowledge and recollections, that no such object was ever agitated by its members, either in public debate or private conversation, nor until the society had lasted a considerable time were any traces of republicanism to be met with there ; its views were purely and in good faith what the test of the society avows.'

The Memoir goes on to assert that separation never became an active principle with any of its members till after the dissolution of the Society of United Irishmen in Dublin in 1794, and the consequent promulgation of the secret organization which was at once substituted for the suppressed body :—

'While the formation of these societies was in agitation,' so the Memoir proceeds, 'the friends of liberty were gradually, but with a timid step, advancing towards republicanism ; they began to be convinced that it would be as easy to obtain a revolution as a reform, so obstinately was the latter resisted, and as the conviction impressed itself on their minds they were inclined not to give up the struggle, but to extend their views ; it was for this reason that in their test the words are "an equal representation of all the people of Ireland," without inserting the word Parliament. The test embraced both the republican and the reformer, and left to future circumstances to decide to which the common strength should be directed ; but still the whole body we are convinced would stop short at reform.'

In his '*Pieces of Irish History*,' published several years after in America, Emmet insists upon this distinction in principle between the United Irishmen of 1791 and those of 1794 and 1795, asserting the completely separate identity of the secret and the avowed Society, and averring that the 'erroneous belief that the new system was only a direct continuation of the old one' was due only to the identity in the titles of the two distinct organizations ; and he goes on to attribute the triumph of the republican over the constitutional elements in the Society to the discontent engendered by the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam. One other important element he admits to have largely influenced the plans of his associates. This was the war with France :—

'They,' the United Irishmen, 'clearly perceived that their strength was not likely to become speedily equal to wresting from the English and the borough interest in Ireland even a reform ; foreign assistance would therefore perhaps become necessary ; but foreign assistance could only be hoped for in proportion as the object to which it would be applied was important to the party giving it. A reform in the Irish Parliament was no object to the French—a separation of Ireland from England was a mighty one indeed.'

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Even if it be granted that this account by the Dublin members of the executive of the objects of the Society as known to them is candid and veracious, it is to be observed that it presents only a very partial and fragmentary view of the facts; for since, as the 'Memoir' states, none of the three authors were members of the United system until September or October 1796, the latter were obviously not the persons most competent to answer for its earlier ideals. Their disclaimer can therefore at best apply no further than to themselves. But there is no lack of evidence from other authoritative sources to prove the large part which separatist objects played in the contemplation of the first founders of the system. The diary and autobiography of a much more thorough-going revolutionist than any of the authors of the 'Memoir' is conclusive as to the true animus of those who invented the organization, and its own official documents afford the clearest evidence that the separatist ideas were not confined to the breasts of a few leading spirits, but were fully appreciated by the members generally. The vigorous common-sense of Lord Clare first laid bare the falsehood of the pretence put forward by the apologists of treason in the Irish Parliament by fastening on an explicit avowal of his real objects by the true parent of the United Irish system, Theobald Wolfe Tone, contained in a letter written in 1791, accompanying the original constitution of the United Irish Society so transmitted to Belfast for adoption. In amplification of the grievance set forth in his formal plan of the constitution, that 'We have no National Government; we are ruled by Englishmen and the servants of Englishmen,' Tone remarked to his correspondent:—

'The foregoing contain my true and sincere opinion of the state of this country, *so far as in the present juncture it may be advisable to publish it.* They certainly fall short of the truth, but truth itself must sometimes condescend to temporize; my unalterable conviction is that the bane of Irish prosperity is the influence of England. I believe that influence will ever be extended while the connexion between the countries continues; nevertheless, as I know that opinion is, *for the present*, too hasty, though a very little time may establish it universally, I have not made it a part of the resolutions. I have only proposed to set up a reformed parliament as a barrier against that mischief which every honest man that will open his eyes must see in every instance overbears the interest of Ireland. I have not said one word that looks like a wish for separation, though I give it to you and your friends as my most decided opinion, that such an event would be a regeneration to this country.'

With still more candour and much greater deliberation does
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the inventor of the conspiracy set forth, in the pages of his *Autobiography* written at Paris in 1796, 'the theory I have unvaryingly acted on ever since :—

'To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government, to break the connexion with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country, these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishman in the place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter, these were my means.'

Tone saw that only by bringing together the Dissenters and the Roman Catholics could this design be accomplished, and thus it was with this object and this alone in view that this extraordinary and most original of conspirators, totally unconnected with the Roman Catholic party (with not a single individual in whose body he was acquainted at the time), but aiming to forge a weapon strong enough to wrest Ireland from Great Britain, sat down to compose his '*Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland.*' In this pamphlet the Dissenters were bidden to observe that they and the Catholics had but one common interest, and one common enemy; that the alleged depression and slavery of Ireland were produced and perpetuated by the divisions subsisting between them, and that to assert the independence of their country they must forget their former feuds. They were reminded that the failure of all former efforts at Parliamentary reform, and especially that of the Volunteer Convention of 1783, had been due to the unjust neglect of the claims of their Roman Catholic brethren.

The second of the two charges against the Irish Government rests, like the pretended constitutionalism of the United Irish movement, upon certain passages in the examinations of Emmet and McNevin, and in the joint '*Memoirs.*' In the latter document the writers aver that no general plan of insurrection existed before the 12th of March, 1798, though they admit that some persons had formed local plans for the taking of Dublin and other places. At the examination before the House of Lords Committee, Emmet was asked by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Clare :—

"Pray, Mr. Emmet, what caused the late insurrection?" He answered, "The free quarters, the house-burnings, the tortures, and the military executions in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, and Wicklow." "Don't you think," he was further asked, "the arrests of the 12th of March caused it?" He replied, "No; but I believe if it had not been for those arrests it would not have taken place; for the people, irritated by what they suffered, had been long pressing

pressing the executive to consent to an insurrection, but they had resisted or eluded it, and were determined to persevere in the same line; after these arrests, however, other persons came forward, who were irritated and thought differently, who consented to let that partial insurrection take place."

It is difficult to speak with patience of the credulity which has accepted, or of the dishonesty which has put forward, these answers of Emmet and his colleagues as seriously amounting to a proof that the insurrection would not have taken place, nay, even would not have been attempted, but for the indignation aroused by the coercive measures of the Government. The most cursory examination of the 'Memoir' and the evidence of the witnesses themselves, apart from abundant extraneous testimony, prove in the plainest manner that their answers amount to no more than an expression of the preference of the United Irish leaders for invasion as distinguished from insurrection. That preference, it is well known, was uniformly exhibited by the Dublin leaders, whose *non possumus* had in 1797 prevented the rising for which the Ulster leaders were prepared, and who had the effrontery in their examinations to avow this preference on the ground that an invasion would be the more humane method of the two.

'If I imagined,' said Emmet, 'that an insurrection could have succeeded without a great deal of waste of blood and time, I should have preferred it to an invasion, as it would not have exposed us to the chance of contributions being required by a foreign force; but as I did not think so, and as I was certain an invasion would succeed speedily, and without much struggle, I preferred it, even at the hazard of that inconvenience which we took every pains to prevent.'

McNevin's evidence was to the like effect. Asked what had prevented the rising in the north from taking place in 1797, he answered that the Ulster men desisted in consequence of assurances of immediate succour from France and of representations of the unwisdom of giving England an advantage by beginning before the army of invasion had arrived. To the question—

'If you thought you would have succeeded, you would have begun?' he frankly answered: 'Most probably we should; at the same time, I am bound to declare that it was our wish to act with French aid, because that would tend to make the revolution less bloody, by determining many to join it early who, while the balance of success was doubtful, would either retain an injurious neutrality, or even perhaps oppose it.'

Much

Much capital is sought to be made, in popular versions of the insurrection, of a passage in the Report of the Secret Committee of 1798, in which it was stated 'that the rebellion would not have broken out as soon as it did had it not been for the well-timed measures adopted by Government;' and further, that 'from the vigorous and summary expedients resorted to by Government, and the consequent exertions of the military, the leaders found themselves reduced to the alternative of immediate insurrection.' A phrase used by Lord Castlereagh in the course of McNevin's examination, 'You acknowledge the Union would have become stronger but for the means taken to make it explode,' is also relied on as evidence of a deep-laid plot to incite to insurrection a peaceably disposed and law-abiding people. The colossal impudence of these complaints is almost ludicrous. The contention gravely put forward appears to be that Government, with the information it possessed, knowing as it did through its informers, that the United Irish Executive was waiting for the expected invasion, and patiently perfecting its organization in the meantime, should have stood by with folded hands, and taken no steps to interfere with the benevolent desire of the conspirators to effect a bloodless revolution.

The evidence to which we have adverted is abundantly sufficient to rebut the feeble repudiation of Emmet and his comrades, and the language of Knox, in the preface from which we have already quoted, in no wise exaggerates the case:—

'No fact can be more established than that the Society of United Irishmen, from the first moment of its institution, has been, with respect to its leading members, a band of systematic traitors; that no possible means would have been adequate to their suppression but the most unremitting coercion, and the most vigorous resistance; and that nothing can be more insolently false than to represent them as having been provoked into treason by those strong measures on the part of the Government, which were then only resorted to when both the common sense and common safety of the country irresistibly demanded them.'

While the proved facts of history forbid the acceptance of any less harsh estimate of the actual motives and ulterior aims of the founders of the movement than that which has just been quoted, it is of course no less true that the revolutionary fervour of the leaders was not fully shared by all who joined the ranks of the United Irish Society. Particularly was this the case in Ulster, where considerable differences of opinion manifested themselves from the very first, and where those, whose sympathy with the Roman Catholics was not prompted

by a purely utilitarian desire to use them as a means of separation from Great Britain, were far from hearty in their acceptance of an alliance which was foreign to all the traditions of Ulster, both social and religious. And in point of fact it is to this imperfect sympathy between the bulk of the members of the two sections, as distinguished from their leaders, coupled with the abhorrence created in Protestant breasts by the excesses of their Catholic allies in Wicklow and Wexford, that the failure of the insurrection is to be ascribed. The various shades of Protestant opinion in Ulster, and the process by which the vehement admirers of theoretical democracy and of the French Revolution were converted into no less vehement upholders of the Constitution, have never been better analyzed than in some early letters of Castlereagh, written while the future Chief Secretary was still a very young man, and before he had discarded the Liberalism which he has been so fiercely reviled for deserting. Before referring to these views it may not be out of place to try to recall in some detail the figure of one who played a foremost part in the Ireland of the Rebellion, and played it with results so advantageous to his own political career, though, thanks to the relentless hostility of Irish writers, so unhappy for his posthumous fame.

It has been the lot of few among British statesmen to play a more conspicuous part in the history of the Empire than that which was filled close on a quarter of a century by Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh; and, of those few, still fewer have left as enduring a mark on both the domestic constitution and the external relations of Great Britain. Yet in the whole roll of British ministers none has been less fortunate in respect of posthumous fame. For the greater part of his career Castlereagh occupied, first in College Green and afterwards at Westminster, the most eminent parliamentary position. It has been the lot of no other statesman to be the leader of the House of Commons in the Parliaments of two kingdoms; and Castlereagh not only commanded the allegiance but acquired the confidence of both. Of his career in Dublin Lord Cornwallis writes in 1800, that 'he has improved so much as a speaker as to become nearly master of the House of Commons,' and tells, in language that now sounds strange, how 'the gratification of national pride which the Irish feel at the prospect of his making a figure in the great political world has much diminished the unpopularity which his cold and distant manners in private society have produced.' Of the position he occupied at Westminster, a political opponent and unfriendly critic—Earl Russell—wrote, after a parliamentary experience

of

of sixty years, that he had never known two men who had more influence with the House of Commons than Lords Castlereagh and Althorp. Yet though he was, with only a brief interruption, for twenty years a minister of the first rank; though he was the successful competitor against the most brilliant politician of his day for the leadership of the Tory party in the Lower House; and though, while holding that lead continuously for ten years in the face of a formidable opposition, he was the chosen representative of Great Britain at Congresses which settled the map of Europe, Castlereagh's name scarcely counts among the great names that stand as landmarks in the political history of the nineteenth century.

The comparative oblivion into which the reputation and services of Castlereagh have fallen in Great Britain is remarkable, but it is not inexplicable. For though a great party-leader, and a great executive minister, he was never, and never essayed to be, a teacher of men, nor one who knew how to impregnate an old party with a modern spirit, as Canning and Disraeli at different epochs have known how to do. Neither was there about him that subtle personal magnetism which communicates itself to other and opposite natures, inspiring a following, in spite of itself, with the spirit of its leader. Nor, again, had he the animation, the daring, the *elan* which enables a Rupert of Debate, at the head of an enthusiastic minority, to carry and for a time to hold the citadels of the majority. Cold, in his calm and imperturbable dignity, he cared little for the applause of his associates. The plaudits of the mob he despised. When, towards the close of his career, after an absence of twenty years, he accompanied his sovereign to Dublin in 1821, he was greeted in the theatre and at the Mansion House with rounds of cheering, the audience in each case rising to receive him; while the Dublin mob, volatile as the Parisian, in the curious enthusiasm of the royal visit, embarrassed his movements in the streets by attempting to chair the contriver of the Union. But the enthusiasm was irksome to him, and his comment is characteristic. 'I am grown,' he said, 'as popular in 1821 as unpopular formerly, and with as little merit; and of the two unpopularity is the more convenient and gentlemanlike.' Such was his invariable attitude. No one, indeed, knew better the importance of conciliatory manners and a gracious demeanour, and in the management of the House of Commons no one has ever taken greater pains to attract confidence by that appearance of deferential consideration which is never so captivating as when vouchsafed by superior to subordinate. But this he did as it

were mechanically, as incidental to his position and with a certain aloofness:—

‘Stately in quiet, high-bred self-esteem,
Fair as the Lovelace of a lady’s dream,’ *

he performed all the duties of a leader thoroughly and effectively, but with a sort of aristocratic reserve and disdain which forbade the intimacy of his followers, while his assured nonchalance commanded their confidence.

It may be said, too, that Castlereagh was conspicuously deficient in certain qualities and talents, which, though not essential, as many instances combine to prove, to a commanding position in Parliament, are yet among the natural and appropriate graces of a statesman. He had neither wide reading nor much general information. He had not the advantage of a public-school training, and his University career had lasted little more than a year. Above all he was no orator. Though not incapable of flashes of natural eloquence, his efforts at rhetoric were laboured and uninteresting. And though he was always listened to with the attention due to a man who speaks with knowledge, authority, and native good sense, his extraordinary metaphors and his Irish bulls long provided topics and targets for the sarcasm of political opponents and the satire of party wits. Brougham’s description of him as incapable of uttering two sentences of anything but in the meanest manner and in the most wretched language, is of course a malicious exaggeration of this defect; and Greville, a more impartial, and far from good-natured critic, avers that despite the ridicule which his extraordinary phraseology exposed him to, he never spoke ill, and always left much to his opponents to answer. But Moore was only quoting his *ipsissima verba* when he made Phil Fudge address Castlereagh thus:—

‘Where (still to use your Lordship’s tropes)
The level of obedience slopes
Upwards and downwards, as the stream
Of hydra-faction kicks the beam.’

A speaker who could be guilty of such absurdities might not unfairly be described as a ‘Malaprop Cicero.’ †

Despite these defects, however, the tendency has latterly been towards a juster estimate of the character, capacity, and

* Bulwer Lytton’s ‘St. Stephen’s.’

† Castlereagh’s well-known entreaty to the country gentlemen ‘not to turn their backs upon themselves’ is among the most perfect examples of an Irish bull.

services of Castlereagh. The exertions of his biographer and of the editor of his papers did little at first to improve his reputation, and indeed his fame was rather obscured than served by the epistolary pyramid which the devotion of his brother erected on his grave. The 'Memoirs and Correspondence' were too staid and massive to be interesting to contemporaries who desired the personalities and anecdotes which make biography acceptable. But, like the pyramids, these memorials have gained in interest with the lapse of time, and have become, at a distance of nigh three quarters of a century, part of the history of the nation. From them the student may judge of the capacity and character which early won the friendship of Wellington and the confidence of Pitt. Tried by the test of time and by comparison with more showy, but less cool and resolute contemporaries, Castlereagh is beginning to take his proper place in the grateful recollection of a people who are learning to recognize how, in the greatest crisis of its fate,

'Far ends in Pitt's deep thought
By him, if rudely, were securely wrought.'

In one part of the United Kingdom, however, it is still otherwise. In Ireland his memory is not forgotten; and in the popular estimate of his character there has been no fluctuation. There the name of Castlereagh has been execrated for a century with a uniformity of unalloyed obloquy. 'The irreconcilable passion of unchangeable hate,' which, in the language of a modern patriot, is the feeling with which the majority of Irishmen regard England, describes without much exaggeration the attitude of Ireland towards the statesman who suppressed the Rebellion and carried the Union. Even now, in his native land, the character of Castlereagh continues to be assailed with all that wealth of vituperation which is never so lavished by Irishmen as when it is employed to blacken the reputation of one of their own countrymen of an opposite political faction. To them Castlereagh is, in Byron's language—

'A wretch never named but with curses and jeers.'

O'Connell described him as the Assassin of his country. Moore exults, as he addresses England, in 'The Fudge Family'—

'That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart
Made thee the fall'n and tarnished thing thou art,'

and speaks of the 'worst infections' of his country as 'all condensed in him.' English poets writing under Irish inspiration are, if possible, even more severe:—

'I met

'I met Murder on his way,
He had a mask like Castlereagh,'
said Shelley in his 'Masque of Anarchy.' Later writers in his own country have compared him to Robespierre, 'whose memory has about it the faint and sickening smell of hot blood.' These epithets, and a score of others equally uncomplimentary, have caused Castlereagh to assume in the popular imagination the likeness of some fiend, filled with a blood-thirsty animosity to his countrymen, and gloating over the degradation and misfortunes he had himself contributed to inflict upon her. Yet, according to the universal testimony of those who acted with him in public, and were intimate with him in private, no estimate was further from the truth.

The gentler estimate of Irish patriots who knew the man, is entirely forgotten or ignored. No doubt Castlereagh was, in the language of Brougham, 'a bold, fearless man, brave politically as well as personally, who went straight to his point.' And that point was, in the first great episode of his career, the destruction of what are called the liberties of Ireland. Much may on that account be forgiven to the indignant feelings of ardent patriots, who may be excused for an inability to see in the destroyer of their political temples and the gods they adored, anything but a ferocious iconoclast. Yet it is scarcely permissible for even the enthusiasm of angry patriotism to ignore the dispassionate testimony of Castlereagh's political antagonists, and of Irish patriot leaders. When he is accused of having provoked the Rebellion in order to put it down, it is fair to remember that his persistent detractor, Brougham, has not only acquitted him of the charge, but has declared that Castlereagh set himself in opposition to those who procured the retirement of Abercromby, and tried to drive out Cornwallis, as too humane in their treatment of a treasonable conspiracy. When he is charged with the petty jealousy of great patriots, it is not to be forgotten that he prevented the insertion in the Report of the Secret Committee of the House of Commons on the Rebellion, of passages tending to implicate Grattan in the United Irish conspiracy. And when he is represented as ruthlessly trampling on the religious liberties of his countrymen, let it be remembered that he was throughout his career, and often in circumstances when advocacy of the cause was disadvantageous to his own prospects, the steady friend of Catholic Emancipation. The statesman who, even after he joined the Government, retained the affection of Charlemont, cannot have been by nature either a brute or a villain. And no Irishman can refuse to hearken to the testimony
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in which the dying Grattan pronounced a eulogy almost as high as, and not less touching than, Johnson's tribute to Goldsmith—'Don't be hard on Castlereagh; he loves his country.'

Much light is thrown upon the evolution of political opinion among the Irish aristocracy and upper classes in the closing years of the eighteenth century by following the early career of Castlereagh. It may, therefore, be well to glance briefly at the circumstances of his origin, and the state of the political atmosphere by which he was surrounded when in 1790 he first entered the Irish Parliament as member for the county Down. The father of the future Minister, Robert Stewart, of Mount Pleasant, now Mount Stewart, in the county Down, was himself for many years the representative of the county in which his property was situated. Identifying himself with the popular or Whig interest, in opposition to the great family of the Downshires, the elder Stewart had, by the year 1789, acquired a character for integrity and independence which was not forfeited when, having increased his importance by aristocratic alliances, he was raised to the peerage as Baron Londonderry, probably through the influence of Lord Camden, the father of his second wife. He was the friend and colleague of Charlemont, in whose autobiography Stewart is mentioned as 'a gentleman of the best character and most patriotic,' and was also an active supporter of the Volunteer movement, representing his county in the Convention of 1783. The first of two great matches by which Robert Stewart accelerated his rise to eminence was his marriage with Sarah Frances, daughter of the first Marquis of Hertford. Of this union Castlereagh was the eldest son. Lady Sarah died while he was still a mere child; but she left her son the inheritance of the stately grace of the Seymours, and of the features and presence which Lawrence was proud to paint, as well as the advantage of a family relationship which powerfully aided him in his political career. The second wife of Robert Stewart was the means of instituting a connexion of even greater value to her stepson. Lady Frances Pratt was the daughter of Lord Chancellor Camden, the friend and colleague of Pitt, and was the sister of the Viceroy under whom Castlereagh first served as Chief Secretary.

It was thus, as the heir of a nobleman of property and high station, and as a popular young country gentleman, that in the year 1790 Castlereagh came forward as a candidate for the representation of his native county, as the advocate of reform. The interest of Lord Downshire had long been supreme in the county. But the young candidate was warmly supported by the remnant of the Volunteers, and the growing prosperity of the
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the linen manufacture had tended to reduce the importance of the purely territorial influence. On his canvass he was received with a cordiality which was kindled into enthusiasm by his strong expression of attachment to the liberty of his country, his ardour for reform, and his solemn declarations that, if returned, 'he would use all his exertions to attain it.' The effect produced, as well by his sentiments as by the spirit with which he prosecuted his canvass, was such that it was estimated that, had the freeholders been left to an unbiassed choice, nine-tenths of them would have voted in favour of the young Whig patriot. But Castlereagh was attacking in the family stronghold the influence of one of the most powerful peers in Ireland, and it was only after a contest of forty-two days, and at an expense of 60,000*l.*, that, supported by the exertions of the Presbyterian ministers, he won the day.

Castlereagh's intimate correspondence with his brother, the third Marquis of Londonderry, the main authority for the facts of his earlier career, was lost while on its way to India, where Bishop Turner, of Calcutta, had undertaken to write a biography. Consequently little record remains of him for the years that elapsed between his return to Parliament and his appointment as Minister. But a few letters of importance survive which throw a strong light, not merely upon the development of Castlereagh's opinions, but upon the state of parties and politics in Ireland at the period. Shortly after his entrance upon public life Castlereagh proceeded to the Continent, and in 1791 spent several months in France. In a couple of valuable letters, addressed to the old Lord Camden, he gives us the impressions of a young Whig aristocrat of France under the Constituent Assembly. What he then saw accounts, in all probability, for the changes of opinion which followed in his case, as in that of the much older Burke, from a near view of the Revolution in action, and of the second National Assembly. Writing under date, November 11th, 1791, he describes the character and composition of the Legislative Assembly, and details the results of his observation in travelling from Spa to Paris with an insight remarkable in a man of only two-and-twenty. The drift of his comments may be gathered from the following paragraphs:—

'From what I have said you will not rank me among the admirers of the French Revolution as the noblest work of human integrity and human wisdom. I really am not. I discover in what they have done much to approve, and much to condemn. I feel as strongly as any man that an essential change was necessary for the happiness and for the dignity of a great people long in a state

of

of degradation . . . If I could do it without seeming to approve the principles professed by their leaders, principles which I shall ever condemn as tumultuous pedantry, tending directly to unsettle government and ineffectual in its creation, I should on all occasions worship and applaud the feeling which led the way to this unparalleled change.'

In the same letter, speaking of Ireland, he observes:—

'Your island (Great Britain), thank God, is tranquil, happy and contented. The situation of ours is more precarious. I am inclined to think it will not long remain as it is. The government of it I do not like, but I prefer it to a revolution. There is great room and necessity for amendment, and our connexion would not be weakened by it. The people begin to grow very impatient, the abuses are considerable, and their weight nothing. The Catholics are calling for emancipation. I dread a collision between them and the dissatisfied Protestants. If tumult then should arise, it will be difficult to establish the Government afterwards to their exclusion. I am afraid reform will be postponed until it is too late; and what I particularly lament is, that in Ireland those moderate characters who wish to oppose popular violence, and to employ their weight in repressing tumultuous innovation, have not good grounds to stand on.'

Fifteen months later, January 26th, 1793, writing to the same correspondent, he notes how the idea of reform had gained strength, and that 'it is supported by those immediately interested in resisting it, I mean the great borough proprietors,' who were desirous, since reform was inevitable, to effect it themselves, rather than allow it to fall into other hands.

'Depend upon it, my dear Lord C., you must change your system with respect to Ireland; there is no alternative, now her independence is admitted, but to govern by reason, or to unite her to Great Britain by force. A government of gross corruption, no longer a government of influence—extinguishing every possibility of Parliamentary authority—will be no longer quietly endured. Even the opinions of those whose daily bread is the corruption complained of, agree that it would require less force to unite the two kingdoms than to govern as heretofore.

'I am afraid the question for your decision now is, not what instructions you should send to Mr. Hobart, but what orders to my Lord Howe—provided it is your determination to resist and not guide the storm.

'Your policy towards Ireland has been temporizing. You have made it necessary for her to seize systematically an ungenerous moment to carry her object. You have attempted to support a system which your first difficulty compels you to abandon. So far have you pushed matters, that as landlords we have no longer any influence in restraining the exertions of our tenantry to effect that which we cannot seriously tell them should be desired.'

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In almost prophetic language he observes :—

'Claims are coming from all ranks, both Catholic and Protestant. The rational principle appears to be to concede what shall conciliate a sufficient number to guard against tumult, and at the same time does not go to destroy the framework of the constitution. There appears to me this strong distinction between the dissatisfaction of the two sects, that the Protestants may be conciliated at the same time that the constitution is improved; the Catholics never can by any concession which must not sooner or later tear down the Church or make the State their own. I believe that reform will effect itself either now or in a few years. If that be the case, and the elective franchise is given to that body, a few years will make three-fourths of the constituency of Ireland Catholics. Can a Protestant superstructure long continue supported on such a base? With a reformed representation and a Catholic constituency must not everything shortly follow? Can the Protestant Church remain the establishment of a State of which they do not comprise an eighth part, which will be the case when Catholics are co-equal in political rights? You observe that we paint too strongly the danger of Protestant resentment, and underrate Catholic anger. Although inferior in numbers, I consider the Protestants infinitely the more formidable body. They have thought longer on political subjects, and are excited to a higher pitch than the Catholics. Besides, I do not think you are likely to appease the latter by any concession you are about to make to them. Nothing short of co-equal rights will satisfy them; and these you cannot yield if you wish to preserve your Church and State. Therefore, though the Catholics may have equal rights, they cannot have equal enjoyments. Depend upon it they will struggle as much for the practical enjoyment as they do now for the theoretical privileges of the constitution. You have made an unwise alliance with that body. Give them anything rather than the franchise, for it forces everything else. Property will feebly resist a principle so powerful.'

For these reasons Castlereagh recommended concession to the Dissenters and resistance to the Catholics, believing that the new-found ardour of the Presbyterians for Catholic Emancipation would soon cool once their own grievances were conceded. The Government, as we know, decided otherwise; and from that moment Castlereagh, like Clare, considered an Union inevitable.

We have dwelt at length upon the character and opinions of Castlereagh for two reasons. At a time when the policy of the statesmen who ruled Ireland is the subject of animated indictments, it is not only just that his aims and actions should be fairly stated, but also, as we have said, his career and his views illustrate very vividly the tone and temper of the governing classes in Ireland a century ago. For in dealing with this period of Irish history it is necessary to remember what were the

the dominating ideals, not merely of the Irish Government, but of the whole Irish House of Commons without distinction of party. In 1798 the Protestantism of the constitution was as much an article of political faith with all who were concerned in working the machine of Government as the predominance of the will of the people as expressed by the majority of the House of Commons is an article of political faith to-day. Grattan, no less than Castlereagh, Charlemont no less than Clare, were pledged to the maintenance of the constitution in Church and State, and it is mainly to this fact that the revolt from the policy of liberal concession to the Roman Catholics which followed the excesses of the Rebellion must be attributed.

It has been our object in the foregoing pages rather to analyze the state of Irish opinion a hundred years ago, and to examine the influences which contributed to produce the Rebellion, than to epitomise the history of the insurrection. No good purpose can be served in our judgment by reviving the bloody memories of Scullabogue and Wexford Bridge upon the one hand, or the tortures of the pitch cap and the riding-school upon the other. We should rejoice if, in celebrating the centenary of this attempt at revolution, the organizers of the commemoration would agree to confine their eulogies to the personages whose figures are worthy of remark, men who, whatever their errors, were at any rate not animated by religious fanaticism. It is noticeable that the rising itself produced not a single heroic figure. Neither Father Murphy, who led the Wexford rebels to their brief successes, nor Bagenal Harvey, the timid Protestant squire who placed himself for a few weeks at the head of one of the divisions of the rebel army, can be styled a great leader or even a picturesque figure. The rising in Mayo, notable as it was for the successes achieved over the Imperial troops, was less an insurrection than an invasion; and, as Mr. Gribayédoff has pointed out, the military honours of that conflict belong entirely to Humbert and the soldiers of France. The really striking figures on the popular side are the figures of the United Irish leaders, Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Emmets and the brothers Sheares, men who had as little notion of a Catholic rebellion, in the sense in which the word was understood by Father Murphy, as they had of establishing Mahometanism, to use the language of McNeven, one of the United Irish Executive, in his answers before the Committee of the House of Lords. Those who would commemorate the Rebellion as a movement for the establishment of Ireland as a Roman Catholic Ireland entirely mistake both its origin and its objects, and attribute to the leaders of the movement views and

and opinions which it is plain that not one among the earlier United Irishmen ever for a moment entertained.

If, again, the commemorative celebration now being arranged in Ireland is represented as indicating the rooted and irreconcilable aversion of Irishmen to English rule, let it be remembered that of the grievances in which the Rebellion originated not one now remains. The Statute Book of the United Kingdom has been purged of every civil and commercial disability of which United Irishmen of Ulster complained, and of more than all the inequalities against which Irish Catholics in 1798 ever thought of protesting. In his valuable work entitled 'Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland,' Mr. Barry O'Brien has enumerated the various disabilities under which, in respect of the agrarian, the religious, the educational, the parliamentary, the poor-law and the municipal systems, one class or another in Ireland has from time to time, during the last half-century, believed itself to labour. Some of these have not yet, indeed, been finally settled; but this at any rate is certain, that not one among the questions which now agitate Ireland dates back to the period of the Rebellion, nor does a single item in the programme of the United Irishmen remain unaccomplished, with the sole exception of separation. The speeches and writings of the men of '98 may be searched in vain for the statement of a single wrong that England has suffered to remain unremedied. If it is alleged that the failure to conciliate rebel Ireland is due not so much to the lack of healing measures as to delay which has occurred in passing them, or to the ungracious and reluctant manner in which, it is alleged, they have been conceded, may it not fairly be enquired to what is due the conversion of the once rebel north to ardent loyalty to the connexion? No legislative distinctions have been made between the treatment of Ulster and that of the rest of Ireland. If the descendants of the men who drank the memory of Orr and fought upon the field of Antrim and Ballinahinch are now, like the descendants of the Protestant United Irishmen of Dublin and the south, warmly attached to the connexion with Great Britain, while the descendants of the Celtic and Catholic elements in the Irish Union remain inveterately opposed to that connexion, the difference can only be accounted for by a racial antagonism, to which Great Britain is no more likely to surrender to-day than she has been at any period during the seven centuries through which, to the disadvantage of both kingdoms, it has unhappily prevailed.

- ART. III.—1. *Philosophy of Theism*, being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1894-5. First Series. By Alexander Campbell Fraser, LL.D., Hon. D.C.L. Oxford, Emeritus Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh and London, 1895.
2. *Philosophy of Theism*. Second Series. Edinburgh and London, 1896.

THE University of Edinburgh was well advised in appointing to its Gifford Lectureship the editor of Berkeley and Locke. It is forty-one years since Professor Campbell Fraser succeeded to the chair of Sir William Hamilton; it is quite half a century since he began to teach philosophy in Edinburgh and began also to be known to the philosophical world by his articles in the then active 'North British Review.' For fifty years Professor Fraser has maintained the best traditions of Scottish philosophy, with, it may perhaps be added, a wider intellectual horizon and more catholic sympathies than distinguished the earlier representatives of the school. His editorial labours, in which historical interest and literary skill are aptly combined with philosophical insight, have enriched the world with classical editions of two of our greatest English thinkers. But the time thus ungrudgingly and congenially spent has had the natural effect of limiting Professor Fraser's original contributions to philosophy. If exception is made of his early essays, his mature views on the perennial problems of human thought have hitherto found little more than incidental expression in the prolegomena and notes to his editions of Locke and Berkeley, and in the expository and critical chapters in his biographies of these philosophers. But he has now used the opportunity afforded him by the Gifford Lectureship to give to the world, in outline at least, the result of his lifelong meditations on the greatest of all themes.

The first volume of his 'Philosophy of Theism' discusses, with the aid of historical examples, the chief types of theory that have been advanced as to the nature of God and His relation to the world of men and things, thus illuminating by comparison and contrast the 'moral faith' in which the author finally rests, as the only tenable solution of the problem from the human point of view. The second volume, in more directly systematic form, elaborates the grounds on which this theistic interpretation of the universe rests, and deals in the concluding lectures, in a striking way, with the difficulty presented by the existence of evil in a divine universe. The two volumes taken together, according to their

their author's intention, as a continuous piece of reasoning, form a notable and a very timely contribution to philosophical and religious thought. While handling his subject with all the knowledge and resources of the professional philosopher, Professor Fraser has been singularly successful in lifting the argument out of the technicalities of the schools into a larger and more intensely human atmosphere. Refusing to be led away into the discussion of side issues or the quest of merely dialectical triumphs, he holds up before the reader the fundamental issues of speculative thought with a quiet persistence and a breadth of handling that become exceedingly impressive. There is also, it may be added, an air of reality about the discussion which is not always present in academic dissertations. The question is to the lecturer a supremely practical one, and one that touches every department of human thought and action:—

'Is our environment essentially physical and non-moral, or is it ultimately moral, spiritual, and divine? Is the maintenance of the bodily organism the condition and measure of the continuance of each man's conscious and percipient moral personality? These two final questions underlie human life.'

So he states the alternatives in the unpretentious but interesting Preface to the second volume.

'I think it may be granted,' he says elsewhere, 'that the conception of the final meaning and purpose of life that is (consciously or unconsciously) adopted in fact by each man, mainly determines what that man is, and what he does.' (I. 34.)

And throughout his discussion there is perceptible an accent of intimate personal conviction and a certain indefinable sense of ripeness which adds indefinitely to its interest and importance.

But the nature of the argument and the conclusion reached are also significant, as enabling the reader to estimate the drift of spiritual or theistic philosophy at the present time. Along with Dr. Martineau, Professor Fraser is the most eminent living representative of the spiritual tradition in British Philosophy, as that is found in Locke and Berkeley, no less than in Coleridge or in Reid and Sir William Hamilton. And while the campaign against our native growth of empiricism and agnosticism has been mainly conducted during the last thirty years by thinkers of the so-called Neo-Hegelian School, who have submitted themselves perhaps too exclusively to German masters, these writers have shown themselves stronger in criticism than in construction; and the absolute idealism which they propose to prove by absolutely cogent demonstration has seemed to many to promise more than it actually performs

performs for the spiritual interests of mankind. Be that as it may—and it would be ungracious to depreciate the work of men like Green and Dr. Caird—a special interest and importance attaches to the conclusions of a thinker whose methods and results are not all made in Germany, one who approaches the question in an independent and characteristic way, and whose general habit of thought is perhaps more in harmony with the moderation and caution of our national spirit. It may be that Professor Fraser's position, as he hints, might not differ greatly from what he calls 'Hegelianism humanized,' but in any case comparison between the two points of view must be instructive. In the suggestive and closely packed chapter with which he concluded the sketch of Berkeley in Blackwood's Philosophical Classics sixteen years ago, Professor Fraser had already indicated 'a philosophy grounded on Faith' as in his judgment the true *via media* between an agnosticism which would limit knowledge to the phenomena of sense and an absolute idealism or gnosticism (as he proposed to call it by way of contrast) which 'seems to claim as attainable philosophy an intuition of the rational articulation of the universe of things and persons in the unity of the creative thought,' and thus to 'eliminate mystery from our physical and moral experience, and convert philosophy into absolute science.' In the two volumes before us he repeatedly returns to the same ultimate differentiation of philosophical theories, substituting, however, frequently for agnosticism the nescience or universal scepticism in which, as he contends, it consistently issues.

'Pantheistic Reason, Universal Nescience, and Theistic Faith are the three philosophies now before Europe and America, with some educated and more half-educated thought oscillating between the first and the second. Of these three, which is the most reasonable, because the fittest to provide for man, in the fulness of his physical and spiritual being, a true home in needed moral as well as intellectual satisfaction?' (I. 156.)

The contrast between the first and the third—between 'absolute idealism' and 'the intermediate position with which I am satisfied'—is elaborated chiefly in the two chapters of the second volume on 'Divine necessity' and 'Philosophical Faith,' and will occupy our attention in the sequel, together with Professor Fraser's reasons for declining to recognize the former as a satisfactory, or indeed a possible, solution.

In describing his position as theistic *faith*, the author indicates that, in his opinion, the conditions of the problem do not admit of demonstration or absolutely coercive proof. In a sense,

sense, the solution to be hoped for is moral rather than intellectual. Nevertheless, belief in God is not reduced to the level of a subjective emotion or desire. It is, on the contrary, Professor Fraser contends, the only hypothesis which stands between us and a scepticism in which the very idea of truth or knowledge would disappear. For proof of this, we need go no further than the procedure of science itself. The postulate which underlies every scientific induction is the intelligibility of nature, the belief, in other words, that we are living in a cosmos, not a chaos,—the belief that the Power at work in the universe will not put us to permanent intellectual confusion. Science (as well as our most everyday knowledge and action) thus reposes upon an ultimate trust, which is not susceptible of demonstration. We may rightly speak of this trust as progressively verified or justified by every step we take in the intellectual conquest of the world; but, however legitimate our confidence, at no conceivable point in that progress, or in any future progress, can the thesis be said to be, in a scientific sense, *proved*. The parallel in this respect between scientific procedure and the moral and religious life of man is pressed home by Professor Fraser with great force and felicity. The postulate of science is to be regarded as itself a theistic postulate, so far as it goes; but it seems to recognize only the attribute of intellectual consistency. This trust in the uniformity of nature is ultimately, however, a belief in a morally trustworthy universe, that is to say, in a Being who will not capriciously or wantonly deceive those who put their trust in Him. The inductive faith thus rests on a deeper ethical faith. This faith, more fully developed, forms the presupposition of the moral and spiritual life. The presupposition is again, precisely as in the case of the scientific postulate, progressively verified in ethical and religious experience, but is never lifted into the region of scientific demonstration. In either case, to demand proof as the preliminary to action would be to be cut off from the possibility of verification, and, indeed, to be condemned to absolute inaction and sceptical despair.

This may be said to constitute Professor Fraser's central contention. The verities of the moral life thus become for him the real key to the whole enigma of the universe. Morality itself rests for him on the postulate of human freedom—

‘This main-miracle, that thou art thou.

With power on thine own act and on the world.’

Man, in this sense ‘supernatural,’ reveals to us the true meaning of causation, namely, free responsible agency; and this insight enables

enables us to see in so-called natural causes only the connexions of phenomena established by an ever-active divine Will. On such a view of God as the real Agent in nature and in all natural evolution, the supposed conflict between science and religion, of which so much has been heard, vanishes into thin air. The mechanical deism which fostered the misunderstanding gives place to a rational theism. Finally, the conception of human freedom is applied in two of the most impressive chapters of the second volume to reconcile the existence of moral evil with the perfect moral purpose of God. Such are the broad outlines of an argument whose simplicity is not the least of its merits. Its persuasiveness as a whole, and its points of contact with recent speculation, will become more apparent on closer examination.

After stating the problem in his first lecture, Professor Fraser proceeds to articulate it by reference to the three postulated existences of common belief—the Self or Ego, the material world and God. The relations of these three to one another form the principal part of the Philosophy of Theism, and monistic systems have repeatedly attempted to resolve the three into one. 'We may even say that unbalanced recognition of one of the three over the other two, in thought, feeling and action, is the chief source of error and moral disorder.' According as over-emphasis is laid on one or another of the three existences there results, first, a system of universal materialism, or, secondly, a philosophy of Immaterialism and Panegoism, in which, if consistent, we become subjective idealists and solipsists, or, thirdly, the various schemes of Pantheism, Impersonalism or Acosmism, in which the world and the ego are identified with God. The lectures which immediately follow elaborate these three positions, in the first instance with much sympathetic insight into the motives which underlie the different conceptions, and a due acknowledgment of the element of truth in their contention which gives them their vitality from age to age. As he truly says, in summarizing the first course of lectures:—

'If you would convince another, who really loves truth, of defect in conception, you must try to see the side at which things are looked at by him; for on that side his view of them is probably true: by seeing a truth, common to him and to you, he may more readily recognise with you what is wanting in his own conception.'

The materialistic theory is handled in Lecture III. with a power of sympathetic realisation reminiscent of Lucretius and recalling at times the sweep of Tennyson's 'Vastness.' The

immaterialistic or Berkeleian conception is presented by way of contrast in the following lecture, not so much as an actual danger of speculative thought, or even as having ever formed an accepted philosophical system—rather as supplying an easy solvent of the confident dogmatism of materialistic theorizers. According to the one view, the universe of reality is ‘at last only a universe of molecules in motion;’ according to the other, all reality is reduced to the succession of each man’s conscious states. But neither atoms nor states of consciousness seem to give us the final unity and self-sufficingness which we conceive to belong to the ultimate reality; and accordingly Pantheism, the third of the monistic theories, regards them both ‘as necessitated modifications of the One Infinite Reality, called God, in which the universe is consubstantiated.’ The ambiguity of the term Pantheism leads to some interesting passages of discrimination, in which deism and pantheism are contrasted as opposite extremes, and theism presented as the intermediate conception which embraces the truth of both.

‘Under a gross deistical conception, God is imaged as living in a place apart, determined at a certain date to create the aggregate of things and persons that have since appeared in space—these all after creation being left in a vague way by this external deity to the implanted forces in nature,—God at a distance, either doing nothing, or occasionally interfering with the natural order by miracle or extraordinary providence; a wholly transcendent and, in this sense, alien God, in short—an individual Being among other individuals, instead of Being absolutely unique.’

As opposed to this mechanical conception,

‘the idea of God as the ever-present life of the world, operating in and through natural laws, is common to philosophic theism with pantheism, and is part of what modern theism owes to pantheistic exaggeration.’

The essential difference between Pantheism and Theism arises on the question of the will and moral freedom. The essence of Pantheism, in the obnoxious sense of the term, is the conception of the universe as an absolutely necessitated manifestation—the eternal involuntary evolution of the One Infinite Reality—in which, therefore, the ideas of duty, of wrong-doing, of imperfection, can have no place. Spinoza is taken as the classical representative of this type of thought, and a separate lecture is devoted to the discussion of his system in this reference. Time being an illusion of the human imagination, nothing really happens; and neither cause nor purpose has any place in his abstract geometrical construction of the universe

universe *sub specie eternitatis*. Contingency is similarly excluded, for whatever is is divine. The logical elaboration of Pantheism thus brings us face to face with an ultimate dilemma.

‘Either we reduce the universe of individual things and persons to shadows of reality, and then the undetermined substance or Deity of Spinoza comes in as an abstract featureless unity; or we must assume that the presented data of our temporal experience are real, so far as they go, and that God is signified, not modified, in the finite universe.’

Only facts can decide; and if facts oblige us to admit that what experience brings us into contact with are not shadows and dreams, but individual realities and a real succession of events, then we must decline to entertain the Spinozistic hypothesis. Such facts are found in the moral experience of remorse and responsibility, which form an insurmountable barrier in the way of Spinoza’s logic. If, again, we are told that individual persons cannot possess a real or substantial independence, because this is inconsistent with the definitions of substance and reality, it may fairly be answered that in so arguing we are drifting into a dispute about words. ‘Life implies that in point of fact they are as if they were distinct substances, for we so treat them in our moral judgments and in our actions.’ The Pantheistic system, on the contrary, tends to become ‘a logical evolution of what is contained in the connotation of certain words of extreme abstraction.’ To seek to override our most intimate convictions because they do not accommodate themselves to a speculative construction of existence, as supposed to be seen from the divine centre, is emphatically to begin philosophizing at the wrong end.

The three attempted monistic solutions having thus broken down under examination, we may be finally tempted to relinquish the speculative problem in despair, and relapse into agnosticism, which when thought out, as by Hume, results in universal scepticism. Professor Fraser accordingly, before proceeding to his own constructive suggestions, devotes a lecture to the attitude of ‘universal nescience’ as represented by Hume. Hume and Spinoza, he says in his Preface, were seldom absent from his mind as types of the two extremes of speculative thought. If, as Hume assumes, momentary sensation is the measure of reality, the very notion of ‘truth’ falls to the ground; as Plato long ago proved, a consistent sensationalism must be speechless. But Professor Fraser finds that Hume himself, in the account which he gives of Custom, falls back upon a species of faith or trust as the only way of extricating

himself from the sceptical dilemma. Moreover, he contends that this faith, attenuated though it be, carries in it the rudiments of the three commonly postulated existences—self, the outer world and God. Professor Fraser's interpretation of Hume at this point is both novel and suggestive, and should claim the attention of philosophical students. Hume's appeal to irrational or non-rational custom has generally been treated by his expositors and critics as an integral part of his scepticism, indeed as its culmination. But Professor Fraser sees in it rather the suggestion of a constructive principle, which only requires to be developed in order to lift us clear of scepticism altogether. In support of this view, he is able to refer to some of Hume's own expressions in regard to it, which are sufficiently remarkable, but which have been somewhat unaccountably neglected in preceding accounts of his thought. Custom, according to Hume, is 'a species of natural instinct' which generates expectations in conformity with the behaviour of facts in the past. This 'belief or faith' (as Hume also calls it) is in effect, Professor Fraser urges, a recognition of the practical trustworthiness of the universe—a faith in the interpretability of Nature; and is not this interpretability of Nature, he asks, another expression for its immanent divinity? Hume himself talks of the correspondence that appears between our trust in natural order and the facts of that order as 'a kind of pre-established harmony' between nature and the succession of our ideas. 'Though the powers and forces by which the universe is governed be wholly unknown to us, yet our thoughts and conceptions have still, we find, gone on in the same train with the other works of nature.' He even suggests in his half ironical, half serious vein, 'that those who delight in the discovery and contemplation of final causes' have here a supreme example ready to their hand. For

"the wisdom of nature" has implanted in us an instinctive faith "which carries forward the thought in a correspondent course to that which she has established among external objects, though we are ignorant of those powers and forces on which this regular course or succession of objects totally depends." . . . 'The three primary postulated existences,' Professor Fraser concludes, 'are virtually implied, each in a thin, attenuated form, in these notable words, "self" and "outward things," distinguished, yet in an established harmony with each other; and, withal, a rudimentary faith in order and purpose embodied in the whole, but with ignorance otherwise of the Power to which the order and purpose are due.'

But can we stop here? The starting-point—it might even be said, the central thought—of the constructive theory of the

Lectures

Lectures is found in the challenge to the scientific agnostic with which the lecture on Hume concludes. 'Is the religious "leap in the dark" more irrational than the induction?' Current agnosticism makes no scruple of treating physical science as completely certain and any deeper interpretation of life as vain imagination. But such agnosticism does not escape from the necessity of faith or trust. It only proposes to arrest it arbitrarily at a certain point.

In pressing home the theistic implication of scientific procedure, Professor Fraser's argument offers many undesigned, and on that account all the more interesting, points of coincidence with Mr. Balfour's reasoning in the 'Foundations of Belief.' Both argue that all scientific reasoning as to the causation of events rests on a fundamental presupposition which is not itself proved, and is not susceptible of proof, inasmuch as all proof takes it for granted. The belief in natural law—the conviction that we are living in a cosmos and not in a chaos—is essentially an act of faith or trust. It cannot be proved by any accumulation of inductions, for the very intention of making an induction presupposes it, and each individual induction depends for whatever cogency it possesses upon this assumption. Mill's laboured confusion of logic and psychology, in his futile struggle to remain true to the principles of a pure empiricism, served only to bring to light the manifest circle in which attempts at empirical proof involve themselves. We bring the belief with us to the facts, and when we do so, we find that we are able to interpret the facts in the light of the belief; in that sense, and in that sense alone, may the progress of science be regarded as a cumulative proof or justification of the soundness of the trust by which the whole advance has been inspired. This immovable belief in cosmical law, or the intelligibility of the universe, is rightly regarded both by Professor Fraser and Mr. Balfour as, *pro tanto*, a belief in God; for it treats nature as a rational system, and therefore the product of an intelligence akin to our own.

'Natural science,' says Professor Fraser, 'is a product which depends for its existence upon the fact of intellectual affinity between man and his surroundings.'

'I do not believe,' says Mr. Balfour, 'that any escape from a purely sceptical position is possible, unless we are prepared to bring to the study of the world the presupposition that it was the work of a rational Being who made *it* intelligible, and at the same time made *us*, in however feeble a fashion, able to understand it. . . . Theism, then, whether or not it can in the strict meaning of the word be described as proved by science, is a principle which science requires

requires for its own completion. ('Foundations of Belief,' pp. 301, 302.)

This is, again, the true sense of the circular argument (a *circulus* when regarded as an argument) in which Descartes makes the veracity of God the primal condition of all certainty. 'If I do not first know that there is a God,' he says, 'I may suppose that I have been so constituted by mere nature as to be deceived, even in matters which I apprehend with the greatest seeming evidence and certitude;' so that 'without the knowledge of God it would be impossible ever to know anything else.' As Professor Fraser points out, Descartes is here simply giving reflective expression to the faith that is at the root of all other faith; the existence of God is presupposed in the reliability of experience. It is in all essentials the same position at which Kant also arrives when he calls attention to the harmony which exists between the forms of our intelligence and the matter with which they are furnished by the world of reality. The Knowability of the world in *any degree*, would be impossible, he points out, but for a pre-established harmony between the knower and the world he comes to know.

On a higher plane Kant thus offers us the same thought of pre-established harmony which Professor Fraser has signalized in Hume, and to which he seeks to give a deeper and more far-reaching interpretation. For if the belief in natural causation is not a conclusion from the facts, but a governing idea by the light of which we find the facts interpretable, other ideas may justify themselves on similar terms. It cannot then be an objection to the teleological interpretation of the world that the idea of purpose is brought with us to the facts, if the teleological point of view enables us to reach a better understanding of the whole. In that respect, it is exactly on the same footing as the belief in causal order. Why, in brief, should we stop short with a merely physical interpretation of the world, when there are moral or spiritual facts which are only interpretable if we regard the universe as 'at last the supernatural manifestation of supreme moral purpose'? The larger moral faith includes the more meagre physical faith, and though neither is in a strict sense proved, both are justified by their works. Such is the ethical teleology in which Professor Fraser, like Kant, finally casts anchor.

In reality, the orderly sequence of physical facts which we call Nature cannot stand by itself. It only becomes intelligible in the light reflected upon it from the conscious spirit of man. For natural causation does not explain anything finally; natural causes are only metaphorically called causes, if by cause

is meant agency, real power to originate the effect. 'The final meaning of cause is reached through conscience.' In our moral activity we are conscious of ourselves as the real agents in respect of all these acts for which we feel ourselves to be responsible. 'Man thus shows in his own personality what a cause is that is really a cause.' Power or real causality in this sense can belong only to persons; a free cause is the only true cause. So-called natural causes are only the established signs of changes, whose occurrence we are thereby enabled to predict. Natural causation is really sense-symbolism—a divinely instituted order of procedure, by deciphering which we are able with practical safety to direct our lives. The laws of Nature which science formulates are simply rules of connexion; the Agent in all natural changes must be a Power in the only sense of the word Power known to us. That is, all natural causation is really divine. This is Berkeley's vital thought, and, as may be supposed, it is expounded by Professor Fraser with peculiar authority and a loving sense of proprietorship.

'It pervades,' he says, 'the thought which I have given to the world in the last five-and-twenty years, for it is implied in six volumes of which Berkeley was the text, and in three in which I have essayed a critical reconstruction of Locke.'

This conception of the secondary or caused causes of natural science, it may be added, does not depend for its truth upon the too purely subjective idealism of the Berkeleian theory. It depends only upon the distinction between persons and things. Power and purpose can reside only in the former; they alone really *act*, that is to say, originate or create; and they alone therefore are responsible for their actions. The changing world of things can be no more than the instrument of active will or conscious purpose. In this sense,

'conscious life is the light of the world. . . . It is the revelation that is involved in the self-consciousness of man that supplies the key to this deeper or spiritual interpretation of nature. Apart from this the outer world, with all its laws and ends, is darkness; for *external nature in itself, or apart from the contents of moral life in man, conceals the God whom it nevertheless reveals when it is looked at in the light of spiritual consciousness.* (First Series, p. 247.)

The words which we have here italicized obviously refer to the famous saying of Jacobi which Sir William Hamilton was fond of quoting—'Nature conceals God; man reveals God.' Taken by itself, the aphorism has the air of a paradox; for it would seem to make Nature the expression of a wholly undivine and alien power. But a dualism of this kind is a philosophically impossible

impossible position. Professor Fraser's statement happily expresses the truth which Jacobi intended to convey, namely, that our central principle of interpretation must be found in our own self-conscious experience, apart from which the visible system of causes and effects would cease to have either meaning or value. He recurs to the subject in a similar passage in the second volume, which is also an excellent expression of the whole conception on which we have been dwelling.

'External nature conceals God, only if God is not revealed through the moral and religious experience of man. After this revelation external nature *becomes for man* constantly symbolic of the divine; each fresh discovery of a natural cause is then interpretable as only a further and fuller revelation of the supernatural Power, of which all natural "agency" is the effect or expression. *After* God has been found in the *moral* experience of man, which points irresistibly to intending Will as the only known Cause that is absolute, the discovery that this is the natural or provisional cause of that, is recognized as only the discovery that this is the divinely constituted sign, or constant antecedent, of that. The whole natural succession becomes the manifestation of infinite Spiritual or Personal agency: the universe in its temporal process is seen to be reasonably interpretable as finally the constantly manifested moral activity of God, incarnate in the Whole and in every part; in a way to which some may think they find a faint analogy, when they contemplate their own bodily organism, in its dependence on their own governing and responsible will—this microcosm thus the symbol of the infinite Macrocosm.' (Second Series, p. 51.)

In this passage we begin to see the strength of the theistic position, as contrasted with the deism of last-century theology. There can be no conflict between the religious and the scientific interpretation of Nature on this view of natural causation. Some people write and talk as if the discovery of the natural cause of an event meant the withdrawal of the event from the sphere of divine agency. According to this way of thinking, the gradual success of science in reducing all phenomena to natural law is tantamount to the banishment of God from His universe. He becomes a hypothesis that is not required, or if any room is left for His action, it must be at some point in 'the dark backward and abysm of time,' when the orderly system of the universe is supposed to have been set agoing. But to see God only in supposed acts of incalculable interference is superstition, not rational theism. The supersession of God by natural law is a grotesque inversion of the truth.

'The truth seems to be that the more successfully scientific inquiry is applied to the sequences presented in experience, the more fully

fully God is revealed; and that if we could realize the scientific ideal of a reasoned knowledge of the natural cause of every sort of event, we should then be in possession of the entire self-revelation given in outward nature of the infinite moral Person, of whom the natural world is the symbol and adumbration.'

This 'constant divine determination of Nature is the truth which theism may be said to have received from pantheism.' The weakness of the old cosmological argument was its failure to recognize 'the constant miracle of God in Nature,' and to treat God merely as an *antecedent* cause of the world-system. But so to understand the divine causality is to reduce God to a phenomenon or event, supposed to be reached in the course of the causal regress from one phenomenal antecedent to another. There is no stopping, however, in the infinite regress which the conditions of thought impose upon us; the pursuit of a 'first cause' in this sense is the attempt to realize a contradiction in terms. So far then as the cosmological argument reasons back from the present existence of the world to an unbeginning Something which caused it, the supposed proof becomes, as Professor Fraser concludes, 'only one form of a vague dissatisfaction with the idea of the finite in quantity.' Moreover, no true cause can be reached in this way at all. It is not by proceeding backward in time, and refunding one natural phenomenon into another, that we can lay hold of God. The nature of true causality is revealed in our own moral experience; and applying this to the divine existence and the relation of God to the world, we are enabled to realize Him as a present fact—as the supernatural sustaining Power immanent in all existence and operative in all change. As Professor Fraser expresses it, 'the eternal presence of providential Mind,' recognized as the source and guarantee of cosmical order, is substituted for the pre-existence of an eternal Something.

In a similar spirit Professor Fraser criticizes the weaknesses of the traditional argument from design, while defending the legitimacy of the teleological point of view and enlarging its scope. In some of its forms, the argument dwells too much on special instances of adaptation, and tends to treat them as due to isolated acts of contrivance on the part of the divine artist, supplementary to the normal working of the laws of Nature. But this is the same temper of mind which finds the evidence of deity in interferences with the natural order. Moreover, the argument, in its common form, is open to the general objection that it seems to make God the author of a difficulty in order that He may show His skill in overcoming it. 'Why should adaptation of resisting material be part of the work of the omnipotence,

omnipotence, on which the material, with all its qualities and modes of behaviour, must, on the divine hypothesis, absolutely depend?' Again, taken on its own ground,

'the divine conclusion is infinitely in excess of the empirical premisses; the largest collection of superhuman natural constructions can yield only a more or less probable finite inference. . . . To infer the existence of a Being of perfect power, wisdom and mercy, solely from specimens of otherwise unexplained contrivance that occur empirically in our observation of the external world, is to beg a conclusion already presumed.'

If we presuppose moral reason at the heart of existence, the adaptations observable in the natural world serve to bring vividly home to the ordinary mind the conception of purposive divine intelligence. This, Professor Fraser seems to say, is their main use; they are 'illustrations for popular use.' But their divineness is in no way diminished if it can be shown that the adaptations have been slowly evolved by what we call natural laws, for evolution is 'divinely determined natural progress.' Indeed, the larger conception of teleology, as we find it in recent philosophy, dwells rather on the evidence of

'adaptation in the cosmical evolution as a whole, when viewed as a natural process that has been continuously leading on towards the evolution of Man, with his spiritual or supernatural endowments. The universe in which we find ourselves does seem to be a universe which, as illustrated by this planet of ours, has been slowly making for the gradual development of *persons*, or moral agents, as its ideal goal.'

And in another aspect, as we have already seen, the very existence of natural law or order may be regarded as the ultimate instance of adaptation which includes all the rest—the adaptation of the world to the intellectual constitution of man—reason without answering to reason within.

It will be evident from all that has been said that ethical experience forms the fulcrum of Professor Fraser's thought. 'Man supernatural,' the title of one of his discourses, might stand as motto upon the title-page of both series of Lectures. 'I find,' he says, 'the signal example of the divine in the spiritual being of man,'—in man, that is to say, not as purely intellectual, but as a moral and self-determining will.

'It is in the exercise of morally responsible will that man so rises, as a person, above all that is merely physical and impersonal, that the divine principle at the heart of existence seems to be illustrated in him. . . . Intelligent self-originated volition, under obligation of duty, is that in man which I call supernatural.'

The

The contrast between the mechanism of Nature and supernatural agency is well illustrated by a familiar quotation from Wordsworth :—

‘Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.’

Man’s freedom is treated, and rightly treated, not as something to be proved, but as an ultimate postulate. ‘Personal origination of acts, in freedom from the Power that operates in the natural uniformities, I assume,’ he says, ‘to be the fundamental postulate of personal responsibility.’ Responsibility itself is an irresistible conviction, and is testified to by remorse. ‘I ought, therefore I can,’ is the sole but sufficient argument for freedom, if argument it can be called. Kant, who uses the argument, and is its main sponsor in modern philosophy, seems hardly to have so regarded it, for he speaks of freedom as the one idea of practical reason that is a given fact.

In this connexion, Professor Fraser shows commendable wisdom in refusing to allow himself to be entangled in the difficulties which facts like those of heredity and unfavourable environment seem to place in the way of this conception of freedom. The precise scope of human freedom is not in question. It is not necessary that all our actions should be free, or that, in any, the possibilities of choice should be unconditioned; but it is perhaps not rash to assume that every human life-history affords at least some genuine opportunities of choice in which a man may cleave to the good or follow the evil. Professor Fraser’s language is very carefully chosen to show that his argument rests only on those actions for which responsibility is undoubted.

‘It is no doubt impossible for fallible men to determine with infallible certainty the exact line which separates *overt* acts for which an individual person is responsible, and phenomena which should be referred to the divine mechanism of nature—inherited by, or external to, his organism. But moral responsibility is conditioned and measured by absolute power to do or not to do that for which there is moral responsibility. . . . So far as an individual person is properly a person—so far, that is, as there are events for which he alone is morally responsible—he is extricated from the mechanism of natural causation.’

The self-determination thus exemplified furnishes us, as we have already seen, with our only type of real causality, and justifies the supposition that the universe in which we find ourselves

ourselves is the expression of a person, not of blind physical Fate; while the contents of the moral ideal, which man recognizes as the supreme law of his life, represent the last word of human insight into the nature of the Power with whom we have to do. The sense of imperative obligation which attaches to the moral ideal, and the conviction of the incomparable value of the spiritual life involved in all ethical experience, are our warrant for making this experience our immovable *ποῦ στω* in seeking an interpretation of the riddle of existence. The view of the universe, which results from the recognition of the central significance of the ethical life, may fitly be described as a moral faith—the conviction, as Professor Fraser often puts it, that we are living in a morally trustworthy universe. It is not, any more than the inductive faith on which physical science depends, a matter of scientific demonstration; both are faiths or trusts, and each may be described as a leap in the dark. But as the one is the postulate of our most every-day sense-experience, so the other is the postulate of all moral action, and is indeed the ultimate foundation even of the merely physical faith. For unless the universal power is morally trustworthy—morally perfect—what guarantee have we that physical order may not, at any moment, give place to capricious disorder?

‘If cosmic faith,’ says Professor Fraser, ‘is the assurance that the material world will not in the end put to *intellectual* confusion those who rely on the universality of its natural order, this blended moral and religious faith not only guarantees the physical faith itself, but is the *absolute* assurance that the Supreme Power will not put to permanent *moral* confusion those who strive permanently to realise the ideals of truth and beauty and goodness; or who trust absolutely in infinite love, in and through which all things somehow work together for good to those who thus live.’

These ‘ethical postulates’ ‘constitute theism.’ In a sense, as has been said, they are ‘logically unproved and unprovable.’ Professor Fraser, in common with some of the most influential thinkers at the present time, emphasizes ‘the element of venture’ which is necessarily involved in all limited knowledge. But as science and practical life may be regarded as a cumulative verification of the physical faith, so moral experience progressively verifies and deepens the moral faith which is its presupposition. To insist on demonstration as a preliminary to action would be to arrest action altogether, and thus cut us off from the very possibility of evidence. Such scepticism is suicidal, defeating its own objects, for the law of the moral, as of the physical, world is—Act on this faith, and you will find that

that it is true ; or, as it was said by One of old time, 'If any man do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine.' In a sense, then, this moral faith is incommunicable ; it cannot be forced on any one. It implies the existence of responsive moral instincts ; and Professor Fraser quotes Coleridge's saying, that while it is not in our power to disclaim our nature as sentient beings, it is more or less in our power to disclaim our nature as moral beings. This is the same difficulty which Mr. Balfour had to face in arguing from man's permanent 'needs.' The higher or spiritual needs are neither so universally present, nor so inevitably coercive, as the needs of our sensuous experience. Nevertheless, the existence of those in whom the moral insight is almost undeveloped, or of others in whom the eye of the soul has been wilfully put out, cannot be held to affect the validity of the argument from the permanent needs of man's higher nature. Judgment in such a question lies with those who represent man at his best and highest ; in Aristotle's phrase, it is a case in which we decide *ὡς ἂν ὁ φρόνιμος ὀρίσσειν*. Or we may recall, with Professor Fraser, 'words long ago uttered in Palestine, which present in one aspect the moral foundation of theism : "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."'

Such is the sense in which Professor Fraser adopts and enforces the formula, *Homo mensura*. 'The Macrocosm in analogy with the microcosm—the supreme power in nature in analogy with what is highest in man, the *homo mensura*, when the *homo* means the moral and spiritual as well as the merely sensuous man—in this analogy, for which the contents of consciousness supply the materials, we seem to have the best light within man's reach for the true philosophy of the universe.' It is 'man at his highest,' 'man in the fulness of his spirit'—not merely the senses and the intellect—that must be our key. If our conclusions are to be legitimate and in the largest sense reasonable, we must 'submit understanding to the authority of human nature as a whole, which includes man emotional and man acting supernaturally in volition, as well as man thinking scientifically, and at last necessarily baffled in so thinking.' If the stale charge of anthropomorphism is brought against his method and results, there is the ready reply that an anthropocentric position is in the nature of the case inevitable. It is a case of *homo mensura* or *nulla mensura* ; for we can have no knowledge of the universe at all, save as revealed in our own experience and accommodated to the conditions of that experience. All we can do, therefore, is to see that our interpretation of experience is not uncritical and one-sided, that
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it does justice to its various elements and to what Butler called its economy or constitution.

But can we, then, be said to have reached a knowledge of God as He really is, or does our knowledge remain stamped with a fatal relativity? This question will no doubt be urged in view of what has just been said, and the answer to it brings into relief some of the most characteristic features of Professor Fraser's contention. If knowledge of God means an intellectual vision of divine perfection—a knowledge of reality as seen from the divine centre—the answer is clear: man does not and cannot possess such a knowledge. The conception of God as moral personality is put forward as the highest and therefore the truest—the most adequate—attainable at the human point of view, but it is not put forward as adequate to the infinite reality.

‘The human finality is not offered as the conception of God taken from the divine centre—only as the conception of God necessarily taken at a human standpoint away from the centre. It is only offered as the best conception possible at the intermediate position, *where man may nevertheless find what is even eternally true for that position;—the real knowledge of an intelligence that cannot become omniscient.*’

The last words suggest that the distinction between absolute knowledge as alone true, and relative knowledge as necessarily implying falsehood or distortion, is a crude antithesis which lends itself to serious misconception, and may be invoked in support of the most mischievous conclusions. It should be superseded by the conception of degrees of truth or adequacy. The recognition that all finite attempts to realize and name the Infinite are of necessity only reachings forth towards an object which it is impossible adequately to grasp or comprehend, should carry with it the insight that the conception man forms of God, though not the whole truth—though doubtless falling infinitely short of the whole truth—is not on that account to be stigmatized as false or misleading. Man's final conception of God is the truth of God *for man*: it represents the universe as it ought to be seen, and as it was intended to be seen, at the human point of view. For us, therefore, it is the absolute or eternal truth of things; and to import into it the *suggestio falsi* which lurks in the current use of the term relativity, is to set speculation upon a false track, and to work in the interests of an enervating scepticism. This appears to be Professor Fraser's position as indicated in the words which we have italicized. It is in harmony with his criticism on the one hand of Spencer's Agnosticism, and on the other hand of attempts to transcend the

the human point of view altogether and formulate a super-conscious or super-personal Absolute. Those who make the latter attempt (exemplified recently in Mr. Bradley's 'Appearance and Reality,' though Professor Fraser does not specifically refer to the book) seem to suppose, he says, 'that the super-conscious God would be God in reality, and not God as reached in and through the highest ideal of man.' That is to say, forgetting that the divine centre is once for all inaccessible, they vainly endeavour to transcend the human channels by which alone we can divine the nature of the Highest:—

'Superconsciousness is something that, divorced from what is highest in man, is for us below, while nominally above, all intellect, feeling and will. The very attempt to conceive a "Mind" of this sort lands the human mind in contradictions.'

Mr. Spencer's enthronement of the Unknown and Unknowable, on the other hand, is criticized as inconsistent with what he himself says of the Power as *manifesting* itself in the universe:—

'Mr. Spencer's Unknowable Power reveals itself in a way that, on his own showing, admits of a whole hierarchy of sciences being formed to represent the philosophical meaning of its experienced manifestations. It is so much manifested that he thinks he is able to generalise its evolutionary and involutory laws, expressed in the history of its manifestations, and thus to describe one noteworthy characteristic of its customary behaviour.'

But because, when he endeavours to *think out* the physical universe on the physical plane, he finds that ultimate scientific ideas (in his own words) 'pass all understanding' and involve a series of antinomies or contradictory propositions, Mr. Spencer seems to forget or to cancel all his admissions as to the manifestation of the Power, and to conclude incontinently that nothing whatever can be known of its nature, either speculatively or practically. In any case, he nowhere reaches the conception of a world of moral persons as the most significant manifestation of the world-power; and his philosophy seems to oscillate, as Professor Fraser puts it, between that phase of Pantheism which interprets the universe as finally non-moral Power, and a final universal Nescience in which the Power is wholly unmanifested and undetected by reason.

As becomes a pupil of Sir William Hamilton, and one who began to write while the 'Philosophy of the Conditioned' was the absorbing novelty in philosophical circles, Professor Fraser has a good deal to say about the antinomies or contradictions of finite thought. Mr. Spencer, it will be remembered, presents his

his theory as the legitimate application of Hamiltonian doctrine; and in Hamilton's language, it must be confessed, there is much to justify the affiliation. Professor Fraser's treatment of the subject leads him in another direction. While reminiscent of Hamilton and of Kant (and perhaps of Kant more than of Hamilton), it bears the stamp of profound personal meditation, and appears as an integral part of its author's general position. Space, time, and causation are the spheres in which this characteristic of human knowledge presses itself upon our notice. In general, it may be said, that it is the 'infinity or physical incompleteness' of the universe which baffles the scientific understanding. Each of the ideas mentioned is an avenue by which we are inevitably led to this negative idea of infinity, in which the category of quantity seems mysteriously to transcend itself.

'No addition of parts to parts brings one nearer to the absolute reality of Immensity, and no subtraction carries us farther away from it. In the light of reason, the spaces of sense and imagination, large or small, disappear in the Infinite Reality. But just as space at last passes into Immensity, so time at last passes into Eternity. Unbeginning time does not admit of addition, nor does unending time admit of subtraction. Endless movement, which is our concrete idea of time, thus always loses itself in the mysterious rest of the eternal.' (First Series, pp. 174-6.)

In each case we have a perfectly sufficient practical knowledge of the idea in question, if we are not required to follow it out to its ultimate implications.

'One can demonstrate the geometrical relations of figures, although the Immensity toward which all finite places, shapes, and sizes inevitably carry thought is found to transcend human understanding; yet human understanding does not, on this account, reject Euclid as a bundle of unwarranted and illusory conclusions. Again, I am obliged to think of events as before and after, and I find that I can make reasonable use of a chronological table, while I cannot fathom the mystery of the two eternities into which I am necessarily carried when I reflect upon the temporal evolution of the changes in which the supreme Power is revealed to me. So, too, the manifestations of natural causality that are presented in sense are treated as interpretable in science, and for practical human purposes; yet they are all at last involved in the impenetrable causal mystery of unbeginning regress and endless progress. In these instances I seem to say, "Si non rogas, intelligo." I sufficiently understand the manifested Power, if I am not obliged, as the condition of understanding its manifestations, to reduce to sensuous intelligence the mystery into which these resolve themselves.' (Second Series, p. 30.)

All our physical experience is thus rounded with mystery; the attempt to think out the world of physical sequences, or to relate it to the spaceless and timeless, leaves us in the end face to face with a scientifically insoluble problem. To this point Professor Fraser frequently returns: the universe, he says, is 'physically unintelligible in the end; our experience, conditioned as it is by place and time, must always leave us with 'a sense of incompleteness and dissatisfaction.' But everything depends upon whether this idea of the mysterious incompleteness of existence is taken 'by its theistic or atheistic handle.' It may readily induce the agnostic or sceptical mood; 'yet, otherwise regarded, this final margin of mystery becomes the light of life, because the apology for the faith, instead of perfect science, without which life cannot be lived.' The fact, in other words, that the physical system cannot be thought out—that it swims, as it were, in an element of mystery—forbids our treating it as a closed system or as the sum-total of existence. It forbids, therefore, the dogmatic assumption that the postulates of ethical experience—free moral personality and a morally ordered universe—are ultimately in contradiction to the postulates of the physical order, even though they should appear incapable of reconciliation at our present point of view. Like Kant, Professor Fraser thus uses the antinomies of our sensuous experience to 'make room' for the necessities of the moral life. The problem which is scientifically insoluble is found to be morally and practically soluble. 'The secret of the world, concealed in the inevitable mystery of physical causality, is revealed, as far as man is concerned with it, in the voice of conscience with its sense of eternally underlying righteousness alone.'

Returning to the general question of theism, if we ask once more in what sense we can be said to know God—what is the nature of the certainty that belongs to our theistic conclusions—what are the terms on which we hold it, Professor Fraser's reply is, that God is 'known yet unknown; known for the ends of our moral and religious life; unknown because incapable of perfect intellectual comprehension—the one signal example of how human knowledge may be real while the reality that is known passes out of knowledge.' He is 'infinitely incognizable while practically knowable'—a position which may be described, he claims, as Christian Agnosticism, being implied at least in the language of the great thinkers of the Church. Reason thus becomes at the end moral faith. Moral faith is presupposed, in germ, in scientific induction; it is presupposed, in a developed form, in the moral experience of mankind. The

foundations of all knowledge, it may be said, therefore, rest upon faith or trust rather than upon perfect rational insight; 'so that faith or trust is man's highest form of reason.' Reason seems to rise out of faith in the beginning, in its efforts to comprehend the physical order underlying the impressions of sense; it seems at the end obliged to return into faith, in an improved form, as theistic or religious trust. When reflectively formulated and vindicated, this trust becomes the 'philosophical faith' which, as we saw, Professor Fraser proposes as the human *via media* between nescience and omniscience, between complete scepticism and completely unmysterious insight.

A few words may fitly be added on the relation of this solution by faith to the position assumed by absolute idealism, or what is 'somewhat vaguely known' as Hegelianism or Neo-Hegelianism. 'He who is elaborating a science of *what must be* in thought is in danger of excluding from his regard not a little of *what is* in man.' In these words of an early essay, published in 1852, Professor Fraser aptly hits the weak point of all *a priori* systems. In like manner here, in the chapters on 'Divine Necessity' and 'Philosophical Faith,' his criticism of Hegelian thought consists substantially in pointing to two cardinal facts of experience which Hegelianism either has no room for in its necessary system of timeless reason, or, if it acknowledges their reality, leaves as mysterious as it found them. These two facts are the mystery of time and the mystery of morally responsible personality—'man's personal power to create acts that ought not to be acted, which are inconsistent with the perfect reason, and for which the human person, not the Power at the heart of the universe, is responsible.' They are not explained, but explained away, if time is treated as an illusion, and moral persons as modes of the activity of a universal consciousness. If, on the other hand, the Hegelian denies these implications, and asserts that Hegel meant his thought to be interpreted consistently with the actuality of the time process, and also with the moral personality of man, is the relation between man's time-consciousness and the eternally complete divine thought, or between man's freedom and the universal activity of God, really brought by the system into the clear light of necessary knowledge? Surely no one who realizes what actual insight in such a matter would mean can honestly assert that such insight is placed within our reach by Hegel or any one else. The test is simple; show us this absolutely complete science—this intellectual analysis of experience without remainder—and the vision will suffice to strike the sceptic dumb. As this proof is not forthcoming, we are forced to conclude

clude that, so far as the facts in question are not eliminated by being denied, the mysteries are merely 'articulated in a fresh form of verbal expression.' We are still at the position of a moral faith 'sustained by what one might call *spiritual motive* as distinguished from *full intellectual insight*.' 'Surely,' Professor Fraser concludes, 'the authority of final faith can be dispensed with only in the Omniscience which leaves no room for mystery or incomplete knowledge.'

But if inadmissible claims are abated, there need be no radical divergence, he seems to say, between the Hegelian interpretation of the universe and the philosophy of faith. It may be a question of names, whether man's final attitude should be called knowledge or faith. 'To call it "knowledge" seems to claim too much, as long as there must be an *inevitable* remainder of mystery. To call it "faith" may seem to mean that it is empty of objective rationality.' Phrases again which assert the 'organic unity' of the universe and man's 'identity' with universal reason, may be taken only as 'emphatic expressions of the conviction that men are not isolated psychological atoms, but members of a moral totality, in which the moral faith that is in us is sure to find sympathetic response in the incompletely comprehensible Divine Reason that is perpetually active at the centre of the Whole.' In spite, however, of such attempts at sympathetic approximation, a fundamental difference of temper is perceptible between Professor Fraser and all forms of absolutism. From the latter, the acknowledgment of an unexplained remainder of mystery is wrung, as it were unwillingly, under the pressure of controversy: to Professor Fraser, on the other hand, the fundamental mysteriousness of the universe is the thought most intimately present from the beginning to the end of his speculations. It determines his speculative mood. He sees in it the inevitable condition of our middle state; a condition, moreover, which is to be regarded not merely as intellectual defect but as the instrument of moral discipline, and as fostering the reverence and humility which are the condition of spiritual health.

'The final philosophy,' he concludes, 'is practically found in a life of trustful inquiry, right feeling and righteous will or purpose, not in complete vision; and perhaps the chief profit of struggling for the vision may be the moral lesson of the consequent discovery, the consciousness of the scientific inaccessibility of the vision.'

This account of the general position defended in these Lectures would not be complete without reference to the two chapters, in the second volume, on 'Evil: the Enigma of Theism,'

Theism,' and 'Optimism.' In these, perhaps the strongest chapters in a work that is strong and helpful throughout, a really striking use is made of the conceptions of moral freedom to meet the formidable objection to theistic faith which lies in the existence of moral evil. When we contemplate what Butler calls the 'very strange state' of the world as we know it in its mixed evil and good, the alternative, as it has often been argued, seems to be either doubt of God's Omnipotence or doubt of His Goodness. The difficulty has never been more trenchantly and at the same time more fairly put from the sceptical side than by Hume in his 'Dialogues concerning Natural Religion,' in a passage where he has probably Butler's argument in view:—

'It must, I think, be allowed,' says Philo, in the course of the discussion, 'that if a very limited human intelligence, whom we shall suppose utterly unacquainted with the actual universe, were assured before trial that it was the production of a very good, wise and powerful being, however finite, he would, from his conjectures, form beforehand a different notion of it from what we find it to be by experience; nor would he ever imagine, merely from these attributes of the cause, of which he is previously informed, that the effect could be so full of vice and misery and disorder as it appears in this life. Supposing now, that this person were brought into the world, still assured (on *a priori* grounds) that it was the workmanship of such a sublime and benevolent being, he might, perhaps, be surprised at the disappointment, but would never retract his former belief, if founded on any very solid argument; since such a limited intelligence must be sensible of his own blindness and ignorance, and must allow that there *may* be many solutions of those phenomena which will for ever escape his comprehension. But supposing, which is the real case with regard to man, that this creature is not *antecedently* convinced of a supreme intelligence, benevolent and powerful, but is left to gather such a belief from the appearance of things, this entirely alters the case; nor will he ever find any reason for such a conclusion. He may be fully convinced of the narrow limits of his understanding; but this will not help him in forming an inference concerning the goodness of superior powers, *since he must form that inference from what he knows, not from what he is ignorant of.*'

In endeavouring to meet the difficulty thus cogently put, Professor Fraser dismisses without more ado the hypotheses of Manichæan Dualism, of one Power partly good and partly evil, or of one absolutely indifferent Power, as being alike inconsistent with moral faith in the universe. He then turns to Leibnitz's 'Théodicée' as containing the most celebrated defence of optimism on a theistic basis, and partly in connexion, partly in contrast with that, proceeds to elaborate his own solution. The way in which the difficulty is stated, involves,

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he argues, an unproved assumption which makes any solution impossible. 'It tacitly assumes that a *necessitated* absence of evil must be in itself good, or alone good, so that only impossibility of its ever making its appearance is consistent with the moral ideal of the universe.' But such a universe would be a world of non-moral *things* or automata, and would exclude the existence of *persons*, who, as moral beings, must be *able to make themselves immoral*. The real question, therefore, is whether the existence of individual persons is itself inconsistent with the divine goodness. A person who is under an absolute necessity of willing only what is good is not a person in the sense of possessing morally responsible freedom; and God himself cannot give existence to a contradiction. 'Would it enhance the perfection of the self-revelation of God in Nature that nothing supernatural should, in the form of good and evil human agency, appear in the course of Nature; or that evil should be excluded, by also making goodness in the form of morally tried personal life impossible?' When the question is put in this way, only one answer is possible: and it will be noted that the firmness with which the conception of freedom is held gives this reasoning a breadth and convincingness which does not belong to Leibnitz's more laboured argument. In the '*Théodicée*' Leibnitz also presents evil as the means to a greater good, but he does not explain how, in the very conception of a moral person, the possibility of evil is implied. Again his argument tends to present evil as a necessity, and thus almost exonerates the evil-doer, who appears as the instrument by which the divine purpose is advanced. Moral evil seems thus transformed at a higher point of view into good. Professor Fraser's view, on the contrary, never loses sight of the fact that, whether from the human or the divine point of view, evil is that which 'ought not to exist.' The explanation he offers, therefore, is deeper and sounder, inasmuch as it neither minimizes the eternal distinction between right and wrong, nor weakens in any way the central fact of human responsibility.

- AET. IV.—1. *Commonplace Book of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.* Unpublished MS.
2. *A Catalogue of the Curious Collection of Pictures of George Villiers, (1st) Duke of Buckingham, with the Life of George Villiers, (2nd) Duke of Buckingham, the Celebrated Poet.* Written by Brian Fairfax, Esq. London, 1758.
3. *Works of his Grace George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Memoirs of the Author.* By T. Evans. Two Vols. London, 1775.
4. *The Fairfax Correspondence. Civil War.* Two Vols. London, 1849.
5. *Ryedale and North Yorkshire Antiquities.* By George Frank. 1888.

‘A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind’s epitome.’

IN these words Dryden assigned to his literary foe his niche in the memory of all students of English poetry. Even if we are unprepared to concede to the satirist’s Zimri,—‘chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon,’ though he might be,—so comprehensive a title as epitome of all mankind, we cannot deny that he was the representative of a very large class of his contemporaries. The men of the Restoration found their talents, their whims, and their vices, summed up in that strange product of civil war, exile, and reaction against Puritanism, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. To write his life at length would necessitate summarizing the history of England for a quarter of a century; to dwell on his worst follies is unnecessary, for they were committed openly and are only too well-known; but a slight sketch of the man and his writings, including some hitherto unpublished fragments, may invite passing notice.

If there is any limbo in which public men encounter those who have pilloried them in prose and verse, Villiers must find good cause to use the keen rapier of his wit. Hard measure has been dealt him; possibly not harder than he deserved, yet we lack proof that those resolute to nothing extenuate, were equally determined to set down naught in malice. As Walpole says, ‘The portrait of this Duke has been drawn by four masterly hands; Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chisel; Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy that finishes while it seems but to sketch; Dryden caught the living likeness; Pope completed the historical resemblance.’ All four grant him talent, wit and beauty, all denounce him as spendthrift of mind, body and estate. Hume sums up his character

character in these scathing words, 'The least interest could make him abandon his honour; the smallest pleasure could seduce him from his interest; the most frivolous caprice was sufficient to counterbalance his pleasure.' Yet of these severe judges, Walpole, Pope, and Hume never knew him; Burnet is notoriously ill-natured; Dryden had a personal grudge to pay off, and Grammont's amusing memoirs deal exclusively with the giddy side of life. 'The world,' says the Duke's faithful follower Brian Fairfax, 'has been severe in censuring his foibles, but not so just in noting his good qualities. . . . Graceful and charming . . . he was the glory of the age and any court wherever he came . . . courteous and affable, compassionate, ready to forgive . . . extravagant in spending, just in paying;' but he adds, seemingly with a sigh of regret, 'He saw and approved the best, but did too often *deteriora sequi*.' Again he remarks, 'A good-natured man might have an ill-natured muse,' and it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that the very bitterness of the innuendoes used by his contemporaries, and repeated by those who came after, arose in part from Buckingham's unsparing use of that dangerous weapon—ridicule. He threw far too many stones for one who lived in a house of very fragile glass. As he says himself:—

'Methinks, I see the wanton howres flee,

And as they passe, turne back, & laugh at me';*

and certainly he laughed at them in return as long as health and strength allowed:—

'Wee shall be reveng'd on posterity,' he writes again, 'for let em thinke never so little of us, we shall thinke lesse of them.'

These two extracts, and others which will be given in the following pages, are taken from a commonplace book found in the Duke's pocket after his death. It is a small volume bound in black leather with silver clasps, and contains at one end the first act of a nameless classical play, and the beginning of the second; at the other a collection of original verses and epigrams. The writing is small and for the most part exceedingly neat, though every now and then the sayings appear to have been scrawled in with more haste than care. The book was given by George Selwyn to Byron's cousin, Lord Carlisle, who, in 1792, presented it to George Villiers, fourth Lord Jersey. It is now in the possession of his great-grandson.

Villiers was born January 30th, 1627, at Wallingford House,

* Unless otherwise specified, the sayings and verses by Buckingham here quoted are taken from his 'Commonplace Book.'

little more than eighteen months before his father, the first Duke of Buckingham of his family, was stabbed at Portsmouth by Lieutenant Felton. King Charles, overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of his favourite, did his best to console the widowed Duchess, and undertook the education of her two sons, the second of whom, Francis, was born after his father's death. The boys were brought up with the King's own children, and when sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, their names were entered on the college books with that of Prince Charles. Here the Duke formed a lasting friendship with Abraham Cowley, and it is to his credit that after the Restoration he obtained for the poet, whom he found neglected by the Royalists, the lease of a farm worth 300*l.* a year. The late Duke had been Chancellor of the University, and had left it a valuable collection of Arabic manuscripts. The same office was in later years held by his son.

On leaving the University the brothers travelled abroad, under the charge of a governor appointed by the King, until the commencement of the Civil Wars, when they hastened back to his Majesty at Oxford, and placed their lives and fortunes at his disposal.

They followed Prince Rupert and Colonel Lord Gerard to the storming of the Close at Lichfield, when so many men were slaughtered at the breach that they are said to have formed a breastwork a yard high. The Duchess of Buckingham remonstrated with Lord Gerard for leading her sons, aged fifteen and sixteen, into such dangerous service. He bluntly replied that 'It was their own inclination, and the more danger the more honour.'

The anxious mother soon after married the Marquis of Antrim, and the King, who was displeased with the match, and probably thought the boys better out of the way on all accounts, once more sent them abroad. This time they travelled in France and Italy, and resided chiefly in Florence and Rome, where they rivalled the princes of Italy in the splendour of their way of living. They returned to England to find their royal protector a prisoner in the Isle of Wight. Again they sought a leader whom they might join in the field, and found one in the Earl of Holland, who, with others, was assembling Royalist troops in Kent and Surrey. Colonel Gibbons marched against these insurgents, drove them back towards Kingston, and totally defeated them at Nonsuch. Lord Francis Villiers, fighting at the head of his troops, had his horse killed under him. He reached an oak-tree about two miles from Kingston, and placing himself with his back against it,

it, disdained to implore quarter, and nobly defended; himself until, having received nine wounds in his face and body, he expired at the early age of twenty.

The Duke with great difficulty made his way to St. Neots in Huntingdonshire. There, finding his house surrounded and a troop of horse drawn up before the gate, he mustered his followers, charged and routed the enemy, killed their commanding officer, and escaped to the seaside. He then contrived to join Prince Charles, who was in the Downs with some ships which had deserted the Earl of Warwick.

Parliament, after the siege of Lichfield, had confiscated the estates of the two boys, but had subsequently restored them on account of their youth. Now Buckingham was offered forty days in which to abandon the Prince and return to England, and on his refusal his property was seized a second time, and he would have been penniless save for the devotion of a trusty old servant, John Trayleman. This man had the prudence to secure the magnificent collection of pictures left by the late Duke, including no less than nineteen by Titian, seventeen by Tintoretto, thirteen by Rubens, three by Raphael, and three by Leonardo da Vinci, besides many others. These treasures were sent over to Holland and sold at Antwerp, many being purchased by the Archduke Leopold, and on the proceeds the Duke was able to support himself.

'Poverty and I,' he writes, 'are twins, we have bin both nurst and brought up together. It has bin a Friend and Tutor to mee. It has taught mee wisely all the good I know, and help'd mee kindly in all the good I ha don. I never quarrell'd yet, nor murmur'd at it, it never gave to mee the least displeasure. So old, so good, so gentle a companion would you take from mee at last? Oh no! Ile carry 't with mee now sure to my grave, and there you'll meet it too, and not contemne it. I do confes you use your riches nobly, but you shall never use em better than I will do my poverty.'

This was written after he had enjoyed wealth and squandered it, and he adds: 'There are few have Danae's fortune to have God and gold together.'

Prince Charles, having now become titular king, resolved on his ill-fated expedition to Scotland, and Buckingham was the only English attendant permitted to remain with him on his arrival in that country. We can imagine the result of their sojourn in the north. The overbearing lairds, the sour preachers, the uncultivated populace, were now the sole companions of a gay young Prince, and of a youth who had hitherto divided his time between the polished society of the university, the excitement of cavalier camps, and the splendour of foreign courts.

Charles

Charles at least had Scottish blood in his veins, and his Stewart ancestry may have inspired some kindly feelings towards the people, if not towards the Presbyterian persecutors, of whom Savile, Lord Halifax, writes, 'The ill-bred familiarity of the Scotch divines had given him a distaste to that part of the Protestant religion.' Buckingham had no link whatever with his uncongenial surroundings, and though nothing could shake his Protestantism, he is unsparing in his sarcasm on the Puritans and their preachers:—

'The Puritans breake doune the hedges, and then bid the cattle not to wander.

'They must have a new religion, and who but the Clergy? who but Aaron to make the calfe for 'em?' He continues, 'At dinners they lay as feircely about 'em as in the Pulpit.'

The young man's temper decidedly suffered, and during the march into England he quarrelled with Charles because he would not appoint him general in place of the Scottish commander. Buckingham alleged that the peers of England would not join the royal standard so long as such an action on their part entailed receiving orders from a Scot; and when the Prince refused to listen to his arguments, he sulked and displayed that strange sign of resentment, which seems to have obtained in those days, 'he scarce put on clean linen.' However, the sound of battle restored him to his better self; he fought at the King's right hand at Worcester, and behaved with exemplary valour.

After that crushing defeat he and others conducted Charles to Boscobel House, where they believed him to be in safety. The Duke, after many adventures, made his way to London, and while his companions concealed themselves to avoid imprisonment, or even death, he, preferring any risk to solitude and confinement, disguised himself as a mountebank, and amused the citizens of London with his wit and antics.

'He caused himself,' says Madame Dunois, 'to be made a Jack-Pudding's coat, a little hat, with a fox's tail in it, and adorned with cock's feathers. Sometimes he appeared in a wizard's mask; sometimes he had his face bedaubed with flour, sometimes with lamp-black, as the fancy took him.'

In such guise he hawked 'mithridate and galbanum plaister,' but his strong point was topical songs, which he sang and sold to appreciative audiences, sometimes numbering several thousands.

His sister, the Duchess of Richmond, was to be conveyed from Whitehall to Windsor under a strong guard. Having an important

important communication to make to her, the audacious brother set up his stage on a spot which he knew she was bound to pass, and called out to the mob that he intended to sing the lady a song concerning herself and the Duke of Buckingham. Delighted with such prospective sport, the populace stopped the coach, and compelled the Duchess, the handsomest woman in England, to sit in the boot and listen to all the ballad-monger's impertinent songs. When he had finished, he declared that it was only reasonable that he should present the lady with some of the ballads of which she had been the chief subject, and, advancing towards her, he threw into the coach a bundle of papers, at the same time removing for a moment a black patch which he wore over one of his eyes. His sister recognized him, but, with a self-possession equal to his own, concealed her surprise, and merely snatched up the papers, amongst which was a packet of letters. The coach was then allowed to proceed, the Duke and his attendant rabble following it with shouts and jeers for a considerable distance.

At length Buckingham reached France in safety, and, entering the service of the French King, distinguished himself by his gallantry in the siege of Arras and Valenciennes. Probably the gay Gaul appreciated his wit and sharp tongue better than did the exiles of St. Germain; he was not popular with the Stewart courtiers, though Charles himself always enjoyed his company, and bestowed upon him the Order of the Garter.

Wearied of exile, Buckingham now embarked upon a more doubtful enterprise. He had unflinchingly resisted the advantageous offers of Parliament; but, as some French gentlemen, who would never have made terms with the Revolution, thought themselves justified in yielding allegiance to Napoleon, so Buckingham made advances to the successful Protector, and even asked the hand of Cromwell's daughter, whose affections he is said to have won in one of his masquerading dresses. Cromwell, according to one account, refused the application of a man whom he stigmatized as ungrateful to the family to whom he owed everything, others say that he secretly desired so distinguished a son-in-law, and hence his indignation at his subsequent alliance with another family.

Possibly our hero was unversed in the Cromwellian habit of saying one thing and meaning another, and took a refusal as final which was never so intended; in any case he transferred his attentions to the daughter of Lord Fairfax, who had obtained from Parliament a portion of the Villiers property. His friend Robert Harlow made the formal proposal in his name, and this time he was successful. Abraham Cowley wrote an
Epithalamium

Epithalamium for the happy pair, a kind of verse in which the bridegroom himself was by no means unskilful, as witness this specimen :—

'I saw his years like trees well ranged stand
In a long row, and hers on th' other hand ;
With comely kindenes theyr faire tops they twynd,
Beauty & pleasure in theyr shades combyned.
A thousand winged Cupids bright & young,
Like swarmes of Bees upon the branches hung.
Both sides did to an equall length extend,
Both sides were green, & flourishing to y^e end.'

Cromwell was exceedingly displeased at the marriage, and though he at first consented that the young couple should reside at York House, he chose to regard a visit paid by Buckingham to his sister at Cobham, about a year after his marriage, as a transgression of bounds, and on August 24th, 1658, sent him to the Tower.

Walpole has remarked on the strange versatility which enabled 'Alcibiades,' as he calls him, to charm alike the easy-going Charles and the Puritan Fairfax. Yet it is easy to believe that the manners and conversation of the good-looking bridegroom enlivened the solemn household, and not only fascinated the young lady, but won the affections of her father. Anyhow, Fairfax exceedingly resented this arbitrary imprisonment of his son-in-law. He called upon the Protector and expressed his opinion of his conduct so plainly, that Cromwell cocked his hat, threw his coat under his arm, and walked off in a passion. He and Fairfax never met again.

On Cromwell's death, which occurred a few days later, Buckingham wrote the following lines :—

'Deepe in his flesh, deep stuck th' Almighty's dart.
The terrors of the great one storm'd his heart.
Thus in his hight of sin, and shameless pride,
Thus by God's hand the British Gracchus died.'

He was now allowed to move to Windsor Castle, where he remained as a kind of State prisoner until restored to liberty by the abdication of Richard Cromwell in the following year. At Windsor he enjoyed the constant companionship of his friend Cowley.

Despite the unfilial reflections which Sir Walter Scott puts into Buckingham's mouth in 'Peveril of the Peak,' we know that Fairfax was delighted with his 'conformable behaviour' during his lengthened sojourn at Appleton after his restoration to liberty ; and, on the old General's death in 1671, Buckingham celebrated

celebrated him in a Pindaric ode of the most laudatory nature, concluding thus:—

‘So blessed by all he died; but far more blessed were we,
If we were sure to live, till we could see
A man as great in war, as just in peace as he.’

Moreover, with all his infidelity to his long-suffering wife, the Duke seems to have also retained her affections, and her relative Fairfax declares, ‘The Duke and she lived lovingly and decently together, she patiently bearing with those faults in him which she could not remedy.’ Madame Dunois says, ‘Elle souffrait tout parcequ’elle l’aimait;’ and we catch glimpses of her later on, abetting her husband in some Court intrigue or hurrying to warn him of a threatened imprisonment; and in the height of his favour ‘none more jolly,’ says Pepys, ‘than my Lady Buckingham, her lord being once more a great man.’ She was not at all pretty: dark and thin, with a long nose, and a large but good-tempered mouth; and though she wore the fashionable bunches of side-curls, she appears to have disdained the curly fringe of Lely’s beauties, and to have drawn her hair down tightly over her temples.

Her husband, on the contrary, was, we are told, ‘the most graceful and beautiful person that any Court in Europe ever saw.’ Vandyke painted him as a child, with large dark eyes and light hair, dressed in a scarlet cloak and broad white collar, standing at his mother’s knee and clasping her left hand with both his own. His features are perfectly regular, and his expression full of intelligence. A half-length, probably by Lely, represents him as a man in the prime of life, in the collar and robes of the Garter, with a full-bottomed wig and voluminous lace necktie. He has dark eyes and long, marked eyebrows, a pointed nose, small moustache, and a well-formed but sarcastic mouth and chin.

With the restoration of his early friend and patron a splendid career was thrown open to the Duke. Whatever may have been the faults of Charles, he was incapable of lasting rancour; and though for a time he resented his partisan’s overtures to Cromwell, he might set against them the plea that Buckingham had influenced Fairfax in his favour. Probably, too, the King took the cynical view that, if subjects must not put their trust in princes, princes should not expect too much fidelity from their adherents. ‘It must be allowed,’ says Halifax, ‘he had a little over-balance on the well-natured side, not vigour enough to be earnest to do a kind thing, much less to do a harsh one;’ and certainly never a harsh thing to one who kept him well amused.

amused. At all events, he forgave the Duke, who bore the orb at his coronation. No Court can have been dull where Buckingham played a prominent part; and, on the other hand, steady-going or stupid individuals must have been ill at ease in his presence.

The biographer of Grammont gives an entertaining account of how, in order to please the King, Buckingham undertook the Court education of the lovely Frances Stuart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond. 'Dieu sait,' he exclaims, 'quel gouverneur et quelle tête pour conduire une autre.' Miss Stuart, it appears, was childish to a degree; blind man's buff was her favourite pastime; and when the more serious portion of the company sat down to play cards for high stakes, she devoted her energies to erecting card-houses. She was always surrounded by admiring courtiers, who supplied her with fresh building materials or tried to rival her skill, but there was no such successful architect as Buckingham. Then, she liked music, so did he; she had some taste for singing, he had an agreeable voice, and doubtless studied her taste in his choice of songs. She was not averse to a little mild scandal, 'il en était le père et la mère;' she loved stories and drawing-room comedies, he could write vaudevilles and invent tales on the spur of the moment; but, beyond all, was he adept in catching absurdities of voice and manner, and in taking off his victims in their presence without letting them suspect his mimicry.

To these accomplishments add his good looks and his self-possession, and we are bound to acknowledge that, when he chose to take the trouble, he could render himself an indispensable member of society. Miss Stuart soon found him so, and if he did not appear in the King's circle when she was there, she promptly sent to fetch him. The lively damsel's frivolity, however, was only superficial; when her entertainer became a little too serious in his attentions, she instantly sent him about his business, and so decidedly that he never renewed his addresses. She may have been in his memory when he sighed, 'Sure thou art made, like other stars, only for light and influence;' or may have inspired the comparison, 'Love's like a game of chesse, if both bee cunning gamesters they'l nere make an end;' or again, 'My heart, like the toucht needle, turnes to the cold and icy pole.' Yet he had his reward for the trouble he had taken to please her; the King had become once more so accustomed to his company that his position in the royal graces was assured.

In vain Lord Arlington tried to assume the post of favourite's favourite vacated by Buckingham; he was a heavy, dull man
who

who owed such reputation as he possessed to a solemn air of mystery. He obtained an audience with the fair Stuart, and in a grave and lengthy discourse offered her the benefit of his experience to guide her in the thorny paths of Court life. She listened with such small self-command as she possessed, but when he reached his exordium his air and voice became so exactly those which Buckingham had often imitated that she could no longer control herself, and burst into a fit of ungovernable laughter.

Buckingham meantime was made a Lord of the Bedchamber and sworn a member of the Privy Council, and his rise in the royal favour was rapid.

'In 1666 he was appointed Lieutenant to the King (in Yorkshire), and proceeded to York, his progress being marked by a series of ovations; after being feasted at Doncaster, he was conducted by the Volunteers to Tadcaster, preceded by the High Sheriff, Sir M. Robinson, with the troops. Upon entering York, the city regiment joined the cavalcade, escorting him to his residence, where he was saluted with volleys amid the clashing of the city bells. The mansion in York where he resided was called Buckingham House or Duke's Hall.'

Probably his beauty, charm, and magnificence threw their usual spell over the populace. To use once more his own words,—

'Such faces when of old the People saw
They straight agreed t' obey them by a law.
Such were the comely motions, such the grace,
Such was the manly beauty of theyr face,
Whom the first Age, by humble wonder led,
Made Kings alive, & Gods when they were dead.'

He understood well enough that the commonalty could not be ignored, 'The follies of the People,' he tells us, 'are to be observed and obey'd, as well as the rules of wise men. Hee that will saile in the ocean must observe the windes as well as the stars.' But he adds, 'You can no more tell the value of men by the impression they make in the People's mindes, than you can tell whether the seal bee of brasse or gold, by the stampe it makes in the wax.'

His shrewdness and talent would have stood him in good stead, had he not too often let his fancies do duty for policy and used an epigram in place of an argument. While his knack of getting into scrapes was that of a spoiled child, his power of fascination was such that friends were always at hand to rescue him from the difficulties into which he had wilfully fallen.

He

He quarrelled in Parliament with the Duke of Ormond over the importation of Irish cattle, and publicly declared that whoever advocated Ormond's views must have either an Irish interest or an Irish understanding. He arranged to fight a duel with his opponent's son Lord Ossory, the result being that both the would-be combatants were consigned to the Tower. No sooner had Buckingham regained his liberty than another dispute with Lord Dorchester, in which the noble lords came to blows, lodged him once more in what must have become a familiar abode. The most serious of the charges brought against him at various times was that of plotting against the Government, and of employing a man 'to cast the King's nativity.' He had always a superstitious leaning to astrology, and asserts that he cannot 'imagine how astrologers should be miserable, unless the stars are angry with them for revealing theyr secrets.'

Of his King he elsewhere calmly remarks, 'Hee's our King, true, but hee's not fortune's; wee'r both equally her subjects.' His fickle fancy seems to have been caught by the prediction that he himself would be king, and it is certain that he successfully endeavoured to acquire popularity with the people and invariably exercised immense influence in Parliament. Whether his designs had taken definite form is doubtful; but a proclamation was issued against him, and after flight and a short concealment he surrendered, and was committed to the Tower. Some two months later Charles seems to have found government without him too dull a task. He not only pardoned him without further enquiry, but restored him to his place in the Council and Bedchamber.

None of these confinements were very lengthy, and the chief effect upon the culprit was to incense him against Lord Clarendon, to whom he attributed much of his disgrace. Clarendon was at this time unpopular; the nation had not derived from the Restoration all the happiness which it expected; the war with the Dutch had been unfortunate; and still too loyal to turn against their monarch, the Commons desired the Chancellor as a Jonah. Buckingham did not miss his opportunity. He would mimic and ridicule the minister before the King, strutting along with a pair of bellows for the purse, with Colonel Titus before him, carrying a fire-shovel on his shoulder to represent the mace. All this greatly entertained Charles, who further turned a willing ear to the Duke's mockery of the Chancellor's overbearing manners,—'There,' he would say 'goes your schoolmaster;'—till the King, thinking to please Parliament and free himself at the same time,

time, deprived Clarendon of the Great Seal, and allowed him to be impeached by the Commons, and banished from the country in 1667.

Soon after Clarendon's fall the Cabal Ministry was formed, of which Buckingham became a prominent member. At first he had no special office; but in May, 1668, he purchased from the Duke of Albemarle the post of Master of the Horse. We cannot here enter into the details of the Treaty of Dover and the alliance with France which brought such lasting odium on this Government. The object of Charles was to obtain such support and subsidies from Louis XIV. as would enable him to carry out his own schemes unhampered by the English House of Commons. It is generally allowed that he did not disclose to his Ministers the most objectionable provisions of the treaty. Buckingham in particular would never have been a party to the King's secret promise to declare himself a Roman Catholic; and at one minute he was peculiarly incensed against the French, on account of the suspected poisoning of the Duchess of Orleans, the young and beautiful sister of Charles, to whom the duke was greatly attached. To pacify him, and to give Louis an opportunity of cajoling him also, the King sent Buckingham on a special mission to the French Court, where he received the greatest possible respect and attention. Magnificent festivities were given in his honour; Louis frequently conversed with him, and presented him with a sword and belt, set with diamonds, valued at forty thousand pistoles. So, for the time being, Buckingham was induced to look favourably on his master's policy.

Shortly after the Duke's admission to the Cabinet, and before his embassy to France, took place that well-known episode which has probably left the darkest stain on his character in the eyes of posterity, though it does not seem to have interfered at all with his political career. He fought a duel at Barn Elms with the Earl of Shrewsbury, each being attended by two supporters who took active part in the fray. Jenkins, one of Buckingham's party, was killed, and of the other combatants, Sir John Talbot was wounded, and Lord Shrewsbury run through the body so that he died two months afterwards. The cause of the fight was Lady Shrewsbury, who is said to have held Buckingham's horse disguised as a page. On this occasion, when he most deserved it, the Duke was not sent to the Tower, for a pardon was granted by warrant to him, to his victim, and to their respective allies.

No excuse can be made for Buckingham's conduct during, or subsequent to, the duel. Yet according to the biographer who

knew him best, the Brian Fairfax already quoted, his private life has been drawn in over-dark colours. His favourite amusements were chemistry at home and fox-hunting abroad, and many a time scandal chose to assert that he had retired to carry on a secret love affair when he was merely shut up in his laboratory, engaged in some scientific investigation. 'Popular fame,' to use his own comparison, drawn from some such experiment, 'is like a glasse not only for its brittleness, but because it is blown into any forme;' and few have tried to blow his fame into a kindly shape. None can deny that he was easily led astray by that love which he celebrates so repeatedly both in prose and in verse. It is, he says, 'like a hectic fever, at first hard to know, and easy to cure, afterwards easy to bee knowne, & impossible to bee cur'd.' 'Like Moses serpent, it devours all the rest.' Yet the contents of the MS. book from which these extracts are taken are, for the most part, singularly free from the coarseness common to the age. This little madrigal, under the heading 'Love,' might have been sung to the Lady in 'Comus'—

'Season of joy, and of delight,
To all the world but mee.
I only am excluded quite
From nature's universall jollitye.
The plants & flowers look upwards & admire
The sun, theyr beauteous Sire.
The sun dos every day
With his green smiling infants love to play.

'Harke how the birds now tune theyr wondrous throates,
No tree needs move to heare
Musiques most ravishing notes,
For every bow (bough) does his owne Orpheus beare.
Well may the birds sing & rejoice,
Since all have made theyr happy choice,
Since of all Birds that bee
There's not one false, or one disdainfull shee.'

The author extols the attraction of a fair face—'there's none but have some feathers sticking in this birdlime,' and confesses the disillusion which is bound to follow;—'my believing you and your believing your glasse will undo us both.'

More harmless and more interesting than his experience as a lover was Buckingham's controversy with Dryden and the dramatists of the period, which resulted in that most amusing burlesque, 'The Rehearsal.' After the Restoration the drama, temporarily suppressed by the Puritans, resumed its ancient sway, and more than its ancient licence. Then, as now, it drew

drew a large part of its inspiration from France; but whereas in modern times French plots are constantly toned down to suit British taste, the Court of Charles II. revelled in the coarse expression of much which was merely insinuated on the foreign stage. Moreover, the liking which still prevails in our midst for strong sensation and stage pageant could not be contented with the classical polish of French tragedy or the keen incisiveness of French comedy, and the heroic dramas of Dryden and his compeers were more nearly akin to the '*comedias heróicas*' of the Spaniard, Lope de Vega. Like them, they embodied 'the movement, the clamour, the conflict of unforeseen intrigues suitable to unreflecting spectators;' and Walter Scott well remarks, 'that the language, as well as actions and character of the *dramatis personæ*, might be raised above the vulgar, their sentiments were delivered in rhyme, the richest and most ornate kind of verse, and the farthest removed from ordinary colloquial diction.'

The Duke of Buckingham from the beginning had a strong objection to the rhyming drama, and no doubt his ingenuity in laying bare the weak side of all things human found here as congenial a field for exercise as did Cervantes in the romances of chivalry. His quickness was never at fault. On one occasion he was present at a play of Dryden's in which the lover says—

'My wound is great because it is so small.'

His Grace instantly exclaimed—

'Then 't would be greater were it none at all;'

and the laughter which ensued was fatal to the performance. He meditated, however, a more serious attack on the dramatists, and in this he is said to have had the assistance of his chaplain, Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, of Butler, the author of '*Hudibras*,' and of Martin Clifford, afterwards Master of the Chapter-House.

The first sketch of '*The Rehearsal*' was written about 1664, but the production was delayed by the plague and fire of London, on account of which the theatres were closed. When they were reopened, certain changes in the piece were necessitated by modifications in the management of the theatres, and the authors finally determined to pillory Dryden as Bayes, the author-manager, who submits his piece to the criticism of two gentlemen, a town dilettante and his country friend. Of the seventeen plays supposed to be satirized in the burlesque, six are by Dryden, the rest by Sir William Davenant and others.

Infinite care was taken that the point should not be missed by the public as regarded Dryden. The Duke himself taught Lacy the actor how to mimic his voice and manner, and he was dressed in exact imitation of Dryden's costume.

The play thus prepared was produced by the King's Company in 1671, and, though it at first met with a stormy reception, owing to the number of influential persons held up to ridicule, the audiences finally remained on the side of those who made them laugh. Even now, when the plays parodied are forgotten, few could read the comic dialogues and keen innuendoes without amusement, and do we not owe a debt of gratitude to the prototype of Sheridan's 'Critic'?

Bayes's rules for the composition of plays are not totally out of date in our time—the rule of transversion for instance—'I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any wit in it, as there is no book but has some, and transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time), and if it be verse, put it into prose.' Nor would many of the characters fail of success even on the modern stage; witness the two Kings of Brentford, who come in hand in hand and talk French 'to show their breeding,' the Gentleman Usher and Physician, who discourse in whispers and then, being politicians, argue according to the rules of logic and Latin grammar as to whether they were overheard; and Volscius the Great, who, divided betwixt love and honour, hops round the stage with one boot on and one off, for—

'Honour aloud commands put both boots on,
But softer love does whisper put on none.'

Nor should 'the army in disguise' be forgotten, who are all killed; nor the inconvenient critic, who wants to know how the dead men are to go off; nor the delightful Bayes himself, who shouts, dances, and breaks his nose by tripping over a nail in the stage in the midst of his exertions.

Naturally, Dryden did not appreciate the wit which made him a popular laughing-stock; but he was clever enough to feign indifference at the moment, and even to allow that there were many good things in the farce. He bided his time, and some ten years later paid off all scores in 'Absalom and Achitophel.' He chose his time well, for Buckingham was now out of favour with the Court. Government as conducted by the Cabal had pleased the Commons even less than the rule of Clarendon. They disliked the Declaration of Indulgence, they disliked the second Dutch war, and in 1674 Charles, at their request, sacrificed Buckingham and some of his other ministers

as willingly, though not so completely, as he had sacrificed his former Chancellor. Buckingham identified himself with the Opposition, or what was called the Country Party, while Shaftesbury intrigued deeply with Monmouth. Dryden was thus able with impunity to hold Shaftesbury up to reprobation as Achitophel, and to vent his pent-up malice against Buckingham in the famous lines describing the fickle Zimri.

Zimri did not remain tranquil under the insult. Literary hangers-on flew to pen and ink in his defence, and he himself published a pamphlet called 'Poetic Reflections on a late Poem entitled "Absalom and Achitophel," by a Person of Honour;' which had, however, no great merit. Not content with these milder measures, Buckingham, according to Lord Bathurst, caned the poet in a coffee-house, and after the thrashing endeavoured to heal his wounds by praising the poem and presenting the author with a draft on his bankers for 500*l*. Yet another example of the truth of the satire he avenged—

'He had his jest, and they had his estate.'

Whether or not Dryden forgave him, it is pretty clear that he did not forgive Dryden. In the *Commonplace Book* we find under the heading 'Railing'—

'They who have poison in themselves will always, like serpents, hisse at others.'

'When hee's offended hee shoots quills like a Porcupine.'

'Nothing but being let bloud in the tongue will cure him.'

'TO DRYDEN.

'As witches images of wax invent,
To torture those they bid to Represent,
And as the true live substance do's decay,
Whilst that slight Idoll melts in flames away,
Such, & no better witchcraft wounds my name,
So thy ill made Resemblance wasts my fame.
So as the charmed brand consumed ith' fire,
So did Meleager's vitall heat expire.
Poor name! w^t medicine for thee can I finde
But thus with stronger charms thy charme t' unbind.'

Buckingham tried his own skill as a dramatist. His comedy 'The Chances' was performed early in 1667 at the King's Playhouse, and Pepys thus describes it: 'A good play I find it, and the actors most good in it; and pretty to hear Knipp sing in the play very properly, "All night I weepe;" and sung it admirably. The whole play pleases me well.' Doubtless the actors deserved Pepys' commendation, but the play would

would hardly please a modern audience. 'The Restauration or Right will take place,' not mentioned by Pepys, seems to have been written when the author was out of office, for he says in the Prologue that he

'hopes he may
Without a grievance, try to mend a play.
Perhaps he wish'd it might have been his fate
To lend a helping hand to mend the state;
Tho' he conceives as things have lately run,
'Tis somewhat hard at present to be done.'

The rest of the Duke's published works consist of a short farce, a dramatic dialogue concerning a quarrelsome couple, and several poems, letters, and speeches. The poetry is too outspoken and personal to be of general interest, but here and there we find good lines such as these:—

'The World 's a Wood, in which all lose their way,
Though by a different Path each goes astray.'

Throughout the reign of Charles, the burning question, both in England and Scotland, lay between religious toleration and religious persecution. Charles, as is well known, was willing enough to tolerate nonconformity, at all events in England, if he could thereby extend indulgence to the Roman Catholics; but each religious party in turn seems almost to have preferred penal laws against itself to the chance of leniency towards its opponents. However inconsistent he may have been in other respects, Buckingham was a steady advocate of religious toleration. To use his own familiar illustration, the contrary appeared to him 'so ridiculous, that boys at school are whipped for it, who, instead of answering any argument with reason, are loggerheads enough to go to cuffs.' When in office he advised the Declaration of Indulgence, published in 1671, for suspending the penal laws against Dissenters; and in 1675 he joined the Country Party in vehemently opposing the Bill, brought into the House of Lords, and supported by the Court, to enforce the taking of a test oath by all persons appointed to any beneficial offices, ecclesiastical, civil, or military, by all privy councillors, justices of peace, and by all members of either House of Parliament. By this oath the holders of office were called upon to swear that they would not attempt to make any alteration in the Protestant religion established by law in the Church of England, nor in the government of the kingdom in Church or State as by law established.

The opposition peers stoutly contended that, so far as they were concerned, such a test infringed their hereditary right, of which

which nothing could deprive them 'but what by the law of the land must withal take away their lives and corrupt their blood.' Buckingham took a broader ground—

'There is,' he said, 'in this notion of persecution a very gross mistake, both as to the point of government and the point of religion: of government, because it makes every man's safety depend, not upon governors, or a man's living well towards the civil government established by law, but upon his being transported with zeal for every opinion that is held by those who have power in the Church then in fashion; and it is, I conceive, a mistake in religion, because it is positively against the express doctrine and example of Jesus Christ.'

The Bill was forced through the Upper House, with a proviso to protect the privileges of the peers, but miscarried in the Commons.

In the autumn of 1675 Buckingham returned to the charge, and brought in another toleration act. A discussion between the two Houses now arose, and the King, weary of their quarrels, and anxious to carry out unhampered his engagements with France, prorogued Parliament for fifteen months. Several peers protested against the royal action as an infringement of the Constitution, and Buckingham declared that, if Parliament were prorogued for more than a year, it was *ipso facto* dissolved. The ancient laws of the realm, he remarked, were, unlike women, none the worse for being old; and he asserted that it was no disrespect to his Majesty to say that he was 'bound up by the laws of England.' A motion was made to commit the Duke, and three of his allies, to his old quarters—the Tower. Buckingham, aware of what was pending, left the House; this greatly offended some of the Court lords, who, on his reappearance next day, cried out, 'To the bar.' Quite unabashed, the culprit 'begged their lordships' pardon for retiring the night before; they very well knew what exact economy he kept in his family, and perceiving their lordships intended he should be some time or other in another place, he only went home to set his house in order, and was now come to submit to their lordships' pleasure.' To the Tower he accordingly went, with the Earls of Shaftesbury and Salisbury and Lord Wharton. A petition to the King, however, obtained the liberation of Buckingham, Salisbury, and Wharton in the following May, while Shaftesbury remained impenitent and unforgiven. He was jealous of the Duke, whom he regarded as his rival in the leadership of the Country Party, and he was in the habit of speaking of him as inconstant and giddy. When the order for release arrived, he looked out of the window as his Grace was mounting

mounting his coach. 'What, my lord,' he cried, 'are you going to leave us?' 'Aye, my lord,' was the answer, 'such giddy-headed fellows as I am never stay long in a place.'

The late Mr. J. R. Green, in his 'History of the English People,' stigmatizes Buckingham as 'the infidel leader of the Independents.' Infidel and atheist are words very commonly flung at men whose moral characters are not free from reproach—possibly some men would be more excusable if they were unbelievers—but whether the fact tells for or against Buckingham, it is clear that he was no infidel. Of course it is open to assert that his published speeches and letters are not to be taken as evidence of his real beliefs;—on the other hand, no one can study the story of his life, with all its wasted opportunities, without the conviction that he had not only the 'faults of his qualities,' but the 'qualities of his faults.' Reckless, self-assertive, indifferent to other men's opinions he was, but he was never a hypocrite.

His 'Essay upon Reason and Religion,' addressed as a letter to Mr. Nevile Paine, and his Discourse in continuation of the letter, are striking productions. The writer begins by pointing out, much as a later and far greater statesman than himself has done, how much men will take on authority, or, as he says, trust; but he remarks, if others undertake to give them demonstrations of religion and fail, they 'with great pains and industry lay in their minds the grounds and foundation of atheism.' Therefore he desires to show what is most probable in matters of faith by demonstrating the contrary to be impossible. He then argues, as many others have done, in favour of a 'supreme intelligent agent' rather than of the self-creation of 'a changeable world,' and continues—

'That being, out of more excellence and greater perfection, I call God, and those who out of a foolish aversion they have for the name of God will call it *Nature*, do not in any kind differ from the notion of that being, but only change its name, and rather show they have a vain, mistaken ambition of being thought Atheists, than that they have any reason strong enough to convince them to be so.'

Farther on he speaks yet more solemnly of something in our nature akin to the Almighty, which makes it probable that such part of us never dies, and adds,—

'Nor will I pretend to judge how long or how much God Almighty will punish us hereafter, because, for the same reason that we think Him to be a God of justice, we must also conclude Him to be a God of mercy. This only I do verily believe, that the more we love Him the more He will love us and the less we love Him the worse it will be for us.'

'In

'In death,' he says elsewhere, 'the soule does not take leave of the body, but only bid it good night.'

Poor man, who saw so plainly the light he was too weak to follow! He ends by a renewed protest against any attempt to convince a man's judgment otherwise than by reason. 'Can anything,' he asks, 'be more unmanly, more barbarous, or more ridiculous.'

At the death of Charles, who, despite many disagreements, was always ready to pardon his old friend for the sake of his company, the Duke retired to Helmsley Castle, in Yorkshire, which he had inherited through his mother. His finances were seriously embarrassed; his expenditure was always large, and he was never accused of enriching himself at the public cost. Among his other fancies, he had spent time and money in vain pursuit of the philosopher's stone, and had squandered vast sums in building. He erected the beautiful villa at Cliveden, on the Thames, sung by Pope, who describes its owner—

'Gallant and gay in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love.'

He pulled down York House, formerly the palace of the Archbishops of York, which had descended to him from his father and father-in-law, and bought a house at Dowgate. George, Villiers, Duke, and Buckingham Streets, and Of Alley, on the site of the old family house, perpetuated his names and titles, and his arms may still be traced on the archway leading into the Embankment Gardens near Charing Cross Station, once the water-gate of his abode.

Besides his pecuniary difficulties, another cause for his retirement may be found in his relations with the new King. These had never been very friendly, though Buckingham always did justice to the honesty of the Duke of York's intentions. Burnet records the character which Buckingham gave him of the two brothers, 'the more severe,' says the Bishop, 'because it was true: the King could see things if he would, and the Duke would see things if he could.' King James, however, hearing that his Grace was indisposed, determined not to lose the opportunity of winning over such a distinguished convert to the Church of Rome, and accordingly sent to him an Irish priest, one Father Fitzgerald. The Duke's secretary has left us a *verbatim* report of the interview. Elaborate courtesies having been interchanged, the host sends for a bottle and clean glasses, and enquires if his reverence smokes. The priest demurs at the idea of drinking, but, on being asked what the King would say if he refused the toast of his good health, tosses off his glass.

The

The Duke then plays with the cork, which he pretends is a horse, and thus leads the priest, who naturally, though politely, contradicts him, into a labyrinthine discussion on transubstantiation. The priest attempts to bring the Fathers and Councils into play. These, the Duke tells him, he values not a farthing. 'Three parts in four of mankind have neither capacity nor leisure to read them; and of those few that do, fewer understand them, and even those that pretend to understand them are at endless wars, whether they are genuine or no, and make no scruple to reject them when they don't serve their turn.' The priest quotes our Saviour's own words, 'This is My body,' to which his opponent returns that He also said, 'I am the door,' 'I am the vine,'—yet the words were never taken literally.

After a little more argument the Duke tells the following story, which is worthy of partial quotation as a picture of the friendly relations of a slave-boy of the period with his master:—

'When I was sent ambassador from the late King to Paris, in the year 1670, I took over with me a young blackamoor boy, who could just make a shift to be understood in English; and this boy one holyday morning, went along with some of my gentlemen to see the curiosities of so remarkable a city, and all of them at last went into Notre-dame church, as the priest was celebrating mass, at the high mass. The lad was perfectly surprised at their rich habits and fine music,' but deeply perplexed by the ceremonies which he witnessed. 'He spake not a syllable when he came home; but was moping and musing by himself. I could not but take notice of this alteration of him at dinner. So Tom, says I to him, what's the matter with thee? If thou'rt ill, go down to the housekeeper. "No," cries he, "I am not sick; but I have seen a very odd sight this morning, which I can't help thinking on."'

He thereupon confided to his master his amazement at seeing people consume the object of their adoration, and his wish that they had a hundred or two of those fine men in his country to eat the devil for them.

Finding the Duke incorrigible on this point, Father Fitzgerald introduces the subject of miracles, whereupon his provoking adversary sends for one of his servants, and bids him relate a famous miracle which had happened the previous winter in a Northumbrian village. John tells his story, which is something after the style of the German fairy tale, in which the good girl is rewarded by jewels falling from her lips, and the bad one punished by a descent of toads; the characters in this instance being a priest and two women, one of whom shows genuine, the other false, liberality. The tale is ludicrous, but somewhat coarse.

His

His well-meant efforts being evidently hopeless, the priest resigns the field, the Duke discharging his final shot in the assertion that, did no other objection exist, he would have nothing to do with a Church which damns all without her own pale. 'A Church without charity, the distinguishing character of our religion, for all she glitters with jewels and gold, is no Church for me I promise you.'

He protests, however, that though he cannot bring himself to be of their Majesties' persuasion, 'yet they have not a more dutiful subject in their three dominions than I am;' and so with mutual compliments the disputants take leave of each other. Confession was always one of Buckingham's bugbears. 'The wounds of conscience,' he writes, 'by washing and keeping cleane, will cure of themselves;' and, 'Tis dangerous for Priests to know the sins of others, for 'tis but an easy step for Sin out of the memory into the will.' 'Those that love theyr sins,' he asserts, 'will love those that know and are acquainted with them, and they who hate 'em will love those who pretend to take 'em away.' Many will agree with his conclusion, 'I would rather have confession made of our good deeds, for every man would strive to have something to say for himself.'

Buckingham's remaining time for either sin or repentance was now drawing to a close, and, having played all the parts attributed to him by Dryden, he added yet another, that of an English country gentleman. His former friends were highly entertained:—

'I have heard the news,' writes Sir George Etherege, from Ratisbon, 'with no less astonishment than if I had been told the Pope had begun to wear a periwig, and had turned beau in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Is it possible that your Grace, who has seen ten times more luxury than the Emperor (Charles V.) ever knew, conversed with finer women, kept politer company, possessed as much, too, of the true greatness of the world as ever he enjoyed, should in an age still capable of pleasure, and under a fortune whose very ruins would make up a comfortable Electorate here in Germany; is it possible, I say, that your Grace should leave the play at the beginning of the fourth act, when all the spectators are in pain to know what will become of the hero, and what mighty matters he is reserved for, that set out so advantageously in the first!'

The Castle of Helmsley, 'Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,' as Pope calls it, had been held by Colonel Crossland against the Parliamentarians, and though he and his soldiers had finally evacuated it with the honours of war, the articles of surrender stipulated that the building should be demolished,

demolished, and this was to a great extent carried out. Buckingham repaired the portion used as a dwelling-house, and here he resided till his death, entertaining his friends in his usual hospitable fashion, and apparently winning the good opinion of the neighbourhood, for even in the present day his memory is kindly cherished by Yorkshire sportsmen. At all events he abandoned Court intrigue and the philosopher's stone for a much more wholesome pursuit. He kept the Bilsdale hounds, which claim to be the oldest pack of fox-hounds in England. 'He hunted the dale, together with what is now the Sinnington country and the whole of Bransdale and Farndale, and hunted fox and stag alternately, showing much skill and energy in the chase, as he had done in other spheres.' Mr. Dixon, in his '*North Countree*,' tells a story in point:—

'About two miles from Chop Gate, a public-house with a blacksmith's shop and two or three cottages to bear it company, is Buckingham Stone, where tradition tells us that a fox was killed at the end of a severe run of some three hours' duration. The Duke and Forster, his huntsman, were the only two who got to the end, and the Duke's horse died on the place, whilst Forster's succumbed at Slapeworth, about a couple of miles on the homeward road. "T' lord" (Lord Feversham), said Bobby Dowson, who has whipped in to the Bilsdale for fifty years, "owt to be prouder o' that steean than o' all his possessions;" and then, after a few moments thought he added, "ah should."' .

As Buckingham must have been about sixty years old at this time, and is described by his biographers as having retired to his estates with a body worn out by dissipation, this three hours' run was rather a feat. Up to the present day a hound descended from the Duke of Buckingham's pack is specially valued in Bilsdale, and one of the family of his huntsman, H. Forster, has always been huntsman or whipper-in, or has taken an active part in the management of the pack.

The following fragments of a Yorkshire song (of which the remainder is unfortunately lost) also preserve the memory of those days:—

'In Riccul Dale Scroggs
We threw off our dogs;
There never was place more likely . . .
We never found a fox more quickly.

Chorus.

Dido and Spandigo,
And Gentry was there O,
And True-love, that never looks behind him;

Bonny

Bonny Lass and Bowler,
Dairymaid and Ruler;
And those were the Dogs that did find him.
Oh with the Duke of Buckingham
And other noble gentlemen.
Oh but we had some fine hunting.'

In the chase Buckingham ultimately met his death. He caught a chill while superintending the digging out of a fox, and took refuge in a tenant's house, still called Buckingham House, which stands in the Market Place at Kirkby Moorside, a manor which had been presented to his father by James I. The house, which adjoins the present King's Head hotel, now belongs to Mr. George Frank, author of '*Ryedale Antiquities*,' and since it remains in much the same condition as at the time of the Duke's death, the poetic licence of Pope's well-known description is easily demonstrated:—

'In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaister and the walls of dung,
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw;
Great Villiers lies—'

says the poet. The house was, on the contrary, a very respectable one, and the oaken beams and wainscoting may still be seen by the tourist.

Pope probably took his picture from expressions in a pathetic letter written by the dying man to his intimate friend Dr. Barrow, in which anguish of mind and body evidently led him to exaggerate the misery of his surroundings:—

'DEAR DOCTOR,—I always looked upon you to be a person of true virtue, and know you to have a sound understanding; for, however I may have acted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you I have always had the highest veneration for both. The world and I shake hands, for I dare affirm we are heartily weary of each other. Oh! what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions, Time!

'To what a situation am I now reduced! Is this odious little hut a suitable lodging for a prince? Is this anxiety of mind becoming the character of a Christian? From my rank I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from religion and understanding, peace to smile upon my end; instead of which I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorse; despised by my country, and I fear forsaken by my God!

'I am forsaken by all my acquaintances; utterly neglected by the friends of my bosom and dependents on my bounty; but no matter! I am not fit to converse with the former, and have no abilities to

serve the latter. Let me not, however, be forsaken by the good. Favour me with a visit as soon as possible. I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you; my distemper is powerful; come and pray for the departing spirit of the poor unhappy

‘BUCKINGHAM.’

A near relation of the Duke's, Lord Arran, hearing of his illness, hastened to his bedside, and remained with him till his death. He writes to Spratt, Bishop of Rochester, the Duke's former chaplain, on April 17th, 1687, the day after the end came :—

‘Mere chance having thrown me into these parts by accident, as I was at York, in my journey towards Scotland, I heard of the Duke of Buckingham's illness here, which made me take a resolution of waiting upon his Grace, to see what condition he was in. I arrived here on Friday, in the afternoon, where I found him in a very low condition; he had long been ill of an ague, which had made him weak; but his understanding was as good as ever, and his noble parts were so entire, that though I saw death in his looks at first sight, he could by no means think of it.’

He was, however, told that his case was hopeless, and the ministrations of a Roman Catholic priest were suggested; these were rejected, and the clergyman of the parish was summoned. Lord Arran also sent for the principal magistrate of the neighbourhood, Mr. John Gibson of Welburn Hall, who, together with Colonel Liston, an old servant of the Duke's, received the last sacrament with the dying man. Some attempt seems to have been made in after years to assert that he after all died in the Romish Communion, and a letter describing his end was in 1706 written by Mr. Gibson to Brian Fairfax, who had evidently asked for a certified contradiction of false rumours.

The writer says :—

‘As it fell to my share to know as much of the last moments of the late Duke of Buckingham as any then about him, so at your instance I shall readily give answer to satisfy any that he died in the best house in Kirkby Moorside (which neither is, nor ever was, an alehouse); and that when he was moved to receive the Sacrament he consented to it, and received it from the hands of the minister of the parish with great decency and seeming devotion; while we, who received with him, were somewhat doubtful of his swallowing the bread, because of his weakness and pain. Hence we had reason to conclude he died in the communion of the Church of England, and none about him at that time ever questioned it that I heard of. . . . I omit at present many particulars which I could give some account of, as to making his will, his naming his heir, &c., which

his

his Grace could not be persuaded to. If you please to command any further account of the very last passages of his life, the respect and honour I had from him and for him, engage me to answer you in favour of his memory. I had not the honour to converse with him any long time before his dying days; but, so far as I ever had any discourse with his Grace, he was always pleased to express a love for good men and good things, how little able soever he was to live up to what he knew.'

May we not almost describe his death in his own words, written long before?—

'... a lasting sleep,

A quiet resting from all jealousy,

A thing we all pursue; I know besides

'Tis but the giving up a game which must be lost.'

In an old Register-book belonging to the parish of Kirkby Moorside is this entry:—

'Burials.—1687, Apl. 17th, Gorges viluas, Lord dooke of book-ingham.'

This must have been a temporary interment, as Lord Arran tells us that he ordered the body to be embalmed and taken to Helmsley Castle, to await the pleasure of the Duchess. It was finally removed to Westminster Abbey, and buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel, in the vault of his family. Above his father's tomb a statue of himself, a blooming child, kneels by those of his brother and sister, and seems to pray for the repose of the murdered man's soul. The orphans had even more need to implore succour for themselves in the thorny paths of their after lives.

The Duchess of Buckingham, whose virtues and piety are extolled by Brian Fairfax, died seventeen years later at her house near the Mews at St. James's, and was interred near her husband.

- ART. V.—1. *The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler, Head-Master of Shrewsbury School, 1798–1836, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield.* By Samuel Butler. London, 1896.
2. *Memoir of Edward Craven Hawtrey, D.D.* By the Rev. Francis St. John Thackeray. London, 1896.
3. *Education and School.* By the Rev. Edward Thring. Cambridge and London, 1864.
4. *Edward Thring, Teacher and Poet.* By H. D. Rawnsley. London, 1889.

THE system of Aristotelian categories might be applied, if it were thought worth while, to the different types of character which find their place in the conduct of human affairs. We might describe statesmen according to the types illustrated by Chatham, Walpole, Mazarin, Melbourne, and Bismarck, by the qualities of genius, common-sense, finesse, tact, mastership. The soldiers would range from Napoleon, the man of great designs and methods, to Wellington, the man of practical wisdom and means suited to his needs. The judges would be reckoned as men of principles, of practice and of learning. The bishops would be ranked under the heads of piety, learning, orthodoxy, timidity, worldliness, business.

If we applied this method of generalization or outlining to schoolmasters, we should be led to the conclusion that a single type is no more desirable in this department than in any other. An Arnold might be as much out of place at Harrow as a Vaughan at Rugby. At different periods in the life of a school a different type is required; though the choice is always limited by the field, and sometimes is only that of Hobson. A head-master may be wanted to brace up discipline, or to improve the moral and religious tone, or to clear away rubbish, or to raise the standard of scholarship, or to inspire public confidence by a reputation for practical wisdom; and if all the corresponding qualities could be combined in one person, that person would be the ideal head-master.

But we must take men as we find them. As a rule the system is stronger than the man, and his individuality is absorbed in the school; even in cases where (as often happens) his first years of office are a time of new devices, and experiments disturbing old routine. The best schoolmaster is not always he who makes the fewest mistakes, but rather he who has the most positive qualities. It is not high praise to say of a minister or a head-master that he can steer the ship in quiet times. Weather is uncertain, whether the sea is large or small, and a storm in a tea-cup, *fluctus in simpulo*, may capsize a head-master before he has time to right his

his craft, if he is a man of rules and precautions, and not a captain trusted by his crew.

To say that character is the chief requisite is to say nothing, for what elements go to make character? Courage alone, though we should put it down among the first essentials, is not enough, for courage is no guarantee of wisdom. Sincerity may be weak, tact may degenerate into practice, common-sense is not incompatible with timidity. The subjects of the little kingdom are men and boys; the men living in close contact with each other, absorbed in lessons and games, seeing little of the world outside; the boys critical, impulsive, volatile, governed by codes of honour and morality, which may neither be ignored nor accepted as authoritative; parents may sometimes be unreasonable; it is a presage of trouble if the school gets into the newspapers, yet publicity is its life. It is difficult for a head-master to recognize what, among many discordant notes, represents the public opinion which he has to take into account, or it will call him to account. His safeguard is that if his school prospers, he will be credited with its success, and the public will not listen to the croakers who are always ready to raise their voices, but will let him alone.

A head-master, like a statesman or a clergyman, must put up with results short of his aims; but a sanguine temperament will carry him beyond disappointment, and save him from being discouraged by the discovery, which most men put in command make at an early period of their career, that their life has to be spent rather in contending with difficulties, than in carrying ideals into action.

Shall we say, then, that ideals are misleading, and that to do the routine work of the day is the wisest course? So, perhaps, thought Dr. Butler, or seemed to think. But his memory is still green, and the memory of those who live by routine, after a few years, is 'as a dream when one awaketh.'

Mr. Samuel Butler has done a pious and a serviceable work in reviving the memory of his grandfather, the head-master of Shrewsbury, the most successful schoolmaster of his day, and the founder of the high reputation of Shrewsbury School; a reputation which was maintained and even increased in the place itself under Butler's successor and pupil, Dr. Kennedy, and which has been upheld by Dr. Moss, himself trained by Dr. Kennedy; and at Cambridge by another pupil of Butler's, Shilleto, whose Porsonian figure and genius were familiar to all Cambridge men of thirty years ago, and who may be said to have converted that University to the Butlerian method of scholarship; a method rather scientific than literary, and limited

in its aims, but necessary as a foundation to whatever structure of philosophy and philology may be built upon it.

To Shilleto, following the traditions of the classical school founded by Porson, and continued down to our time by Clark, Mayor, Munro, Sandys (all Shrewsbury men), by Thompson and his successor and superior Jebb, may be attributed the predominance at Cambridge of the scholarship which aims in the first place at accuracy, *i.e.*, establishing what the usage of the Greek and Latin languages actually was, and the right interpretation of the classical literature. This method has borne fruit not only in the field of classics, but also in the region of Biblical Scholarship. Oxford has taken its cue from Cambridge, and Lightfoot, Hort, and Westcott have worthy rivals in the sister University.

We do not say that Butler was eminently an accurate scholar. His Latin and Greek had a smack of the eighteenth century, in which he was brought up, but he taught his scholars to go to the fountain-head, and acquaint themselves in the first place with the true meaning of words. Thus, though Butler may not stand on the same elevation with Arnold as an educator, as a teacher of the classics he was unsurpassed by his contemporaries, and deserves a higher reputation than he perhaps enjoys, outside his own school, as one of the fathers of modern scholarship.

Samuel Butler was born 120 years ago, of a respectable middle-class family, in which the name 'Samuel' appears often enough to suggest a connexion with the author of 'Hudibras,' but with no tradition or family-Bible pedigree to support it. His father sent him at nine years old to Rugby, then presided over by Dr. James; who revived, if he did not 'recreate,' the school, bringing with him from Eton many sound traditions and not a few prejudices, and applying them with much common-sense and some humour. The toleration of mediocrity which this good man practised (for, said he, 'the world is content with moderate acquisitions') may have had some influence in impressing Butler with the sturdy belief, which, as schoolmaster and bishop, never left him, that he must work with the material supplied to him, and trust to his own exertions to make the best of it by stimulating industry and keeping up discipline. This self-reliance, which made him sometimes seem hard, and even arrogant, was the backbone of his character. He could bear praise and blame without being thrown off his balance. He was dangerous in controversy, as he was generous in reconciliation and trustworthy in friendship, a warm-hearted, quick-tempered man, without too much sentiment, though in the presence of the Alps and of the ruins of Rome he was strangely affected

affected to tears. It may be that his stoical mood, asking for nothing but recognition, however tardy, of hard work honestly done, enhanced the value of the softer side of a character best known to his family and to a few intimate friends; one of whom was the whimsical, clever, unworldly fisherman, Tillbrook, Fellow of the Fisherman's College at Cambridge. 'Old Till,' as his companions called him, will not be soon forgotten by those who read Mr. Butler's volumes.

At Rugby, the young Butler was a contemporary and rival of Walter Savage Landor, and like him was looked upon by some as a fellow of a 'churlish temper;' that is, he lived alone, and did his work as it suited him. His capacity for Latin and Greek approached genius.

'How were his exercises composed?' says a schoolfellow, Mr. Apperley; 'how were his lessons construed and parsed? I will tell you how all this was performed. "Fetch me half a sheet of paper," he would say to myself, or to any other boy much lower in the school than himself, at the hour of awaking in the morning; when, taking some novel or play-book from under his pillow, which he had been reading over-night, and using it as a desk, he would write off the best exercise of the day, and "*play*" (i.e. a holiday) "*for Butler*," would be often heard throughout the schools. Then his lessons:—"Where is the place?" he would say to his neighbour, on joining his form ten minutes before a Greek play was to be read. Perhaps half a dozen words might be looked out in his lexicon, when the Greek book would be shut up, and one more to his mind be brought forth from his pocket. If "called up," however, there was *no mistake*. Now, how this was done is quite beyond my comprehension.'

He absorbed everything, contented with the range of Dr. James's Etonian course; and to the end of his life he upheld the doctrine—which has never been disproved,—that classical literature is the best foundation for a liberal education.

Such a scholar was sure to be distinguished at the University. He was intended for Christ Church, and was on the point of entering there, when Dr. Parr's advice diverted him to St. John's College, Cambridge. Always a patriot and a partisan, Cambridge and St. John's College became to him the navel of the world. He learnt to despise Oxford, and Christ Church in particular, and at Christ Church its Dean: and he took a fierce joy in the traditional rivalry between Trinity and John's—a rivalry so ancient and so keen that when Bentley, a century earlier, 'leaped over the wall' and found himself Master of Trinity, he did but carry war into the enemy's country, and establish the Lodge as a kind of Johnian Decelea, from which to vex the Fellows of Trinity. The two Colleges dine with
each

each other, and sit on the same syndicates in time of peace; but let an important university office fall vacant, and to it they go again, for glory, or for liberty.

A Johnian with heart and soul was Butler till his last day, ever ready to back his college, right or wrong. At Cambridge he cleared the board of all the classical distinctions that were open to competition, gaining more honours than even his favourite pupil B. H. Kennedy twenty years later; and from Cambridge he was in 1798 removed to the scene of his life's labour as head-master of Shrewsbury.

Shrewsbury Free School, an ancient but hitherto not very famous institution, was one of those local or provincial schools in which most of the upper middle class and many of the gentry of England were educated a century ago. Shrewsbury and Rugby were the principal Midland schools, occupying a like place to that which was held by Tiverton and Sherborne in the West, Sedbergh and Giggleswick in the North, and Bury and Ipswich in the East of England.

At the time of Butler's appointment Shrewsbury had sunk so low that he found there 'scarcely a single boy.' He was unpopular at first. He had a rough set of pupils to deal with; and the fashion of the day, as well as the need of the moment, was to coerce, not to humour, the young barbarians. His strict discipline produced resistance, and he had trouble in making himself obeyed. 'Wear a wig, sir,' said Dr. Parr; but the wig had no better fortune than Dr. Parr's own wig, of which sad stories are told; and as for the 'broader brim' which the same adviser told him to add to his hat, *i.e.*, the Doctor's degree, he did not assume it until 1810, by which time we may suppose that he had learnt to keep order. 'Be a beast,' was the advice once given by a senior at another school to a young master just beginning his business. It was a blunt way of saying, 'Make yourself respected;' kindness comes better as a corrective to severity than the other way. There is wisdom in the advice, but not too much wisdom; for it is not every schoolmaster who, having made himself feared, goes on, like Dr. Butler, to make himself beloved. Dr. Butler was indeed, we are told, 'as much hated at first as he was afterwards liked.' His severity 'furnished a subject for the Shrewsbury tea-tables.' These tea-tables were well furnished with subjects during the greater part of Dr. Butler's head-mastership; for from his first arrival at Shrewsbury, a quarrel based on a mere misunderstanding with the second master of the School, who held his appointment independently of the head-master, made him an irreconcilable enemy. It is difficult to understand how such a situation should have

have existed, still more how it should have been prolonged during thirty-eight years without either party giving way. Of course there were two parties in the town, and the quarrel at headquarters got mixed up with every local question. Such a burden could only be borne by a robust man. Dr. Butler said little, but what he said showed how much his happiness was affected by it, and even his practical usefulness. He squared his shoulders to it, governed the school in spite of all opposition, raised the number of his scholars from zero to more than two hundred, and his own reputation as a teacher and ruler above that of any possible rival; added to and improved the buildings, freed the school of a heavy debt, and a lawsuit of more than a hundred years' standing, and so established his position as a capable administrator and public man, that he became, with universal approval, Archdeacon of Derby, and if it had not been for changes of ministry which put the Whigs out of power, would have been a bishop at least ten years before his elevation to the see of Lichfield actually took place.

We are left to gather rather by scattered notices than by any direct evidence, the nature and manner of Dr. Butler's teaching. It seems to have been catechetical rather than instructive. Self-reliant himself, he taught his boys to trust their own wits. But his principal instrument was the stimulus of competition. Every lesson in school was a race for the top place, all work was marked and registered, and every place in the school, up to the highest, was fought for, and maintained by fighting or not at all. He practised, if he did not initiate, a system of 'merit money,' given every month to the best boys, which is the application on a small scale of the prize scholarship system which at the present day prevails everywhere.

Competition, whether or not it is the most wholesome form of stimulus, was, and is, successful in bringing the best students to the top; and Butler had no squeamishness about it. But probably his own conviction of the value of Latin and Greek, which he imparted to all succeeding generations of Salopians, was almost as strong a motive power as a desire to rise in the game of marks and places. Neither men nor boys will keep up a strong interest in a game which is not worth playing in itself. The counters must have some meaning, or the players will get tired; and few teachers have been more successful than Dr. Butler in persuading his pupils of the truth of his own creed.

The sense of the value of Latin and Greek, which through life was one of his strongest convictions, may, together with his strong Liberal opinions, have been in part imbibed from

Dr. Parr,

Dr. Parr, for whose learning and genius he entertained an exaggerated respect. 'Never forget your Latin and Greek, and be a Whig,' was Dr. Parr's advice to a boy leaving school; and Butler would have said much the same. He was not, however, a mere gerund-grinder, or expositor of usage.

'If' (he wrote in 1836) 'a classical school were a place where nothing else has to be done for eight or nine long years than to hammer the words of a language (and that a dead one) into a boy's brains, I should say that it was indeed a singular contrivance for mispending the time. But it is not so at any good school. The taste is there formed, the mind is habituated to the contemplation, and the memory is exercised to the rehearsal of all that is noble in genius, lofty in eloquence, or profound in reflection.'

We may remark here the fluctuation of public opinion, which has brought Latin and Greek to their present prominence in education. Without going back so far as the sixteenth century, when Latin was a living language and Greek *belles-lettres*, if we look at the Universities one hundred and fifty years ago, we shall find that Latin and Greek were read, as at school, partly for the language and for cultivation in taste, partly, also, for the matter; with some echo of the tradition that Plato and Aristotle should be read for logic, and Demosthenes and Cicero for rhetoric—an echo from the times of *Trivium* and *Quadrivium*. In the seventeenth century Herbert, Falkland, Milton, and their contemporaries bear witness that scholarship of a high order was encouraged at Oxford and Cambridge; a century later university business and the instruction of Greek were conducted in a language which resembled Latin more than any other tongue; mathematics, philosophy, and science were studied in Latin treatises. It was as natural for the *Philosophical Transactions* to be drawn up in Latin as for Bentley to write Latin notes on Horace; and no modern has written better Latin than Bentley; but classical scholarship in the linguistic sense may be said to date from Porson. Linguistic training was not formerly the principal part of university study. In the eighteenth century prizes, scholarships, and medals (all of which Dr. Butler got) were founded by statesmen and divines to encourage 'elegant scholarship' and carry on in the university the studies of Westminster and Eton; the classics were more exclusively than in ancient times the staple of a gentleman's education, and were looked upon as ends in themselves, not ladders to knowledge; and fine gentlemen did not read them in a corner, as some few do now, but Whigs and Tories spouted Virgil and Horace unrebuked, in Parliament and over their wine.

What the fashionable world believed was held more securely by

by the university authorities, and the all-sufficiency of a classical education became a sort of Fortieth Article of the Church of England—indeed the opinion is not dead yet,—until the opening up of the Continent after the war, or the rise of a manufacturing class, or the Reform Bill, or Dr. Arnold's heresies, or whatever else it may have been, widened, and perhaps weakened, the bases of education, and sent schoolmasters to learn and teach *omne scibile*, whether their pupils could receive it or not.

To return to Dr. Butler. Dr. Butler possessed one quality which must always be felt in a school. He was perfectly fearless and self-reliant. 'My own opinions' (he writes in 1816) 'are neither lightly taken up, nor easily to be laid down.' And we may add that they were his own, and that they now and then oddly contradicted his Liberal creed. When to this are added an untiring industry and a close attention to the progress of individual boys, we have much of that which goes to make a great head-master. What Dr. Butler lacked most was idealism. Here he was the opposite of Dr. Arnold, whose aim was to make his boys good Christians. Butler's aim was to make them good scholars; a lighter task, and one in which it is more easy to point to results. But looking back sixty years, we may say that Arnold's ideal has done far more than Butler's practical success to leaven public school education, though accurate scholarship and competition are now, as they were then, the aim and the method of public school teaching.

There is, however, something to be said for Mr. Butler's claim that public school reform owes more to his grandfather than to Dr. Arnold. That is at any rate maintained by thoroughgoing Salopians; and Dr. Butler himself, though a successful teacher, and careful of the well-being of his scholars, a Liberal in politics and religion, had no great admiration for the theories of the younger reformer. He had been working at Shrewsbury industriously and successfully, and with a clear purpose, for twenty years before Arnold came to Rugby. He had established almost a monopoly of the university prizes at Cambridge, and had won many at Oxford also, and had thus rescued Shrewsbury from insignificance, and placed it in the first rank of schools; he had made Eton and Westminster look to their honours, and all schoolmasters enquire what was the secret of such success. The admirers of Dr. Butler may fairly claim for him the credit of having attracted public attention to public school teaching, and guided the popular interest in education, which was one of the signs of the times immediately succeeding the passing of the Reform Bill.

Dr. Butler

Dr. Butler had no missionary fervour like Arnold, no educational theories like Thring, nor cared greatly about 'tone,' like Hawtrey. His business was to work with the tools and the methods ready to his hand, not to set about remodelling everything (Dr. James had warned him from that); but his energy and practical ability raised the standard of the Public Schools, and prepared the way for views which some would call philosophical, others unpractical or visionary. University distinction was held before the eyes of his scholars as the one desirable thing, and what the master believed in became their belief too. Dr. Butler made his pupils think (so one of them says), that 'nothing was worth learning except Latin and Greek.' He did not think so himself, for he was a student of modern languages, a collector of books, MSS. and coins, an antiquarian, a member of the Roxburghe Club, and an active public man. But he had in an eminent degree the power of making his pupils believe in him, and of stimulating them by showing them what they could do. All this was brought into play (as we have said) by a system of eager competition, as unlike as possible to the easy plan of appointment by interest and promotion by seniority which reigned at Eton and Westminster. We may doubt whether competitive placing has all the grace of the old plan, but it braces the energies and sharpens the wits of those who submit themselves to its influence; and it was Dr. Butler who taught the rest of the schoolmasters what could be done by this instrument.

Arnold's life is a creed in action. His religious spirit, his enthusiastic temper, his no less enthusiastic intellectual energy, his sincere and affectionate sympathy with his pupils, are a rebuke to dulness and lukewarmness. And though they cannot be reached without some of his genius, they can be, and are, humbly imitated by hundreds of schoolmasters who follow his example, though very likely they do not know it. His example has brought up the level of the profession, and has taught many who may talk lightly of him, and speak glibly of the 'Rugby prigs' whom he is supposed to have begotten.

No doubt Arnold would be less remembered if his life had not been written by Stanley. But Stanley owed everything to him, and the school of thought which Stanley represented is, perhaps (though it is the fashion to say that the 'Broad Church party' is extinct), the dominant school in the Church of England, clothed in High Church vestments. Stanley went beyond his teacher; but if Arnold were now alive, there is little doubt that his sympathies would be with Westcott rather than with Liddon; and as far as the Public Schools teach theology

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at all, they lean to the broader interpretation of the Bible and ecclesiastical history.

Dr. Arnold's aim as a schoolmaster was not to impress his own opinions upon the school, but, believing in certain principles as he did, to carry them out in his daily intercourse with his colleagues and pupils. He was not given to preaching in daily life. That he left to the pulpit, which, as all the world knows, he made an important engine of education. Much may be said, and has been said, of the influence of the pulpit. In Arnold's hands it was a great force, because he did not use it in a professional manner. The Yorkshire farmer's praise of his parson, because 'he kept to his own business,' should be present to the minds of schoolmasters when they are tempted, as they may be, to preach up obedience and industry as the most necessary virtues. A schoolmaster in the pulpit should not preach for his own hand, if only because he will be found out. Few men can bear the burden of a weekly prophecy. Head-masters are not like the clergyman in town or country, whose life, though spent amongst his flock, cannot have close relations with most part of theirs. A head-master spends some hours of every day in immediate contact with some of his audience, and is the lord and master of all of them. Few men can be lofty enough to be their spiritual pastor as well; few can shoot with Arnold's bow.

No one can read Arnold's life without being impressed with the simplicity of mind which prevented him from being a don, or an actor, or a tyrant. He was a 'kindly man, moving among his kind.' His very faults are those of a simple-minded man; and no one ever showed in his own life less than Arnold of the didactic, occasion-improving, preaching character, which is sometimes grafted upon an agreement with his principles. He never 'wore buckram,' that useful substitute for sincerity and dignity. And if it is asked what was added to public school education by a person so dangerous to imitate as Arnold, we may perhaps answer that, believing English society to be a section of the Church of God, he looked upon his school as a congregation within it, in which all were fellow-workers, and there need be no sharp distinction between teachers and taught. Boys and masters, it may be, now tend to the danger of sinking the master's ideal in the boy's. Arnold tried not so much to raise the boys' ideal, as to show them that they could sympathize naturally, in their degree, with those subjects which he himself found interesting. This is but the carrying out of 'Émile' and Miss Edgeworth; it has led to the founding of debating societies, Shakespeare societies, natural history clubs, school libraries, and other useful institutions

institutions by which boys have been helped to educate themselves, while at the same time they have learnt to look to the masters (perhaps too much) to share and guide their games.

This democratic development, for it is no less, was neither invented nor preached by Arnold; but his example did much to introduce it, and it is certainly one of the most conspicuous changes in school life brought about in the last half-century.

Perhaps the most sincere believer in Arnold's theories and practices that has ever borne rule in an English school was Edward Thring, of Uppingham. He was not a genius, but he worked like a genius. He had absolute confidence in his own principles, and never thought of himself in carrying them out. Hence he reaped the reward which comes to those who have no fear of being ridiculous. He was not ridiculous, he only played at being ridiculous. His view of school was narrower and less statesmanlike than Arnold's. It was, in short, to impart 'real,' not 'notional,' ideas of things, to exercise the hands and eyes as well as the brain, to develop health of body and mind, to make boys believe in what they were doing, to fight against indolence and dulness, and to make the best of all boys, not only of the best, trusting rather to emulation than competition as a stimulating power. 'Mind-training is not catalogue-making;' 'Silk is better than leather, but a leather purse is better than none;' 'Education means training for life, not instruction in facts;' 'Be Jack of all trades, and master of one;' 'To bear beating well is better than to win.'—These, or the like, are some of Thring's maxims; and if they are truisms, the world might be the better if they were oftener carried into practice. This is, we may say, the small change of Arnold's grander plan; less inspiring, perhaps not less practical, because more within ordinary reach. Thring, at any rate, was able to put his principles into action; he effected what he desired; and the prosperity of Uppingham, with its music school, its workshops and museums, its life and 'go,' is his best memorial.

Hawtreys is as well known by caricature as Keate himself. The gargoyles in an old church are more attractive and more easily remembered than the saints, and Hawtreys's features had much of the gargoyle. His foppiness in dress and manner, his *petit-maitre* way of airing his elegant if inaccurate scholarship, his elaborate pronunciation of Italian and German, caused much laughter, and were no doubt laughable. But behind this vulnerable exterior was courage, appreciation of all that is best in literature and history, and above all, love of youthful aspiration. Hawtreys knew how to encourage—the last and rarest accomplishment of a schoolmaster. The spirit of Eton

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was opposed to all change, and was represented by Goodall, who, not content with having ruled his little world as head-master, chose, as provost, to obstruct his successor at every point. Hawtrey could not get a school-hour altered, a new book introduced, or a new subject countenanced, without Goodall's consent. Yet with this millstone about his neck he created a revolution at Eton, doubled the numbers of the school, and brought Eton again to the head of the Public Schools.

Dr. Hawtrey's best claim to be remembered at Eton or elsewhere is, first, his love for literature, both classical and European, and secondly, his power of encouraging those boys who, like himself, loved books and high sentiment. Those who had the advantage of being 'up to' him laughed at his foibles and imitated his grotesque tones and gestures, but admired him as a man of letters, and loved him as a friend. They did not know how much he suffered from obstruction and obloquy; they only knew that he was always gracious and courteous, ready to make allowances, and forward to praise; and if he could not control the idleness of a great part of the school, and cared too little for the rough and ready manliness which is one of the best characteristics of English schoolboys, they felt that his refinement gave a lustre to Eton, and that his charity and generosity were worth more than much punctilious scholarship and drastic discipline.

The ideal head-master has perhaps not yet been found, though men are still living who have gone near to realizing it. Butler represented practical common-sense, Arnold, Christian enthusiasm, Hawtrey, the literary spirit, Thring, the energy of duty. There is need for all; perhaps at this moment, when competition prevails, and games are glorified, Hawtrey's love of letters is specially called for, to lift both boys and masters above the temptation to aim only at scholarships and class-lists, cups and scores. A head-master cannot ignore the facts of the day. He must win scholarships, or the school will go down, not only in public estimation (a risk which, however unworldly he may be, he has no right to run), but in character and effectiveness also; and for like reasons he must sympathize in games, as Arnold and Thring did.

Mr. Gladstone has, we believe, been heard to say that he owed everything to Hawtrey; not, we presume, in politics. It is high praise to a schoolmaster to have been able to select and encourage the rising wits, and inspire them with his own love for literature.

We would not (as we have said above) have all head-masters built on the same lines. It is good for particular schools, and

and for the body of schools generally, to have variety. The discipline of a school may go down under the rule of a scholar or a man of letters. A good organizer may have too little sympathy with the gentler members of his flock. A first-rate teacher may, without meaning it, foster the greed for prizes. A holy man like Christopher Wordsworth may want some of the virtues which are found in a man of the world. A head-master should have some of the *eutrapelia* or versatility which Matthew Arnold, an educator himself, though he never taught a class, valued so highly. It is not a great quality, perhaps, but it is one of the necessities.

But, indeed, the old conception of a head-master, as of a schoolmaster generally, has been greatly modified since the days of Butler and Arnold, and is changing every year. A new profession has arisen, and the modern schoolmaster, besides many other points of difference, is unlike the old schoolmaster in one point especially, that in most cases he is a layman. Fifty years ago schoolmasters, with very few exceptions, were clergymen. Now the number of laymen teaching at the Public Schools far exceeds that of the clergy. Parents send their boys to the 'best' houses, without considering, in most cases, whether the master who holds the house is in orders or not. And here we are met by a paradox. The only first-rate schools which have laymen at their head are the metropolitan schools of St. Paul's, University College, and the City of London. In country grammar schools, and others in the second line, the disproportion is not so great; but here, too, more than half of the head-masters are clergymen, although in almost all cases the school schemes make no distinction, and the large majority of the staff are laymen. The result is that in the chief Public Schools equal promotion in the regiment, or out of it, stops below the first place, with its large emoluments and prestige, and the highest prizes are given to men selected, not from the bulk of the profession, but from the small minority of assistant masters who are in orders. The trustees of the great schools appear to be afraid to appoint a layman to the head-mastership, though the parents have no scruple in committing to laymen the moral supervision and religious instruction of their sons, even preparation for confirmation, and the head-master has, as a rule, less to do with the religious training of the boys than his assistants.

The removal of disabilities operated at once and completely at the Universities, gradually and only in part at the lesser schools, and hardly at all in the Public Schools *par excellence*. We should be sorry to see the schools administered entirely
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by laymen ; indeed we think that there might be with advantage more clergymen among the assistant masters, and that those head-masters are wise who are careful to maintain a due proportion. But that no layman should ever have sat in the seat of Keate, Moberly, Arnold or Vaughan is, we will not say an injustice, for the places have been admirably filled, but an inequality which might deserve the attention of governing bodies.

The advance of school education since the first quarter of the century is a noticeable fact in the social history of the time. In private and public schools alike, boys are cared for as they never were before, both morally and physically. Whether the lessons are more thoroughly imbibed than they were under the old régime is sometimes doubted, but the mental food is more nutritious and more varied, and the army of eager teachers needs the head-master's hand rather to control than to stimulate. If there is a fault, it is that the new race of masters do not love their books as the old pedants did, and love their games much more. If this is so, there is a danger that scoring in examinations and games may push literature into the background, and that the growing scholars and hopeful youths whom Sir Henry Wotton loved may be pushed aside by their broad-shouldered companions for want of a protector and sympathizer such as the intelligent schoolmaster should be.

ART. VI.—*The Life of Nelson, the Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain.* By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., United States' Navy. Two Vols. London, 1897.

UNIVERSAL acclaim on this side of the Atlantic has declared the 'Life of Nelson' to be a masterpiece eminently worthy of the author of 'The Influence of Sea Power on History.' The task undertaken by a modern biographer of Nelson must needs be a supremely difficult one. He has to sustain comparison with a great writer who was never more happily inspired than when he expanded an article originally contributed to the 'Quarterly Review' into a classic. He has to do what Southey never attempted, to justify to a generation which has happily never known naval war on a grand scale, the conviction of his contemporaries that Nelson was the greatest seaman that ever lived. He has to grapple with manifold difficulties which are inherent in all forms of biography, and never more baffling than when the canvas on which he paints presents a great historic crisis in the affairs of men largely determined in its issues by the character and achievements of his subject. Moreover, Captain Mahan in particular is confronted with a rivalry which few but himself could sustain. In the far more difficult field of biography he has to maintain a reputation already achieved in another field, in which, by common consent, he stands pre-eminent. It is a mere truism nowadays to say that Captain Mahan has taught all serious students of naval warfare in two worlds how to think rightly on the problems it presents. The phrase 'Sea Power, as applied, though not invented, by him, is one of those happy inspirations of genius which flash the light of philosophy on a whole department of human action. Its analysis in his previous works is a contribution to human thought of which many of the larger issues and consequences are perhaps even yet unexplored. In this direction, however, he has already done his work so well that he has no new lessons to teach us, though he has many old ones to enforce, when he undertakes to show us Nelson as 'the embodiment of the sea power of Great Britain.' But he has to justify the title and to convince us that it is not unworthily bestowed. We need waste no time in proving that in this he has triumphantly succeeded. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

Though purely as a piece of literature the new 'Life of Nelson' is worthy of high praise, yet Captain Mahan has not directly essayed to rival Southey in his own field. Of Nelson, the hero and the idol of his countrymen, Southey still

still remains the classical biographer. But of Nelson the seaman, 'the embodiment of the sea power' of his country, the man who, better than any other that ever lived, understood the eternal principles of sea warfare, and illustrated them more splendidly, Captain Mahan stands now and henceforth as the one incomparable exponent. It was no part of Southey's purpose to make his 'Life of Nelson' an analysis of Nelson's strategic genius or a commentary on the principles of naval warfare as illustrated by his career. 'There is but one Nelson,' said the greatest of Nelson's naval contemporaries, the seaman who best understood him. All his countrymen felt the same, and Southey, who wrote only a few years after the hero's death, never attempted to expound Nelson's genius because he never could have imagined that it would be disputed. It is true that a recent editor of Southey explains the matter quite differently. If we do not find intellectual power in Nelson, the real reason is, we are asked to believe, that intellectual power was by no means one of his conspicuous endowments. In his writings there is no thought, we are told, or at least none, 'in any higher form than a quite measurable sagacity;' and even in action 'it was his misfortune never to have the highest to do.' Manifestly, unless we accept this view of the matter, it was high time for a new life of Nelson to be written—a biography at once critical and sympathetic, which, accepting St. Vincent's *dictum*, 'There is but one Nelson,' might serve to show, as Southey hardly needed to show, and was perhaps scarcely qualified to show, why Nelson was unique, and in what special gifts and aptitudes the unique quality of his genius consisted.

This Captain Mahan has done once for all. It may be that in so rare a character and so vivid a personality as Nelson's, the moral force which sustained him in all emergencies, and communicated itself, by that contagious inspiration which is the surest sign of genius, to all who came in contact with him, was more directly conspicuous than the intellectual power which accompanied and sustained it. But it was the complement of the latter, not its substitute. Intellectual power is not displayed merely in the written word or the recorded thought. In the man of action it takes the form of sure insight and rapid intuition, which seize at once on the essential features of a situation and shape action accordingly. Intellectual power of this kind, implicit rather than explicit, displayed in action rather than in the written word, and always associated with an unquenchable fervour of moral impulse, was among Nelson's pre-eminent gifts. No one has
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ever shown this so well as Captain Mahan, and the following passage seems to us to settle the whole question. It refers to the moment when Nelson sailed for the Mediterranean in 1798, when he was already an Admiral, and after the world had learnt at St. Vincent what manner of man he was:—

‘Before him was now about to open a field of possibilities hitherto unexampled in naval warfare; and for the appreciation of them was needed just those perceptions, intuitive in origin, yet resting firmly on well-ordered rational processes, which, on the intellectual side, distinguished him above all other British seamen. He had already, in casual comment upon the military conditions surrounding the former Mediterranean campaigns, given indications of these perceptions, which it has been the aim of previous chapters to elicit from his correspondence, and to marshal in such order as may illustrate his mental characteristics. But, for success in war, the indispensable complement of intellectual grasp and insight is a moral power, which enables a man to trust the inner light,—to have faith,—a power which dominates hesitation, and sustains action, in the most tremendous emergencies, and which, from the formidable character of the difficulties it is called to confront, is in no men so conspicuously prominent as in those who are entitled to rank among great captains. The two elements—mental and moral power—are often found separately, rarely in due combination. In Nelson they met, and their coincidence with the exceptional opportunities afforded him constituted his good fortune and his greatness.

‘The intellectual endowment of genius was Nelson’s from the first; but from the circumstances of his life it was denied the privilege of early manifestation, such as was permitted to Napoleon. It is, consequently, not so much this as the constant exhibition of moral power, force of character, which gives continuity to his professional career, and brings the successive stages of his advance, in achievement and reputation, from first to last, into the close relation of steady development, subject to no variation save that of healthy and vigorous growth, till he stood unique—above all competition. This it was—not, doubtless, to the exclusion of that reputation for having a head, upon which he justly prided himself—which had already fixed the eyes of his superiors upon him as the one officer, not yet indeed fully tested, most likely to cope with the difficulties of any emergency. In the display of this, in its many self-revelations,—in concentration of purpose, untiring energy, fearlessness of responsibility, judgment sound and instant, boundless audacity, promptness, intrepidity, and endurance beyond all proof,—the restricted field of Corsica and the Riviera, the subordinate position at Cape St. Vincent, the failure of Teneriffe, had in their measure been as fruitful as the Nile was soon to be, and fell naught behind the bloody harvests of Copenhagen and Trafalgar. Men have been disposed, therefore, to reckon this moral energy—call it courage, dash, resolution, what you will—as Nelson’s

one and only great quality. It was the greatest, as it is in all successful men of action; but to ignore that this mighty motive force was guided by singularly clear and accurate perceptions, upon which also it consciously rested with a firmness of faith that constituted much of its power, is to rob him of a great part of his due renown.'

It is thus that Captain Mahan conceives of Nelson and his work, as the finely tempered instrument fashioned by a rare combination of genius with opportunity, and destined thereby to beat back the Napoleonic spirit of aggression and to save England and Europe by the overthrow of the 'ablest of historic men.' It will be seen at once that the method appropriate to such an undertaking differs largely and fundamentally from that pursued by Captain Mahan in his previous works. In his historical works the facts are grouped round a central idea, that of sea power. In the 'Life of Nelson' the same facts, so far as they are relevant, are grouped round and dominated by a central personality, that of Nelson himself. Nevertheless, the organic relation between the two is persistently and most instructively kept in view. If the 'Life of Nelson,' regarded as a biography, is the best and most finished portrait of the hero of Trafalgar ever drawn, it is so because Captain Mahan has eclipsed all his predecessors in his grasp of that philosophy of naval warfare which Nelson was destined so superbly to illustrate in practice. Indeed, it may be said that no one who has not, like Captain Mahan, steadily conceived and profoundly studied 'the influence of sea power upon history,' is qualified in these days to write the life of Nelson at all. But this qualification, rare as it is, is not sufficient in itself. History is abstract, biography is concrete. On the historical page the elements of human personality, character, motive, passion, and even prejudice are, for the most part, subordinate to the larger issues of circumstance and event. In biography they are factors never to be overlooked. The historian studies character from the outside, the biographer from the inside. No man will ever be a great biographer who does not see the personality of his subject as an ordered and coherent whole, fashioned to the likeness and consistency of an individual man, who is not endowed with sufficient imagination to reconstruct the living figure out of the scattered and lifeless records of action, thought, and speech.

With this rare gift Captain Mahan shows himself to be endowed in no ordinary measure. He has saturated his mind with Nelson's despatches and correspondence, so that each critical moment of the great seaman's career derives appropriate and convincing illustration, not so much from

the biographer's independent reflection as from the power he has thus acquired of shedding on it the light furnished by Nelson's own unconscious revelation of his thought and character. But such a method has its snares for all but the most fastidious of writers, and Captain Mahan has not entirely escaped them. Unless employed with vigilant self-restraint, it encourages iteration and prolixity. It would be too much to say that Captain Mahan repeats himself unduly, but a severe critic will, nevertheless, detect certain passages in which the same ideas, and more or less the same illustrative material, are applied more than once to the elucidation of different incidents and circumstances. Each of such passages may be, and generally is, admirable in itself; but classical severity of form would have been more fully attained by the excision of some of them and the transposition and fusion of others. The strategic exposition is nearly always cogent, lucid, and terse. The historical analysis displays Captain Mahan at his best. If here and there the portrait seems to be a little over-laboured, the fault, such as it is, at any rate attests the conscientiousness of the artist without seriously discrediting his skill.

The skill of the artist is, in fact, the main difficulty of the critic. Mere eulogy is tiresome, and for anything but eulogy there is not much occasion in dealing with so masterly a production. Nevertheless, there are one or two features in the portrait drawn by Captain Mahan which seem to us to be somewhat less happily touched than the rest, and to these our attention will in the main be directed. No biographer of Nelson can overlook his relations with Lady Hamilton or shrink from the task of considering how far they affected his character and career. Nelson's attitude towards women was that of a man little versed in the ways of society, and endowed by nature with an eager, inflammable, and even volatile temperament, he married in 1787 at the age of twenty-eight, but his biographers record at least two previous attachments. The first occasion was in 1782, when he was on the point of sailing from Quebec, and was only prevented by his friend Davison from offering his hand to a lady, presumably of no very exalted station, for whom he had conceived an ardent attachment. Again, in the next year, Nelson, while staying in France, fell in love at St. Omer with a Miss Andrews, the daughter of an English clergyman and the sister of a naval officer, who afterwards served with him, and is frequently mentioned in his correspondence. On this occasion he wrote with rapture of Miss Andrews' beauty and accomplishments, and applied to his uncle William Suckling for an allowance

allowance of 100*l.* a year to enable him to marry. The request was granted, but immediately afterwards Nelson returned hastily and unexpectedly to England, and the name of Miss Andrews appears no more in his letters. It seems certain, therefore, that he proposed to her and was refused. Less than two years after this disappointment, in November 1785, he became engaged to Mrs. Nisbet, describing his new attachment in a letter to his uncle as already 'of pretty long standing.' But from first to last it lacked the ardour of his former loves. It may be that such love-making as there was was rather on Mrs. Nisbet's side than on Nelson's, for she is described in the letter of a friend, who had failed to penetrate Nelson's silence and reserve, as being 'in the habit of attending to these odd sort of people.' This was in April or May, 1785, and at the end of June Nelson writes to his brother, 'Do not be surprised to hear I am a Benedict, for, if at all, it will be within a month.' But his attachment for Mrs. Nisbet was never a passion; for though he was quick in his affections, and told his uncle, in announcing his engagement, that he would smile and say, 'This Horatio is ever in love,' he seldom, perhaps never, used the language of passion in speaking of her or even in writing to her. To his uncle he wrote nine months after he became engaged, 'My affection for her is fixed upon that solid basis of esteem and regard that, I trust, can only increase by a longer knowledge of her;' and to herself he wrote some two months before their marriage, 'My love is founded on esteem, the only foundation that can make the passion last.'

This is not the language of a Nelson in love, of the man who could write many years afterwards to Lady Hamilton, 'I am ever, for ever, with all my might, with all my strength yours, only yours. My soul is God's, let Him dispose of it as it seemeth fit to His infinite wisdom; my body is Emma's.' It is rather the language of a man who has yielded easily, as was his nature, and willingly enough, but certainly not passionately, to the innocent artifices of a lady who had 'the habit of attending to these odd sort of people.' His wedded life was founded only on esteem, and the foundation endured, as it was certain to endure in a man of his loyal temper and chivalrous honour, until the volcanic depths of his nature were stirred by the shock of a mighty passion; then it crumbled into dust, as might also have been anticipated in a man of his titanic impulses. He was, in fact, wedded to his profession rather than to his wife, who in truth was little fitted to respond to the heroic impulses of his soul. At last he met his fate in Lady Hamilton, and the quick passions

passions of his youth were once more aflame when the most fascinating woman in Europe threw herself into the arms of the great seaman whose glorious victory of the Nile had filled the world with his fame. He idealized her as he idealized everything except his relations with his wife, as Captain Mahan shrewdly observes. But there was that in her which, though only 'coarsely akin to much that was best in himself,' was more akin than anything that Lady Nelson had to give. Probably such affection as she ever felt for him was little more than the flattered vanity and reflected sense of importance which her unfortunate experience of men had forced her to accept in lieu of a genuine and ennobling passion. But she was not without impulses responsive to phases of his nature which his wife had never understood. 'It never could have occurred to the energetic, courageous, brilliant Lady Hamilton, after the lofty deeds and stirring dramatic scenes of St. Vincent, to beg him, as Lady Nelson did, "to leave boarding to captains." Sympathy, not good taste, would have withheld her.'

It was in September 1798 that Nelson first fell under the spell of Lady Hamilton's enchantments. A year later, but more than a year before his final rupture with his wife, he wrote thus coldly of the latter in his brief fragment of autobiography; 'In March of this year—1787—I married Frances Herbert Nisbet, widow of Dr. Nisbet, of the Island of Nevis, by whom I have no children.' When he wrote these words, in 1799, he must have been conscious of estrangement, though he had as yet no thought of separation. Before he returned to England, rather more than a year afterwards, he must have known that Lady Hamilton was shortly to become a mother, and that, unless he afterwards deceived himself, her child would be his. That he could reconcile it with his honour still to keep up the appearance of conjugal fidelity, and, with his sense of common propriety, to expect his wife to associate with his mistress, is a paradox much more startling than his subsequent relations with Sir William Hamilton himself. Lady Nelson was the last woman alive to accept a situation such as even Harriet Shelley rejected, although she might not know, as we know, that her husband's relations with Lady Hamilton were an outrage on her wifely dignity. But the point to be observed and insisted on is that the whole of this pitiful tragedy belongs only to the last seven years of Nelson's life. Captain Mahan allows its shadow to overhang his whole career. From first to last throughout his pages we are shown the fatal passion for Lady Hamilton rising up like an avenging Nemesis to besmirch the radiant fame of a man who for nearly forty years of a noble

noble life had been chivalrous as a Lancelot and loyal as an Arthur.

We can discern no sufficient reason in morals, and therefore none in literary art, for this method of treatment. It is often possible, and where possible it is always becoming, for a biographer to draw a veil over the sexual irregularities of great men. Nelson's own conduct disallows such a proceeding in his case. But the biographer is not a censor. It is rather his business, in such a matter, to record than to judge; and so far as judgment is required of him, he is bound to temper it with that charity which 'hopeth all things' and 'thinketh no evil.' There are some men whose riotous and unbridled passions infect and defile the whole tenor of their lives. Nelson was not one of these men. 'Doctor, I have *not* been a great sinner.' 'Thank God, I have done my duty.' 'God and my country.' These were his last words—the passionate but surely irresistible pleading of a dying man at the bar of posterity and eternity. For forty years Nelson had done his duty to all men. To his dying day he did his duty to his country. For less than seven years he failed to do his duty to his wife and to himself. Why should the seven years of private lapse be allowed to overshadow the splendid devotion of a lifetime to public duty? We can only suppose that by way of protest against the ill-judged efforts of some writers, not of the first rank, to throw a halo of false romance over what was really a very commonplace, and, in some of its aspects, a very ignoble story, Captain Mahan has rightly resolved to tell it in all its nakedness as it appears in those amazing letters preserved in the Morrison Collection, but has wrongly allowed the natural repulsion so engendered unduly to enlarge the scope of his moral judgment and to project its condemnation retrospectively over the long period of Nelson's life which really was nobly free from the taint of illicit passion.

Of course, if it could be shown that Nelson's professional judgment was warped, and his sense of public duty distorted, by his passion for Lady Hamilton, the attitude assumed by Captain Mahan would be to some extent justified. But on this point we shall endeavour to show that judgment must, on the whole, be given in Nelson's favour. The battle of Copenhagen is represented by Captain Mahan as Nelson's most arduous achievement, and in the Trafalgar campaign the whole world has recognized the sign and seal of his genius. On the other hand, no one would deny that during the two years after the battle of the Nile that genius suffered some eclipse. These, of course, were the two years when his passion for Lady Hamilton was in its first transports, when he seemed tied to the

the Court of the Two Sicilies by other bonds than those of duty, when he annulled the capitulation at Naples and insisted on the trial and execution of Caracciolo, and when he repeatedly disobeyed the orders of Lord Keith. But they were also the years during which his mental balance was more or less disturbed by the wound he had received at the Nile, and his *amour-propre* was deeply and justly mortified by the deplorable blunder of the Admiralty in appointing Lord Keith to the chief command in succession to Lord St. Vincent. 'Cessante causa cessat et effectus' is not a maxim of universal application; but combined with what logicians call 'the method of difference,' it may reasonably be held to sustain the contention that the influence of Lady Hamilton, which ceased only with Nelson's life, cannot have been the sole cause, even if it was a contributory cause, of an attitude and temper of mind which lasted only while other causes were in operation and disappeared with their cessation. The evil spirit which beset him, whatever it may have been, had been exorcised for ever by the time that he entered the Sound. Never in his whole career did his rare combination of gifts, professional and personal—'concentration of purpose, untiring energy, fearlessness of responsibility, judgment sound and instant, boundless audacity, promptness, intrepidity, and endurance beyond all proof'—shine forth more brilliantly than it did at Copenhagen. Yet the influence of Lady Hamilton was not less potent then and afterwards than it was during the period of eclipse. There are no letters in the Morrison Collection more passionate than those which Nelson wrote to Lady Hamilton at this time, none which show more clearly that, as regards Lady Hamilton, and yet only in that relation, his mental balance was still more than infirm, his moral fibre utterly disorganized.

It was during this period of moral hallucination that Nelson wrote his last heartless letter to his wife, in which he says of her son, that 'he may again, as he has often done before, wish me to break my neck, and be abetted in it by his friends, who are likewise my enemies,' and concludes, with amazing self-deception and a brutality utterly foreign to his real nature, 'I have done my duty as an honest, generous man, and I neither want nor wish for anybody to care what becomes of me, whether I return, or am left in the Baltic. Living, I have done all in my power for you, and if dead, you will find I have done the same; therefore, my only wish is, to be left to myself; and wishing you every happiness, believe that I am your affectionate Nelson and Bronté.' Two days later he was writing to Lady Hamilton: 'I worship—nay, adore

adore you, and if you was single and I found you under a hedge, I would instantly marry you ;' and over and over again he assures her that he has never loved any other woman. But he wilfully deceived himself when he wrote of his wife to Lady Hamilton, a few days after the battle of Copenhagen : 'He does not, nor cannot, care about her ; he believes she has a most unfeeling heart.' For conduct and language such as this there can be no excuse, unless indeed passion and genius are held to be a law to themselves. On the other hand, we can hardly follow Captain Mahan in holding his conduct towards Sir William Hamilton to be equally inexcusable. It seems to us to be more than probable that Sir William Hamilton never deceived himself, and that if Lady Hamilton and Nelson ever pretended to deceive him, it was only as part of a comedy played by all three of them with their eyes open, for the purpose of deceiving others. It is certain that, during his absence at sea in the early part of 1801, Nelson believed, and was tortured by the belief, that Sir William Hamilton was scheming to sell his wife to the Prince of Wales, and was only waiting for the latter to be proclaimed Prince Regent in order to sell her at a higher figure. He could hardly be expected to be very careful of the honour of a man whom he thought capable of such baseness ; and so complete was his moral hallucination that he was probably quite capable of thinking that the obligation of friendship really rested, not upon himself, but on the complaisant husband and friend, who, having assigned his conjugal rights to another, was not at liberty to traffic in them further without the consent of the assignee. It is true that in his will Sir William Hamilton called Nelson his dearest friend, and described him as 'the most virtuous, loyal, and truly brave character I ever met with.' But this can only have been the final touch given by a master-hand to the comedy he deliberately chose to play when he consented to share with his friend the affections of the 'fine woman,' as he called her, who had been his mistress before she became his wife. *Qui trompe-t-on ici ?*

Now all this moral confusion in Nelson's personal sentiments and conduct was contemporary with one of the most brilliant of his public achievements. Nelson was never more himself than during the Baltic campaign. He was least like himself during the two years which preceded it. The influence of Lady Hamilton was common to both periods, and, as we have shown, the latter period was marked by circumstances peculiarly trying to a man of Nelson's passionate and eager temperament. Yet in this case the needle did not swerve by a hair's breadth from the pole of duty, endeavour, and achievement. If it seemed to

swerve

swerve for a time in the Mediterranean, surely the cause of deflection must be sought elsewhere than in an influence which, though still operative with not less intensity at Copenhagen, was there powerless to effect the slightest adverse disturbance. Now we have seen that there were other disturbing elements at work in the Mediterranean. It is true that a few days after his arrival at Naples from the Nile Nelson wrote to his father, 'My head is quite healed.' But though the acute symptoms which troubled him for some weeks had subsided, it seems likely enough that some more or less permanent effects remained of a wound so severe that at first he thought it mortal, and showed themselves at intervals for the rest of his life in a peevish, despondent, and quasi-hysterical temper. But even this hypothesis is not necessary to explain Nelson's conduct at this period. It is urged that he allowed the influence of Lady Hamilton, the blandishments of her friend the Queen, and the flatteries of the Court, to imbue him with an undue sense of the particular interests of the Two Sicilies, and to persuade him that they were really the paramount factor in the general trust placed in his hands. It is doubtful, however, whether he needed any such persuasion. A student of naval history, Nelson was not likely to forget the battle of Cape Passaro and the instructions issued to Byng. Long before the battle of the Nile he had persuaded himself of the importance of Naples and its kingdom. In the critical letter of October 3, 1798, apparently the first he ever wrote to Lady Hamilton, he says, 'The anxiety which you and Sir William Hamilton have always had for the happiness of their Sicilian Majesties was also planted in me five years past.' When Jervis was ordered to withdraw from the Mediterranean in 1796, it was for the desertion of Naples that Nelson's regrets were most poignant; and Captain Mahan himself admits that 'in the impression now made upon him, may perhaps be seen one cause of Nelson's somewhat extravagant affection in after days for the royal family of Naples, independent of any influence exerted upon him by Lady Hamilton.' It is true that when he first returned from the Levant he took a larger and juster view of the general situation, and seemed to recognize that the main object of his efforts should be the destruction of the French army in the East and the recovery of the Mediterranean positions captured by Napoleon. But apart from any influence of Lady Hamilton or of the Neapolitan Court, his change of view was subsequently justified, as Captain Mahan allows, by the instructions sent to St. Vincent after the victory of the Nile. Long before he received these instructions Nelson had anticipated their purport,
and

and largely by his influence and advice Naples was precipitated into war. As the event showed, it was a very ill-judged proceeding; but it may well have commended itself to Nelson for reasons quite independent of anything that Lady Hamilton or the Queen might say or do. He had rightly, or wrongly, come to the conclusion that, as he wrote to St. Vincent on October 4, 'War at this moment can alone save these kingdoms.' There is no doubt that Lady Hamilton was the medium of communication with the Queen and Court, and that Nelson's advice was rather forced upon the Neapolitan Ministers than sought for by them. But Nelson assures St. Vincent in the same letter that he has not 'said or done anything without the approbation of Sir William Hamilton,' adding, however, 'His Excellency is too good to them, and the strong language of an English Admiral telling them plain truths of their miserable system may do good.' He had previously said in the same letter, 'This country by its system of procrastination will ruin itself; the Queen sees this, and thinks as we do.' On this Captain Mahan observes, 'That Lady Hamilton was one of the "we" is plain.' It is very far from plain from the context of the letter itself. Lady Hamilton had only once been mentioned in his letters to St. Vincent written after his arrival at Naples, and then only in the following terms, on September 29: 'This being my birthday, Lady Hamilton gives a fête.' The next day he wrote, 'I trust my Lord in a week we shall all be at sea. I am very unwell, and the miserable conduct of this Court is not likely to cool my irritable temper. It is a country of fiddlers and poets, wh—s and scoundrels'—an opinion which it would certainly have been well for Nelson's fame and happiness if he had continued to entertain. It was five days before this, on September 25, that he wrote to his father, 'If it were necessary, I could not at present leave Italy,' so that this expression cannot be pressed as showing that Lady Hamilton had already cast her spells around him. In these circumstances it is almost incredible that the 'we' of the letter of October 4 to St. Vincent should have been intended by the writer to include Lady Hamilton, and very unlikely that St. Vincent should so have understood it. It is far more probable that it merely indicates Nelson's conviction that St. Vincent would think as he did—as in fact he did, for he wrote to Nelson on October 28, apparently in answer to the letter under discussion, 'You're great in the Cabinet as on the Ocean, and your whole conduct fills me with admiration and confidence;' nor would his suspicions be aroused any more than his confidence was shaken by the concluding words of Nelson's letter:

letter: 'I am writing opposite Lady Hamilton, therefore you will not be surprised at the glorious jumble of this letter. . . . Naples is a dangerous place, and we must keep clear of it.'

Yet it must be acknowledged that Nelson's judgment was gravely at fault when he urged the Neapolitan Government to make war at once. But even when Mack was defeated, and the King's army routed, he never seems to have repented of the advice he had given—which had, as we have seen, the concurrence of St. Vincent—and still held that he had judged the situation correctly. His real mistake was that he took Mack to be a man like himself, and failed to realize, as he should have done, that the Neapolitan army was worthless as a fighting force. But he was not without grave misgivings when he came to understand what manner of man Mack was. On October 9 he wrote to Lord Spencer, 'I have formed my opinion; I heartily pray I may be mistaken.' All his other errors followed almost inevitably from the initial mistake of not acting on the opinion here recorded. When he left Naples, after refitting his fleet, he wrote to Lord Spencer, 'Naples sees this squadron no more, except the King calls for our help.' Far sooner than he expected, the King did call for his help. He was back at Naples before the end of the year, and with the efficient aid of Lady Hamilton—in this crisis indispensable, and certainly given with rare address and devotion—he succeeded in carrying off the Royal Family to Palermo.

Here for several months his personal conduct was deplorably wanting in discretion and dignity, and provocative of much open scandal; but there is little or no evidence to show that his growing infatuation affected in any material degree his sense of professional duty or his discharge of the obligations it imposed on him. It is true that Syracuse had originally been selected by him as his intended base of operations, and that his abandonment of this intention, as Captain Mahan remarks, 'suggests the idea, which he himself avows, that his own presence with the Court was political rather than military in its utility.' But Captain Mahan also points out that the preference for Palermo rests upon sound strategic considerations, which may very well have been present to Nelson's mind, though he does not specifically mention them. Again, though he seemed to tarry at Palermo when he might have been better employed elsewhere, there was for the moment no urgent call to take him elsewhere. When the call came, with the entry of Bruix into the Mediterranean, he responded to it with a promptitude and decision all his own. 'An emergency so great and so imminent,' writes Captain Mahan, 'drew out all

all his latent strength, acute judgment, and promptitude.' Measures were instantly taken for the concentration of his forces in a position best calculated to intercept the enemy and to frustrate his designs, and even when Duckworth refused to join him he never faltered for a moment :—

"I am under no apprehension for the safety of His Majesty's squadron," he said in a circular letter to his scattered vessels, designed to heighten their ardour; "on the contrary, from the very high state of discipline of the ships, I am confident, should the enemy force us to battle, that we shall cut a very respectable figure; and if Admiral Duckworth joins, not one moment shall be lost in my attacking the enemy." . . . To St. Vincent he expressed himself with the sober, dauntless resolution of a consummate warrior, who recognized that opportunities must be seized, and detachments, if need be, sacrificed, for the furtherance of a great common object. "Your Lordship may depend that the squadron under my command shall never fall into the hands of the enemy; and before we are destroyed, I have little doubt but the enemy will have their wings so completely clipped that they may be easily overtaken"—by you. In this temper he waited. It is this clear perception of the utility of his contemplated grapple with superior numbers, and not the headlong valour and instinct for fighting that unquestionably distinguished him, which constitutes the excellence of Nelson's genius.

This is not the portrait of a man who has allowed the wiles of a woman to lure him from the path of duty and to silence the promptings of his own matchless genius for war.

We need not consider in detail the two most controverted episodes in Nelson's career, the capitulation of Naples and the execution of Caracciolo, which occurred in immediate sequence to his vigorous but fruitless efforts to intercept Bruix. Captain Mahan holds that Nelson was within his rights in disallowing the capitulation. He does not doubt that 'Nelson had been given full power by the King of the Two Sicilies to act as his representative,' though there exists no documentary evidence of the fact. But he comments with some severity on the epithet 'infamous,' applied by Nelson to the instrument he set aside in a letter written a fortnight afterwards to Lord Spencer. 'Such an adjective, deliberately applied after the first heat of the moment had passed, is, in its injustice, a clear indication of the frame of mind under the domination of which he was.' The domination of this frame of mind must be admitted, and need not be defended; but its seeds were sown long before Nelson ever saw Lady Hamilton, and there is no direct evidence that its growth was unduly fostered by her influence.

Similar reasoning applies to the execution of Caracciolo.

This,

This, Captain Mahan regards as, like the treatment of the capitulation, technically unimpeachable, but morally reprehensible, and here his opinion is, in our judgment, not only unassailable in substance, but expressed with singular felicity:—

‘Nelson himself failed to sustain the dispassionate and magnanimous attitude that befitted the admiral of a great squadron, so placed as to have the happy chance to moderate the excesses which commonly follow the triumph of parties in intestine strife. But, however he then or afterwards may have justified his course to his own conscience, his great offence was against his own people. To his secondary and factitious position of delegate from the King of Naples, he virtually sacrificed the consideration due to his inalienable character of representative of the King and State of Great Britain. He should have remembered that the act would appear to the world, not as that of the Neapolitan plenipotentiary, but of the British officer, and that his nation, while liable like others to bursts of unreasoning savagery, in its normal moods delights to see justice clothed in orderly forms, unstained by precipitation or suspicion of perversion, advancing to its ends with the majesty of law, without unseemly haste, providing things honest in the sight of all men. That he did not do so, when he could have done so, has been intuitively felt; and to the instinctive resentment thus aroused among his countrymen has been due the facility with which the worst has been too easily believed.’

Nevertheless the biographer himself acquits Nelson in this case of the suspicion which long rested on him of having yielded his better judgment to sinister and secret influences.

There remains the question of Nelson’s subsequent disobedience of Lord Keith. Now there is no disguising the fact that Nelson’s genius was splendidly impatient of mediocrity, and never submitted tamely to its authority. He chafed under Hotham as he chafed under Hyde Parker, and he disobeyed both. In fact his whole career is perhaps more remarkable for the light it throws on the conditions and limits of military obedience than for any other single characteristic. ‘You did as you pleased in Lord Hood’s time,’ said some one to him in 1796, ‘the same in Admiral Hotham’s, and now again with Sir John Jervis; it makes no difference to you who is commander-in-chief.’ With men like Lord Hood and Sir John Jervis—men whose genius and impulses were akin to his own, and from whom he certainly derived no small share of inspiration—he could do as he liked, without fear of disciplinary collision, because between him and them there existed perfect confidence and complete understanding. Even Parker, for whom Nelson entertained no great respect, had the good sense and magnanimity to approve, or at any rate
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not to censure, an act of disobedience more direct but not less splendid, which the popular imagination has ever since seized upon as one of the most glorious episodes in Nelson's career. Hotham, too, sanctioned by acquiescence an act of disobedience which Nelson acknowledged and defended. 'The orders I have given,' he said, 'are strong, and I know not how my admiral will approve of them, for they are, in a great measure contrary to those he gave me; but the service requires strong and vigorous measures to bring the war to a conclusion.' Hotham subsequently approved, recognizing no doubt that, as Nelson said, 'political courage in an officer abroad is as highly necessary as military courage;' and in this connexion Captain Mahan takes occasion to expound what seems to us to be unimpeachable doctrine:—

'It is possible to recognize the sound policy, the moral courage, and the correctness of such a step in the particular instance, without at all sanctioning the idea that an officer may be justified in violating orders, because he thinks it right. The justification rests not upon what he thinks, but upon the attendant circumstances which prove that he is right; and, if he is mistaken, if the conditions have not warranted the infraction of the fundamental principle of military efficiency,—obedience,—he must take the full consequences of his error, however honest he may have been. Nor can the justification of disobedience fairly rest upon any happy consequences that follow upon it, though it is a commonplace to say that the result is very apt to determine the question of reward or blame. There is a certain confusion of thought prevalent on this matter, most holding the rule of obedience too absolutely, others tending to the disorganizing view that the integrity of the intention is sufficient; the practical result, and for the average man the better result, being to shun the grave responsibility of departing from the letter of the order. But all this only shows more clearly the great professional courage and professional sagacity of Nelson, that he so often assumed such a responsibility, and so generally—with, perhaps, but a single exception—was demonstrably correct in his action.'

Now it may be conceded at once that none of the tests here applied to Nelson's previous acts of disobedience—acts which were really among the most cogent proofs of his transcendent genius for war—will apply to the 'single exception' indicated by Captain Mahan, the case, namely, of his persistent disobedience to the orders of Lord Keith. As before, he felt he was right, and never could be brought to admit that he was wrong. But as Captain Mahan pointedly observes, 'no military tribunal can possibly accept a man's conscience as the test of obedience.' On former occasions he had acted contrary to orders, it is true, but fairly within the limits of his own responsibility and discretion,

cretion, and in the assured confidence, justified by the event, that his superior would have acted as he did had he known the circumstances—in other words that his estimate of the situation was a sound one, and that his action was in accordance with right reason, taking a just view of all the conditions of the case. This is not to plead the *ex post facto* justification of success, but to insist on the antecedent justification of an appeal to right reason sanctioned in the event by the concurrent judgment of those authorized by their position or entitled by their experience to decide. But a far wider issue is raised by his refusal to obey Lord Keith; and though little exception need be taken to Captain Mahan's treatment of it, it is worth while to point out, first, that Keith manifestly rated the strategic value of Minorca far too highly, since its security must in all cases have depended on the general situation in the Mediterranean and on the supremacy of the British flag in that sea; and secondly, that only a few months before Keith himself had afforded a precedent, technically unimpeachable though strategically quite indefensible, when, neglecting St. Vincent's instructions, he finally lost the opportunity of intercepting Bruix by going direct to Minorca instead of taking a position off the Bay of Rosas. 'Although a military tribunal may think me criminal,' said Nelson, 'the world will approve my conduct.' The world has done nothing of the kind. It has felt, rightly in the main, that for this once Nelson allowed his self-esteem, even if no less worthy motive were at work, to get the better of his sense of military duty. No great harm came of it in the end; but if we cannot allow mere success to justify disobedience as such, still less can we allow lack of evil consequences to be pleaded as the justification of disobedience not otherwise defensible.

Nevertheless, extenuating circumstances may, and indeed in justice ought to be, pleaded. Such a man as Nelson never should have been placed under the orders of such a man as Lord Keith. When St. Vincent resigned the command in chief, none but Nelson should have succeeded him. The appointment of Lord Keith was little short of grotesque, and Nelson was the last man not to feel it bitterly. He knew his own value, and perhaps his self-esteem was only saved from degenerating into vanity by his real greatness of soul. The great-souled man, says Aristotle, is one who, being worthy of great things, deems himself to be so. The definition applies pre-eminently to Nelson. Not to deem himself the fittest man to succeed St. Vincent would have been unworthy of the victor of the Nile. Not to resent the preference given to Lord Keith would have
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been a submissiveness quite foreign to Nelson's nature and altogether incompatible with his genius. 'It is not every one,' says Captain Mahan, 'that can handle an instrument of such trenchant power, yet delicate temper, as Nelson's sensitive genius.' St. Vincent had done it, because he was himself a man of Nelson's mould. Lord Keith, on the other hand, 'was an accomplished and gallant officer, methodical, attentive, and correct, but otherwise he rose little above the commonplace, and while he could not ignore Nelson's great achievements, he does not seem to have had the insight which could appreciate the rare merit underlying them, nor the sympathetic temperament which could allow for his foibles.' Herein, we are convinced, lies the real and only secret of Nelson's disobedience in this case. Nelson was not a Samson caught in Delilah's toils, but the piteous victim of that bitterest of pangs, the sense of thwarted genius, as the father of history calls it in one of the saddest sentences ever penned: *Ἐχθίστη ὁδὺνη πολλὰ φρονέοντά περ μηδενὸς κρατέειν*. We may illustrate his position by two well-known anecdotes. 'My Lord,' said the great Lord Chatham to the Duke of Devonshire, 'I am sure that I can save this country, and that no one else can.' This was Nelson's feeling; and assuredly, if he could not save his country, it was not at all likely that Lord Keith would. Again, when the younger Pitt was invited to join Addington's Ministry, he was informed that his brother, the Earl of Chatham, was to be Prime Minister. Here the negotiation ended. 'Really,' said Pitt, 'I had not the curiosity to ask what I was to be.' Nelson, who, without being consulted in the matter, had had to serve under Keith, would certainly have sympathized with his old friend.

The consideration of Nelson's relations with Lady Hamilton and of its influence on his professional conduct has carried us far in the analysis of his character and the survey of his career. We have dwelt on it at length for that reason, and also because it is now almost the only question regarding Nelson which still remains open to controversy. There are three questions which must naturally suggest themselves to the critic of any new biography of Nelson:—Does the biographer draw a convincing portrait of Nelson as a man? Does he explain his pre-eminence as a seaman in terms of his character and career? Does he take a just view of the moral catastrophe of his life? To two of these questions the answer must be an affirmative so emphatic as almost to supersede detailed criticism. To the third, as we have seen, the answer must be more hesitating, though even here the faithful biographer may be more easily excused for leaning to the side of severity than for yielding to the

the maudlin sentiment which allows the glamour of a rather tawdry romance to silence the moral judgment altogether, and to obscure the pitiful tragedy of a hero dragged by his senses into the mire of an unworthy passion.* If it be further asked whether Captain Mahan is a better exponent than his predecessors of Nelson's unparalleled genius for war and of the historic import of his campaigns, it suffices to answer once for all that he is the author of the 'Influence of Sea Power upon History.' In this domain he is without a rival.

There is one other point, however, on which we find ourselves constrained with no little reluctance, and with profound respect for a judgment and authority which we cannot pretend to rival, in some measure to join issue with Captain Mahan. The doctrine of the 'fleet in being,' as originally formulated by Torrington after the battle of Beachy Head, and expounded in his comments on that action by Admiral Colomb, has more than once been advanced in this journal as pregnant with instruction and worthy of all acceptance. It is, says Captain Mahan, a doctrine or opinion which 'has received extreme expression . . . and apparently undergone equally extreme misconception.' To the latter proposition we can assent without reserve; whether the former applies to ourselves we are not greatly concerned to enquire. It will suffice to recall our own definition of the doctrine and to show, as we think we can, that it is little, if at all, at variance with the opinions repeatedly advanced by Captain Mahan and illustrated in the most brilliant and convincing fashion by Nelson's practice from first to last. Indeed, if we were to say that Nelson's strategic practice and his biographer's luminous exposition of it are both alike saturated with the doctrine of the 'fleet in being,' we should, in our judgment, only be insisting on the characteristic merit of both.

'He who contemplates a military enterprise of any moment across the sea, must first secure freedom of transit for his troops. To do this he must either defeat, mask, or keep at a distance, any hostile force which is strong enough, if left to itself, to interfere with his movements. In default of one or other of these alternatives it is safe to say, either that his enterprise will not be undertaken, or that it will fail. This is the true doctrine of the fleet in being—which is a fleet strategically at large, not itself in assured command of the sea, but strong enough to deny that command to its adversary by

* There are letters in the Morrison Collection, too coarse to quote, which show plainly enough that Nelson's infatuation for Lady Hamilton was essentially and passionately physical, and never rose to the level of an ennobling and redeeming inspiration.

strategic and tactical dispositions adapted to the circumstances of the case.'

So we wrote two years ago in discussing 'The Armada.*' The fact is that the doctrine of the fleet in being is merely a definition of the conditions which, so long as they exist, are incompatible with an established command of the sea. 'I consider,' said the late Sir Geoffrey Hornby, 'that I have command of the sea when I am able to tell my Government that they can move an expedition to any point without fear of interference from an enemy's fleet.' In other words, a fleet in being, as defined above, is, in the judgment of that great seaman, incompatible with an established command of the sea; and to any one who is prepared to maintain that Sir Geoffrey Hornby would ever have undertaken to conduct a military enterprise of any moment across the sea without having first established his command of the sea to be crossed, we can only say *Naviget Anticyram*.

Now let us see how far Captain Mahan really traverses the propositions advanced above. After the siege and reduction of Bastia, the British troops in Corsica were placed in transports which assembled in the bay of San Fiorenzo, under the convoy of Nelson in the 'Agamemnon,' with a view to the immediate prosecution of the siege of Calvi. Just previously a French fleet of seven sail-of-the-line put to sea from Toulon unresisted by Hotham, who was watching off that port. Hotham, having failed to intercept them, fell back upon Calvi, which he regarded as their objective, and was there joined by Hood with the main body of the British fleet. Having obtained information of the enemy's whereabouts, Hood at once made sail in pursuit, and, as Captain Mahan relates, 'in the afternoon of the 10th of June, caught sight of the enemy, but so close in with the shore that they succeeded in towing their ships under the protection of the batteries in Golfe Jouan'—generally called Gourjean by Nelson—'where for lack of wind, he was unable to follow them for some days, during which they had time to strengthen their position beyond his powers of offence. Hotham's error was irreparable.' In other words, the French fleet had been allowed by Hotham to escape, and therefore still to remain a formidable strategic menace. Baffled by an enemy whom he could not reach, Hood remained to watch him, and sent Nelson back in the 'Agamemnon,' to resume the work of embarking the troops from Bastia. In a few days the whole force, consisting of

* 'Quarterly Review,' July, 1895, p. 6.

the 'Agamemnon,' two smaller ships of war, and twenty-two transports, was anchored at San Fiorenzo.

'Here he met General Stuart. The latter was anxious to proceed at once with the siege of Calvi, but asked Nelson whether he thought it proper to take the shipping to that exposed position; alluding to the French fleet that had left Toulon, and which Hood was then seeking. Nelson's reply is interesting, as reflecting the judgment of a warrior at once prudent and enterprising, concerning the influence of a hostile "fleet in being" upon a contemplated detached operation. "I certainly thought it right," he said, "placing the firmest reliance that we should be perfectly safe under Lord Hood's protection, who would take care that the French fleet at Gourjean should not molest us." To Hood he wrote a week later: "I believed ourselves safe under your Lordship's wing." At this moment he thought the French to be nine sail-of-the-line to the British thirteen,—no contemptible inferior force. Yet that he recognized the possible danger from such a detachment is also clear; for, writing two days earlier, under the same belief as to the enemy's strength, and speaking of the expected approach of an important convoy, he says: "I hope they will not venture up till Lord Hood can get off Toulon, or wherever the French fleet are got to." When a particular opinion has received the extreme expression now given to that concerning the "fleet in being," and apparently has undergone equally extreme misconception, it is instructive to recur to the actual effect of such a force, upon the practice of a man with whom moral effect was never in excess of the facts of the case, whose imagination produced to him no paralyzing picture of remote contingencies. Is it probable that, with the great issues of 1690 at stake, Nelson, had he been in Tourville's place, would have deemed the crossing of the Channel by French troops impossible, because of Torrington's "fleet in being"?'

Certainly Nelson, had he been in Tourville's place, could not have deemed the crossing of the Channel by French troops impossible so long as he 'could place the firmest reliance that he would be perfectly safe under some Lord Hood's protection, who would take care that Torrington's fleet, whether at the Gunfleet or elsewhere, should not molest him.' But in order to establish anything like a parallel to Torrington's case, it would be necessary to suppose that Nelson would have sanctioned the descent on Calvi and the prosecution of the siege if Lord Hood's force had not been in a position to protect him. He neglected the menace of the French fleet only because he believed that force to be effectually masked, and himself to be perfectly safe 'under Lord Hood's wing.' Even the justly high authority of Captain Mahan cannot persuade us that this incident affords a proof or even a presumption that Nelson would have thought it prudent to transport the troops from San Fiorenzo to Calvi, and

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to prosecute the siege of the latter, if the French fleet had not been, as he believed, masked by Hood. On the contrary, the whole subsequent story, so well told and so admirably appreciated in all its strategic implications by Captain Mahan, of the proceedings of this fleet, of Hotham's failure to destroy it on two occasions, when, in Nelson's judgment at any rate, he had the opportunity, of its potent and even disastrous influence on the campaign until it was finally destroyed by Nelson himself at the Nile, is to our mind a most pregnant and conclusive proof that the doctrine of the fleet in being was one which Nelson uniformly illustrated in practice, even if he did not always fully grasp in theory.

That the doctrine has two distinct aspects is a proposition so obvious as scarcely to need stating. For an admiral who seeks to command the sea it means that the only way to secure that end is to dispose of, that is, to destroy, mask, or otherwise neutralize any and every organized force capable of interfering with his movements. This is what Nelson meant when he wrote to Lord St. Vincent, 'Not one moment shall be lost in bringing the enemy to battle; for I consider the best defence for his Sicilian Majesty's dominions is to place myself alongside the French.' This also is the basis and justification of his criticism of Hotham, and of his own dogged pursuit in later days of Villeneuve to the West Indies and back again. The Toulon fleet was always 'my fleet,' as he called it, the fleet which it was his business, whatever happened, to watch, pursue, and destroy. As it was at the Nile and at Trafalgar, so it was at Copenhagen. The organized naval force of the enemy was the one objective which Nelson ever placed before himself. He implored Hotham on the 14th March to pursue the enemy and destroy him there and then. 'Sure I am,' he said, 'had I commanded our fleet on the 14th, that either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape.' But Hotham, 'much cooler than myself, said, "We must be contented, we have done very well." Now had we taken ten sail, and had allowed the eleventh to escape, when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done.' And surely the doctrine of the fleet in being as it applies to the dispositions of an admiral who seeks to command the sea, could not be better stated than it is stated by Captain Mahan in his comment on this engagement:—

'The fact is, neither Hotham nor his opponent, Martin, was willing to hazard a decisive naval action, but wished merely to obtain a temporary advantage,—the moment's safety, no risks. "I have good reason," wrote Hotham in his despatch, "to hope,

from the enemy's steering to the westward after having passed our fleet, that whatever might have been their design, *their intentions are for the present frustrated.*" It is scarcely necessary to say that a man who looks no further ahead than this, who fails to realize that the destruction of the enemy's fleet is the one condition of permanent safety to his cause, will not rise to the conception presented to him on his quarter-deck by Nelson. The latter, whether by the sheer intuition of genius, which is most probable, or by the result of well-ordered reasoning, which is less likely, realized fully that to destroy the French fleet was the one thing for which the British fleet was there, and the one thing by doing which it could decisively affect the war.'

On the other hand, an admiral who is not for the moment strong enough to seize the command of the sea, must endeavour so to use his own fleet in being as to prevent that command passing to his enemy. This was what Torrington did; and this, too, was what Nelson, after Hotham had twice failed to destroy the French fleet, found himself compelled to do. It is not to be supposed that Torrington imagined for a moment that the fleet which, in spite of the disastrous orders of Mary and Nottingham, he had saved from destruction, would by its mere existence prevent a French invasion. He had kept it in being in order that he might use it offensively whenever the occasion should arise. His own words are decisive on this point: 'Whilst we observe the French, they cannot make any attempt on ships or shore, without running a great hazard; and if we are beaten, all is exposed to their mercy.' These words, it is true, were written before the battle of Beachy Head; but they enunciate the principle which governed his conduct in that action, and was afterwards to be stated in language which, in spite of all that has been said, we must still regard as embodying the quintessence of naval strategy, 'I always said that whilst we had a fleet in being they would not dare to make an attempt.' It is no doubt quite true, as Mr. David Hannay says in his Introduction to the 'Letters of Sir Samuel Hood,' that 'the fleet in being must be strong enough for its work, and that the admiral in command of it must not merely trust to his presence to deter the enemy,' but when the same writer adds that an admiral in such a case 'must strike at once and hard,' he seems to us entirely to miss the point. Strike hard such an admiral must when he does strike, even if his stroke involves the loss of his whole fleet; but the time at which he should strike thus must be determined by circumstances and opportunity. To sacrifice his whole fleet, as Nottingham and Mary would have had Torrington do, without frustrating the enemy's purpose

purpose may be magnificent, but it is not war. Nelson, as Captain Mahan tells us, 'expressed with the utmost decision his clear appreciation that even a lost battle, *if delivered at the right point or at the right moment*, would frustrate the ulterior objects of the enemy, by crippling the force on which they depended.' But though he was thus prepared to strike hard when the time came, he was certainly by no means eager to strike at once and before the time came. On this point, at any rate, there is no room for doubt, either as to his own views or as to those of his biographer. In his vivid narrative of the final pursuit of Villeneuve, Captain Mahan pauses to interpolate the following impressive comment:—

'It was about this time that Nelson expressed to one or more of his captains, his views as to what he had so far effected, what he had proposed to do if he had met the hostile fleets, and what his future course would be if they were yet found. "I am thankful that the enemy have been driven from the West India Islands with so little loss to our Country. I had made up my mind to great sacrifices; for I had determined, notwithstanding his vast superiority, to stop his career, and to put it out of his power to do any further mischief. Yet do not imagine I am one of those hot-brained people, who fight at an immense disadvantage, *without an adequate object*. My object is partly gained," that is, the allies had been forced out of the West Indies. "If we meet them, we shall find them not less than eighteen, I rather think twenty sail-of-the-line, and therefore do not be surprised if I do not fall on them immediately: *we won't part without a battle*. I think they will be glad to leave me alone, if I will let them alone; which I will do, either till we approach the shores of Europe, or they give me an advantage too tempting to be resisted."

'It is rare to find so much sagacious appreciation of conditions, combined with so much exalted resolution and sound discretion, as in this compact utterance. Among the external interests of Great Britain, the West Indies were the greatest. They were critically threatened by the force he was pursuing; therefore at all costs that force should be so disabled, that it could do nothing effective against the defences with which the scattered islands were provided. For this end he was prepared to risk the destruction of his squadron. The West Indies were now delivered; but the enemy's force remained, and other British interests. Three months before, he had said, "I had rather see half my squadron burnt than risk what the French fleet may do in the Mediterranean." In the same spirit he now repeats: "Though we are but eleven to eighteen or twenty, we won't part without a battle." Why fight such odds? He himself has told us a little later. "By the time the enemy has beat our fleet soundly, they will do us no harm this year." Granting this conclusion,—the reasonableness of which was substantiated at Trafalgar,—

falgar,—it cannot be denied that the sacrifice would be justified, the enemy's combination being disconcerted. Yet there shall be no headlong, reckless attack. "I will leave them alone till they offer me an opportunity too tempting to be resisted,"—that speaks for itself,—or, "until we approach the shores of Europe," when the matter can no longer be deferred, and the twenty ships must be taken out of Napoleon's hosts, even though eleven be destroyed to effect this. The preparedness of mind is to be noted, and yet more the firmness of the conviction, in the strength of which alone such deeds are done. It is the man of faith who is ever the man of works.

'Singularly enough, his plans were quickly to receive the best of illustrations by the failure of contrary methods. Scarcely a month later fifteen British ships, under another admiral, met these twenty, which Nelson with eleven now sought in vain. They did not part without a battle, but they did part without a decisive battle; they were not kept in sight afterwards; they joined and were incorporated with Napoleon's great armada; they had further wide opportunities of mischief; and there followed for the people of Great Britain a period of bitter suspense and wide-spread panic.'

Now it may be that Torrington was rather a Calder than a Nelson; but even if so much be granted, all that the admission proves is that Torrington, though he enunciated a sound doctrine and gave it expression in very memorable words, did not apply it as Nelson would have done. That is a matter of opinion about which it is not very profitable to dispute. But the doctrine itself is a matter of principle about which, so far as we can see, Nelson's own practice affords no solid ground for dispute. In any case, it is important to note that on one occasion, at any rate, Nelson acted exactly as Torrington did; that is, he declined to 'strike at once and strike hard,' at a time when he saw clearly that by so doing he would play his enemy's game, and not his own. Singularly enough Captain Mahan, in his comment on this incident, appears to recognize and insist on the doctrine of the fleet in being as emphatically as any of its supporters could desire:—

'With this unsatisfactory affair, Nelson's direct connection with the main body of the fleet came to an end for the remainder of Hotham's command. It is scarcely necessary to add that the prime object of the British fleet at all times, and not least in the Mediterranean in 1795,—the control of the sea,—continued as doubtful as it had been at the beginning of the year. The dead weight of the admiral's having upon his mind the Toulon fleet, undiminished in force despite two occasions for decisive action, was to be clearly seen in the ensuing operations. On this, also, Nelson did much thinking, as passing events threw light upon the consequences of
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missing opportunities. "The British fleet," he wrote, five years later, and no man better knew the facts, "could have prevented the invasion of Italy; and, if our friend Hotham had kept his fleet on that coast, I assert, and you will agree with me, no army from France could have been furnished with stores or provisions; even men could not have marched." But how keep the fleet on the Italian coast, while the French fleet in full vigour remained in Toulon? What a curb it was appeared again in the next campaign, and even more clearly, because the British were then commanded by Sir John Jervis, a man not to be checked by ordinary obstacles. From the decks of his flagship Nelson, in the following April, watched a convoy passing close in shore. "To get at them was impossible before they anchored under such batteries as would have crippled our fleet; and, had such an event happened, *in the present state of the enemy's fleet*, Tuscany, Naples, Rome, Sicily, &c., would have fallen as fast as their ships could have sailed along the coast. Our fleet is the only saviour at present for those countries."

Here we must make an end. There is much more to say, if space could be found for it, for the subject of Nelson and his strategic intuitions is inexhaustible. But we cannot make a better end than by insisting that the one broad lesson of Nelson's life is his unfailing perception and splendid illustration of the doctrine that the paramount object of a sea captain in war must always be to destroy, disable, or otherwise neutralize the organized naval force of his enemy or such portion of it as represents his immediate adversary. If exception be taken to calling this doctrine the doctrine of the fleet in being, we are not concerned to insist on a phrase which has certainly, as Captain Mahan says, undergone extreme misconception. But on the doctrine itself we must insist as the beginning and the end of all sound thinking on naval warfare and its principles. It was because Napoleon never understood it, and Nelson never lost sight of it, that Napoleon's schemes for the invasion of England were brought to naught. Napoleon seems to have thought that if he could get his fleets into the Channel without an action, the invasion could take place. Nelson knew better. He knew that whatever combinations Napoleon might make, however successfully his Villeneuves, his Ganteaumes, his Missiessys, might evade the watch of the British Admirals for a time, however adroitly they might strive to 'decoy' them away, they could never attain such a command of the Channel as would enable the Army of Boulogne to cross until they had fought those same Admirals on no very unequal terms, and beaten them as thoroughly as he himself beat Villeneuve at Trafalgar. 'They should not have stirred,' wrote Howard of the Armada, 'but we would have
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been upon their jacks.' Nelson was ever 'upon the jacks' of Villeneuve. Cornwallis held Ganteaume in a vice. Calder, if he had been a man like Nelson and not a man like Hotham, would have anticipated Trafalgar. Napoleon's whole combination was in truth vitiated throughout by the colossal blunder of supposing, if he ever did suppose, that even if his fleets had succeeded in escaping, combining, and reaching the Channel they could have availed him anything so long as Nelson, Cornwallis, and Calder, to say nothing of ample forces nearer home, were behind, before, and around them, resolved, as Nelson said, 'not to part without a battle' or as Drake had said, two hundred years before, 'to wrestle a pull' with them. But Napoleon never grasped the lessons of the Armada. He did not know that evasion cannot secure the command of the sea except as a preliminary to fighting for it, and that all his combinations were vain unless or until they could enable his admirals to sweep the sea of his foes. This is the open secret of the sea, which whoso divines is its master and whoso ignores is its victim. The Sphinx of history has propounded its riddle to nation after nation, and each, as it failed to guess it, has paid the inexorable penalty. At Gravelines the sceptre of the world's sea power passed from Spain to England. At Trafalgar 'it was not Villeneuve that failed, but Napoleon that was vanquished; not Nelson that won, but England that was saved.' Yet Napoleon, in his defeat, dealt the nation he never could subdue an insidious blow which smote her as with the blindness of *Œdipus*. More than ninety years after Trafalgar was fought we are only just beginning to understand again those eternal principles of sea defence which Nelson illustrated so splendidly in his life, and consecrated so gloriously in his death. The blunders of Napoleon have for long been far more potent to guide and inspire our defensive policy than the genius and teaching of Nelson; and the conqueror of Europe might have found a sinister consolation in his final discomfiture could he have foreseen that, for nearly a century after the campaign which undid him, the mistress of the seas, whose supremacy he never could shake, would bury the secret of her victory fathoms deep in the blue waters of Trafalgar, and close her eyes, as they wept for Nelson, to the things which belong to her peace.

- ART. VII.—1. *Essays, Addresses, and Translations.* By the 4th Earl of Carnarvon. Edited by Sir Robert G. W. Herbert, G.C.B. Privately printed. 1896.
2. *The Defence of the Empire ; a Selection from the Letters and Speeches of the 4th Earl of Carnarvon.* Edited by Lieut.-Colonel Sir George Sydenham Clarke, K.C.M.G., &c, London, 1897.
3. *Problems of Greater Britain.* By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart., M.P. London, 1890.
4. *A Short History of British Colonial Policy.* By Hugh E. Egerton. London, 1897.

THE summer of 1897 will long be remembered by Englishmen for the visit to the mother country of representatives from all parts of that British Empire, beyond seas, which is practically the growth of the Queen's reign. Not even in the Exhibition year of 1851 did the provinces as well as the capital witness so various and picturesque a delegation of colours and creeds, of interests and nationalities. These incidents in the year of the Royal Commemoration, being of no ordinary or fugitive significance, furnish apt occasion for a review of the historic events or of the personal agencies at home and abroad which have chiefly contributed to the building up during the last half-century of the colonial Empire of England as well as to the familiarization of the insular mind with the size, variety, value, and many-sided interest of the Greater Britain which lies under other suns.

Before attempting such an enquiry, it may be well compendiously, but as far as possible precisely, to let the most recently accessible facts and figures testify to the diversified magnitude of the interests and opportunities, of which the newer and greater Britain represents the sum. Briefly, then, this empire consists of 9,000,000 square miles; being a fifth part of the habitable globe. As Sir Charles Dilke puts it, this area is equal in extent to nearly three Europes; its revenues amount to some two hundred and ten millions sterling. Including, for the moment only, India, which in other respects does not come within the scope of these remarks, the total of our foreign Imperial area would be 11,000,000 square miles; that is, ninety-one times the surface extent of the mother country. Our colonial dominions alone are seventy-seven times greater than the mother country. These lands, lying in every latitude, produce all possible commodities of life and trade. They supply half the sea-borne commerce of the world. There are no richer wheat granaries, wool markets, timber

timber forests, and diamond fields than those of Greater Britain. In tea we are fast approaching the first place. In sugar we have few successful rivals; in coal, iron, and copper we hold our own with all mankind. In respect of tobacco, India and Jamaica produce qualities which come next after those of Havana and Manilla, which are even beginning to compete with them. Our coffee, though in comparison with that of Brazil and Java small in bulk, is of the finest quality known. Thus the outlying portions of the British Kingdom, not only provide careers inaccessible at home for every class and every grade of intelligence and aptitude in the community, they would also, as regards food supply, enable us, if we pleased, to be independent of any foreign source.

While the mother country itself territorially represents almost an insignificant part of Imperial Britain, a more concrete and picturesque idea of the place filled in the world's story by the colonial Empire of Great Britain may be formed from the calculations of the Imperial Federation League, now transformed into the British Empire League. Our colonial dominions, then, are five times as large as was the empire of Darius the Great; they are four times larger than that of ancient Rome; they exceed by an eighth in size the empire of Russia; they contain 230 millions more people than the Russian empire. They are sixteen times as great as that of France; they are forty times as great as that of Germany. The possessions of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are not traversed till after seventeen days' continuous railway journeying. Yet these only amount in size to one-third of the Empire of Great Britain.

As Greater Britain comprises every variety of race and religion, of climate and of natural products, so is it an illustration and epitome of all those diversities of political constitution, of social economy, of legislation and government which the mind of man has devised, or centuries of tradition have matured. From the absolutism that controls India to the democracy of South Australia and Ontario, more forms of Government than were ever passed in review by Aristotle, by Bacon, by Sir Thomas More, or by Machiavelli, are actively illustrated on the soil over which our flag floats. These polities, if under that head all varieties of control be included, are estimated by the authors of the 'Colonial List' at forty-two. The chief divisions into which these administrations may be grouped pregnantly suggest the progressive enlightenment and emancipating influences of Great Britain as a colonizing power. Eleven colonies possess to-day elective assemblies for legislation and full self-government, after the pattern of the mother country.

country. Even where these privileges have not yet been conceded, in all their constitutional completeness, there are only five colonies without some form of representation, or in which the official administrator sums up in himself the legislative as well as the executive power of the State. Of that condition of affairs, Gibraltar, Labuan, St. Helena, and the South African Settlements of Basutoland, and Zululand are instances. As regards Gibraltar, it is doubtful whether it comes entirely within this category; during the seventies, delegates from the Rock visited London, to confer with the Colonial Office on certain recently issued Ordinances, and to discuss several matters connected with them, of which smuggling was one. The present chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, Sir Thomas Sutherland, as one interested in, and practically conversant with, the needs of our Mediterranean fortress, strongly impressed on Mr. Francis Francia, the leader of the deputation, and upon his colleagues, the expediency of some sort of local body which might at least be the channel for communicating to the Governor the requirements of the settlement and the public opinion of its unofficial and chiefly commercial members. If full effect has not even yet been given to this advice, the views of the 'scorpions' on all municipal and some Imperial affairs now find more of organized expression in official quarters than they once did, with the result that the friction and misunderstanding which brought about the deputation of 1873 do not seem to have recurred.

Although our colonial fellow-subjects are, as to numbers, divided in nearly equal proportions between the self-governed and the Crown-ruled countries in respect of area, the former represents two-thirds of the area of the whole quantity. To regard the matter arithmetically, a comparison of population statistics between Great Britain and Greater Britain, yields results exactly opposite to those supplied by a comparison of areas. The colonial population has, indeed, increased from 15½ millions in 1881 to 20 millions now. It remains still less by 18 millions than the population of the mother country, taking the latter at 38 millions. The inhabitants of the colonial capitals may seem to be fewer than the size of the towns themselves would lead one to expect; they are not fewer than might be inferred from the fact that the chief colonial products are at present raw materials rather than manufactured articles. The colonial populations vary from Melbourne with close on half a million inhabitants, to Wellington (N.Z.) with close upon thirty-three thousand. Indeed, the limit of thirty thousand, which Wellington passes, is exceeded by only thirty-four towns.

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The extreme youth of the countries now spoken of is not always realized by Englishmen; it explains fully the comparatively low numbers of the dwellers in colonial towns. For all human purposes, Australia is not half a century old. She did but begin in 1851. John Pascoe Fawkner, one of the founders of Melbourne, was still alive when the Duke of Edinburgh, in 1860, visited the Antipodes. Fawkner's colleague in his work, Henty, and slightly Fawkner's senior, only died fifteen years ago—in 1882. What is really remarkable is, not that the capitals of Greater Britain have fewer inhabitants than those of Great Britain, but that, with an export trade chiefly, if not exclusively, one of unmade materials, their population has increased so fast as actually has been the case. This trade in the materials for manufacture indicates the present wealth and contains the prophecy of the increasing resources and power of Greater Britain beyond the sea. While what is called the object-lesson in all things pertaining to Greater Britain, given by the Royal Commemoration of last summer, is still fresh in many minds, the growing popularity of the Colonies as the adopted homes of Englishmen may be tested by something more practical and less fleeting than the applause and enthusiasm which on the memorable June 22nd, 1897, welcomed the representatives of colonial power on their progress through the London streets, from Prime Ministers and officers commanding colonial troops, down to buglers or drummer-boys. In 1837 the number of British-born emigrants to the Colonies was 35,264; of these 29,884 went to North America, and 5,054 to Australasia. During the past six decades these figures have steadily increased. The latest returns available, which may be spoken of as those of 1897, show the British emigrants to our North American Colonies to have risen to 15,267, those to Australasia to have risen to 10,354; while our other colonies, chiefly South Africa, receive 24,594.

The reign, therefore, has witnessed an augmentation of nearly 50 per cent. of British additions to Greater Britain abroad. That, of course, means something like a corresponding diminution in the yearly totals of British-born settlers in the lands of the United States; though on this point the only comparative estimate accessible is too obviously conjectural to admit of reproduction here. Other memories may well have mingled with the recognition of these facts, and have had their place in explaining the remarkable manifestation of Imperial sentiment and interest that will always be associated with the year 1897. Without anticipating the subject of Imperial defence, the practical unity of mother country and Colonies is shown by
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the fact that the past sixty years of the present reign have witnessed, with the exception only of the naval stations at Halifax and Cape Town, the withdrawal of Imperial troops from the self-governing Colonies. Thus the policy which between 1837 and 1849 was denounced as impracticable, or, should it be tried, as sure to lead to the disintegration of the Colonial Empire, has proved not only possible but successful and safe. In November 1886, during the Secretaryship of State of the late Mr. E. Stanhope, and under the presidency of the present Lord Knutsford, the most important event in the recent history of the mutual relations of Great Britain and Greater Britain took place. At a conference between the Whitehall officials and colonial representatives, the details of the naval defence of the Colonies by the mother country, and the contributions of the former to the expenditure for that purpose were settled, the most important decision arrived at being the increase of the Australasian squadron by fast cruisers and torpedo-gunboats. Before that, the Colonies had given proof of their capacity to do something more than repel a possible invasion of their own shores. During both our earlier and later military operations of the eighties in Afghanistan; at the beginning of our Egyptian complications in 1882; during the campaign that ended at Tel-el-Kebir; during the subsequent struggles with the Soudan dervishes, the Horse Guards received offers from Canadian and Australian volunteers to serve under the old flag. When, again, in the spring of 1885, Mr. Gladstone's 11,000,000*l.* credit-vote, to be divided between Egypt and India, as well as the occupation by Russian troops of Penjdeh, reminded us that we might be on the eve of a struggle which would tax the energies of the whole Empire, troops, fully equipped at colonial expense, were at once placed at the disposal of the mother country.

Nor is it only their militant patriotism or their commercial opportunities and success that have inspired the present generation of Britons with an appreciation, at once proud and fond, of those kindred communities from which they are divided by oceans, but no longer by sentiment. All the earliest, not a little of the later, colonial history of Great Britain is an appeal to those qualities of enterprise, endurance, resourcefulness, and, notably, moral and philanthropic earnestness, which are bright points in the Anglo-Saxon character and annals. Sir George Cornewall Lewis has defined a colony as a body of permanent settlers from a distance, expelling or outnumbering the natives among whom a settlement is made. The definition is not entirely satisfactory, no matter to which
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of modern colonizing peoples it is applied. It was probably framed to meet the earlier cases of Spanish and Portuguese settlements in South America, India, and Ceylon, rather than the most characteristic processes by which Britons have carried their civil State and social polity to the extreme verge of the habitable world. Nor is the metaphor that Turgot has substituted for definition, much better, if tried by the standard of British experience. 'Colonies,' said that shrewd, but not always wide- or far-seeing Frenchman, 'are like fruits, which only cling to the tree till they ripen.' What maturity could exceed that of the Greater Britain of 1897? What tenacity could be more ivy-like than the continued adhesion of the Greater Britains to the Smaller? It is the moral of the late Sir J. R. Seeley's lectures on the 'Expansion of England' to show that all the great European wars, wherein this country was a principal, from the Seven Years' War, to the duel in which Napoleon engaged France with England, had as their object and prize the possession of the New World beyond the Atlantic or Pacific. Yet he is at pains to prove the origin of our Colonial Empire to have been as little exclusively commercial as its maintenance has been dominantly military. Commerce, indeed, alone has seldom proved sufficient peacefully to extend the dominion of any European State. Commercial motives in themselves have led to scarcely fewer wars than religious jealousy. Cromwell attacked Spain, not because she was a Catholic, but because she was commercially a monopolizing Power. So, too, the wars of the Spanish Succession had nothing of the character of a theological crusade; they arose out of the French claim to the reversion of the Spanish monopoly of the New World's trade, and the resolve of the English people, rather than of the English Government, to refuse that demand.

One of the sources of national pride in the colonial Empire of Great Britain may be analyzed into a consciousness that the inhabitants of these islands have achieved success in a task, which many others have attempted, but not accomplished in the same degree as ourselves. In colonial matters, more signally even than in others, our practical genius has enabled us to profit by the mistakes as well as by the successes of our predecessors. Under Henry VII., Sebastian Cabot, the Venetian who lived at Bristol, made his first voyage to America only five years after Columbus. During the sixteenth century Britain sent out no less notable explorers than De Prado, Hore, Willoughby, Chancellor, pioneers of the North-East passage to the Indies, as Frobisher and Davis were of the North-West.

North-West. To the same epoch belonged Cavendish, the circumnavigator of the globe, Walter Raleigh, and his half-brother Humphréy Gilbert. The scientific seamanship of the Elizabethan sailors had been preceded by the discoveries of men trained in the nautical colleges founded by Henry VIII. Long before Newfoundland was constituted an English Colony by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the fisheries of that island were in 1540 the subject of Parliamentary legislation. The Dutch, and before them the Portuguese and Spanish, were, in point of time, both ahead of us in the colonial race. While English ships were laboriously ploughing unknown Indian seas, Spain and Portugal possessed colonial empires. Holland had trained itself to be the immediate successor of these. The colonial education of Europe has thus been as progressive as its political. Each new Power has gained by coming after its immediate predecessor. Great Britain's compensation for the loss of Calais in 1558, of Dunkirk in 1663 ; for her separation from Hanover by the agency of Salic law, and for her detachment from all continental responsibilities except her Mediterranean outpost of Gibraltar, has been to have entered upon the colonial heritage of Portugal, Spain, Holland, and to have enlarged this by territories unknown to any of these Powers.

Something of her good fortune is doubtless due to the natural opportunities, geographical position, ethnic and religious history of Britain, as well as to the superior aptitudes of her people for work. As Spain and Portugal had been trained for colonial prowess by their wars against the Moors, so Holland had received the same sort of Imperial education by her struggles with Philip of Spain to achieve independence for the Netherlands. In the same way Great Britain was disciplined by her contests with Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. for the headship of that empire which recently sent its representatives of all colours, nationalities, and creeds to the capital of the mother country. As military conquerors, the colonial history of the Latin peoples is greater than that of Britain. As traders, the Dutch have shown not less enterprise than, and have secured material results as great as, ourselves. In respect of adaptability to varying conditions of race and climate, in point of capacity to assimilate foreign elements, the record of France in North America and in the West Indies is not inferior to our own ; while of the whole West Indian archipelago, the island which during the early years of the last century boasted the greatest prosperity, St. Domingo, was socially the product of French civilization. The durability and extent of our own colonial Empire must no doubt first of all be ascribed to the well-

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assorted mixture of which the race consists. So many elements blended, in fusion so complete as that described in Tennyson's lyric welcome to the Princess of Wales thirty years ago, have never been witnessed elsewhere. 'This crucible of mighty races whence was to arise that keen and tempered steel of character which has made us what we are'—this, in one of his essays on early English history, is Lord Carnarvon's apt summary of the influences which have helped us as a colonial power. Diversity of race has been usefully supplemented, within these islands, by an almost equal variety of climate and production. The mountains of Northern Britain, the open South Downs that are the bulwarks of the Sussex coast, the mineral districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the pastures of Somerset or Dorset, the apple orchards of Devon, the cherry groves and the hop gardens of Kent—of how many countries is this island the compendium? Nor has that religious toleration, which is the outcome of our history, the expression of our genius, and which now enables all communions to live peacefully together under the Queen, helped a little to fit us for the work. Indeed, of all the causes that checked France in her colonial competition with Britain, none would seem to have been more to her disadvantage than religious exclusiveness. More serious even than the caprices and extravagances of Louis XIV. or XV., and of their court favourites clamouring for colonial appointments; more disastrous than the quarrels of chiefs—the jealousies, for instance, of Dupleix and Labourdonnais in the East, of Montcalm and Vaudreuil in Canada, was the policy that reached its climax in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and that inspired the regulations issued by Richelieu for French Canada, warning all Protestants off Canadian soil. The Portuguese committed a great mistake when they discouraged these Protestants from Brazil. It was slight in comparison to the blunder of France in closing Canada against all emigrants not of the Romish discipline. The ascendancy of Holland as a Colonial Power, after Portugal had been absorbed by Spain in 1680, symbolized the triumph, not only of the Teuton over the Latin, of the principle of religious freedom over religious intolerance, but also that of an enlightened middle-class over a bigoted aristocracy, which, clinging to vanished feudal or to effete Bourbon traditions, had, in the familiar phrase, learnt nothing and forgotten nothing.

In spite, however, of all the national faults, miscarriages and her fatally ubiquitous interventions, the vitality of her Colonial system is shown by the fact that France to-day in Pondicherry, Réunion, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Cayenne, Senegal, Algeria, Cochin

Cochin China, and the Gaboon River, outlasts both her Latin rivals and even the Dutch. Great Britain, in regard of size, occupies a happy point between her larger and her smaller rivals on the Continent. Her area, though less than that of France or Spain, is three or four times that of Portugal. It is ten times that of Holland. She has thus proved herself equal to the strain of Imperial extension to a degree in which the Dutch at least wholly failed to do. Had the latter, indeed, shown a capacity for converting the kingdom of the Netherlands into a Netherland empire, Greater Britain would scarcely have grown to its present dimensions. Again, though Portuguese and Dutch have as traders both done much the same work as we ourselves, the spirit of its execution has been fatal to the consolidation of empire. The Dutch, indeed, avoided some blunders of the Portuguese; they organized none of those monopolies which, in the case of the Latin races, were formed for the aggrandizement of the State rather than for its private subjects. But as the Portuguese lost the carrying trade of the world because they thought only of Lisbon, so the Dutch eventually forfeited a large share of the commerce of the world because they thought only of merchandise. The Netherlanders as explorers first, as traders afterwards, gave nothing of that offence to native races which their Peninsular predecessors had contemptuously scattered broadcast. So long as his cash profits were secure, the trading Mynheer meekly pocketed insults together with money.

Not till the era of British colonization opened in the seventeenth century did there appear a nation which, disciplined in a school of military experience like those who had gone before it, brought to the commerce of empire the trading faculties of the Dutch, tempered by a broad common-sense which the Hollander had lacked, as well as the adaptability to new environments which France had seldom failed to show, but which was now, in the case of Britain, ballasted by graver qualities that the French never possessed. There are other aspects of colonial history which have fascinated the English public generally, and specially attracted to the subject individual minds like that of the statesman whose privately printed papers are mentioned at the head of this paper. Since Puritan times, the British people have been accounted the most deeply and earnestly religious in the world. Long before Cromwell and his Ironsides, there was probably never an epoch at which that character was undeserved by our countrymen. The association between geographical research and spiritual zeal has always been close. When, in addition to these considerations, it is

remembered that all the chief colonial ventures of Great Britain have originated in individual rather than national effort, enough has been said to explain the force of the appeal made by our colonies, not only to the patriotic pride, but to the human interest of Englishmen. Especially is this explanation applicable to the former Colonial Minister, whose private papers, in their printed shape, come to us as a voice from beyond the tomb, revealing, as nothing else could, a complex, chivalrous, but subtle and delicate character; one, therefore, which, fully to be understood, needed this new evidence as to the taste, the temper, and the associations of a man who has left his mark deeply on the colonial administration of the present reign.

That the fourth Lord Carnarvon had a strain of spiritual mysticism in his temper is known to all those who were acquainted with him in private life. It was this quality which caused him to be so entirely absorbed in a remarkable book, 'John Inglesant,' that appeared at a particularly busy moment of his career, and that, once taken up, was not laid down till the reader had followed the hero from the seclusion of Little Gidding, through the spiritual and ceremonial experiences at Florence, which have exhausted the interest of many sincere admirers of the author who, from personal idiosyncrasies, were less in sympathy than Lord Carnarvon with these portions of the work. As it would have been impossible to understand the attraction that Greater Britain had for Lord Carnarvon without some recollections of the aspects in which intelligent patriots see the great work of England beyond seas; so neither the public work of the man now spoken of, nor the spirit in which it was approached, can be understood without some words on the private influences and associations of his earlier years, as well as of the intellectual forces, embodied in some remarkable men, which moulded his youth and manhood. Like their relatives, the Aclands, the Herberts of Pixton in West Somerset, and of Highclere in Hampshire, had in earlier days been of the Whig connexion. The third Lord Carnarvon, a typical country gentleman of the better sort, sometimes veiled his great mental gifts, deep cultivation, and fastidious tastes by a manner so unaffected, even to bluntness, as locally to have earned for him the title of 'the Squire.' Apart from literary tastes, personal as well as inherited and traditional, a keen interest in the pleasures and in the business of a country landlord, the fourth Lord Carnarvon bore not less resemblance to his father in social demeanour than in personal appearance. As Lord Porchester, the young man found in his uncle, Mr. Edward Herbert, member for Callington, an Eton and Oxford scholar of the most finished kind,

kind, another trainer of his youth, who left nothing undone to perpetuate the Herbert tradition, as on its moral side it was illustrated by the poetic and saintly rector of Bemerton, or in its secular aspects by George Herbert's brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who may be said to have personified the ideal of what our ancestors called 'the complete man;' equally at home in the council-room and the field, in the fencing-yard and the forum, in Parliament and at the covert-side.

The expectation that the third Lord Carnarvon would have a place in Lord Grey's Reform Cabinet, was not fulfilled, and the omitted nobleman, following the example already made classical by the Portland Whigs of an earlier generation, henceforth received the Tory Whips. The only effect of his partial withdrawal from active politics was to give him more leisure for superintending the education of his son. Nearly five-and-thirty years afterwards, a survivor of the Grey Administration, the Mr. Stanley of the thirties, now Lord Derby, headed a Conservative Government which came into power for the purpose of passing a measure more advanced than the Whig Reform Act. Loyalty both to family and to friends was a trait in the fourth Lord Carnarvon's character. His reluctance to leave the Derby-Disraeli Cabinet of 1867 was genuine, as his interest in his office—the Colonies—was deep. It was scarcely in human nature that his regret should not be chastened to resignation by the memory, that the chief author of household suffrage had belonged to the Government from which the third Lord Carnarvon had been excluded; for, as was known before any of Lord Carnarvon's papers were privately printed, the leading spirit in the Reform Act of 1867 was not Mr. Disraeli, but Lord Derby. As was shown in the 'Quarterly Review' for October 1895, household franchise had been for more than a quarter of a century in the air, and a frequent subject of conversation in Conservative circles, before it was actually adopted by the Derby-Disraeli Cabinet. Although, in 'Endymion,' Disraeli is supposed to have given a satirical sketch of Lord Carnarvon, there was never any friction in the personal or social relations of the two men. They visited each other at their country houses; took the same sort of interest in, and frequently corresponded on, subjects arising out of a country life; found the same kind of attraction in, and held much the same views on, many literary subjects of past or present interest. Between the fourteenth Lord Derby and the fourth Lord Carnarvon the relations were very different. Beyond a belief in classical education, and a knowledge of Greek and Latin authors, the sporting Earl of Knowsley, whose supreme happi-

ness was to have 'dished the Whigs,' had probably nothing in common with the grave and gentle student of Highclere. To Mr. Disraeli, in 1867, certainly Lord Carnarvon's, probably Lord Cranborne's, resignation did not come as a surprise. When as yet the Reform Bill existed only *in petto*, referring to certain rumours as to its scope, Lord Carnarvon let it be known that, if the measure proved one of household franchise pure and simple, he should think it right to be no party to it. Lord Derby's remark on this decision was characteristic and retrospective: 'We got on very well without the father in '32; I really think we can manage without the son in '67.'

Lord Carnarvon's public life may almost be said to have begun before his school-days were over, or the two great influences which moulded his intellect and character, and which presently will be examined, had yet made themselves felt with him. Before he went to Eton he had, in his mother's London drawing-room, delivered an address to the members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. At school, where his tutors were successively Mr. Kent and Mr. Scott, he made the same kind of mark that many boys who afterwards became well-known men had done; he won the English essay; he shone steadily, rather than brilliantly, in the school debating society.

It was not till, as an Oxford undergraduate, reading for the final schools, he became the private pupil of Mansel, the future Dean of St. Paul's, then fellow and tutor of St. John's, that the Lord Porchester of those days was brought into contact with the master-mind, his obligations to which he never forgot, and has described in these papers. On this point the future Colonial Minister may be allowed to record his experiences in his own words:—

'In one of those picturesque and old-world colleges, in rooms* which on one side looked upon the collegiate quadrangle, with its sober and meditative architecture, and on the other caught the play of light and shade cast by trees almost as venerable as the garden grass, in one of those rooms whose walls were built up to the ceiling with books, which, nevertheless, overflowed on the floor, and were piled in masses of disorderly order upon chairs and tables.'

Such is the frame wherein an interesting and faithful picture of the future Dean of St. Paul's is set. As a teacher, Mansel, with his 'transparently lucid, accurate instruction,' helped his pupil to win a first-class in the final classical schools. In

* These rooms are those in which Charles I. stayed during the war. They command a view of the college garden; all who know them will recognize the appositeness of Lord Carnarvon's epithets.

private life Mansel delighted the common rooms of his University by the application of the resources of a prodigious memory and keen intellect to the genial intercourse of society. An admiring pupil of this notable man, Lord Carnarvon did not fail to mark certain qualities inherent in his greatness, which those who met him did not always understand. Mansel's mind, though one of the highest order (he was admitted by Jowett to be the greatest master of rhetoric whom Victorian Oxford has known), required careful study, as at a later date Canon Liddon remarked, before it could be properly appreciated. Mansel's memory was powerful. It was not, like Macaulay's, always and automatically at its possessor's command. It had to be set in motion by a process which sometimes required several efforts.

When he comes to political contemporaries or friends, Lord Carnarvon expresses himself with more reserve than in his life-like reminiscences of his old tutor, who was so long the leader of Oxford Conservatism; who enabled other pupils than Lord Carnarvon to find an intellectual basis for their political faith, and whose educating authority lives to this day, not only in his own University, but among the men whom he trained for public life in all parts of the Empire—Members of Parliament, Cabinet Ministers, judges, civil servants at home, servants of the Crown, civilian or military, from Jamaica to Bengal. If ever a man could be known from his companions, the most distinctive qualities of Lord Carnarvon are shown forth in his sketches of those public personages who were chiefly congenial to his temper and his convictions. Among these, neither Lord Derby nor Mr. Disraeli has a place. But if the foremost of those with whom he was thrown are perhaps deliberately ignored here, others scarcely less noteworthy are sketched to the life. Among the still remembered public men of good abilities and unblemished character, his impressions of whom Lord Carnarvon has bequeathed to his friends, none is more representative of a steadily diminishing class or of greater interest than the picture of Sir William Heathcote, so long Mr. Gladstone's Conservative colleague in the representation of Oxford. Of Heathcote, Disraeli declared it to be impossible, so long as such men remained, for a country party to lack a natural leader. At Oxford the pupil of Keble, afterwards the patron of the living in which Keble wrote his 'Christian Year,' carefully trained in all the learning that the Oxford of his day could give, Heathcote was one of the group of undergraduates to be made illustrious in later years by the names of Derby, Shaftesbury, Halifax, Harrowby, Pusey, Denison, Morpeth, Grey.

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‘To a remarkable clearness and vigour of intellect he added a fairness of mind, a persuasiveness and courtesy of manner, with an inflexible uprightness of purpose, which won to him friend and stranger alike. Absolutely above the littleness of ordinary life, he attributed to inferior men far purer and more unselfish objects than those which really moved them. “Vixit enim tanquam in Platonis politeia, non tanquam in Romuli face.”’

Nor will those who, like Lord Carnarvon, can recall this stately and polished commoner, demur to the description of him as the highest product of a class and school of thought, destined perhaps to be unknown in the next generation.

‘The old University culture, the fastidious taste, the union of political life with country associations,—bound up as they were in this case by a rare intelligence and a moderation of mind which trimmed with an almost judicial impartiality the balance of thought on all matters submitted to him.’

The description of a friend of later days, Lord Iddesleigh, is equally true to life. To Sir Stafford Northcote signally might be ascribed the virtue of his historic predecessor, Lord North, that of being irreconcilable to no man. His serenity of disposition was seldom ruffled by controversy, and always proof against the venom of vulgar politics. In the bitterest crisis of the bitterest political struggle of recent years, Northcote said to Lord Carnarvon: ‘I never rise in the House of Commons without a kindly feeling to Gladstone;’ yet at this moment there was no one who had formed a severer opinion or who pronounced a graver censure upon his great opponent. Such was Sir Stafford’s freedom from the embittering influences of public life that an opponent, reviewing a long acquaintance with him, could only recall a personal difference of opinion with him in an argument over a disputed passage of Chaucer. The statesman who died Lord Iddesleigh too often wore a jaded look; yet, though he had dedicated himself to hard work, he retained to the end his mental freshness, always ready to cheer his friends with his genial intercourse, as well as to aid them with his wise counsel.

Lord Carnarvon is known to have enjoyed, more uniformly than some of his contemporaries, the unclouded favour of the Court, and during, as well as after, the time of the Prince Consort, to have seen much of the inner life of the palace. His impressions of the character which did much towards making Court and country what we know them to be to-day, have, therefore, a special interest and opportuniteness now:—

‘The public opinion, in the full light of which the Prince lived, was amply disposed to be censorious, had there been any reasonable,

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or even plausible, occasion for it. But during very nearly a quarter of a century not the slightest discredit rested for a single moment upon the polished surface of that high reputation.'

While the intellect of the Prince has already stood the test of time, his character impressed Lord Carnarvon, not so much by any one exclusively intellectual, or any one exclusively moral quality, as by the combination of qualities which this country has always so highly prized, that expressed in the single word—judgment. Of the influences, domestic or intellectual, social or political, which gave colour and direction to the personal endowments and political course of the most conscientious and widely popular Colonial Secretary of our day, what has been already said will, in their more general aspect, give a faithful notion. The forces that particularly affected his public career, as well as the enduring results of that career itself, may now be examined more in detail.

In 1858, without any preparatory discipline in the House of Commons—in his case a real loss—Lord Carnarvon had actively begun official life; at the same time there commenced his connexion with the department with which his name will long be associated. In the second Derby Government, the earliest Secretary of State for the Colonies had been the son of the Prime Minister, the Lord Stanley of our day. He was succeeded by the distinguished man of letters and accomplished speaker, who on the present occasion may be spoken of as the literary founder of the colonial cult in the mother country. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the head of the Colonial Office when, as Under-Secretary, Lord Carnarvon first entered it, had long been the private friend of the Herbert family. What, as an intellectual influence, at Oxford, Mansel had been to Lord Carnarvon, that Bulwer Lytton was to him during the earlier part of his public course. Those who to-day know him from a half-effaced memory of his books can scarcely realize the ascendancy in the intellectual and political life of London enjoyed by Bulwer at his prime. No account of him is given in these papers. Those who were intimate with their writer will remember Lord Carnarvon's graphic memories of days and weeks passed at Knebworth with no fellow-guest. Of the many qualities combined in this brilliant and accomplished man, that which most impressed his younger friends was an unflinching presence of mind in sharp contrast to a languid manner.* Thus, in a Taunton ball-

* That trait is autobiographically reflected in Lytton's sketch of Darrell, and especially in the scene with Jasper Loseley, who breaks into his house by night, in 'What will he do with it?'

room, the shawl of a lady with whom Bulwer was walking through the Lancers, suddenly caught fire. Stepping a few paces aside, and so quietly as scarcely to attract notice, her partner removed the wrapper from her shoulders, extinguished the sparks with his hands, and with his usual finished *insouciance*, returned the mantle to its possessor, not being much the worse for the accident. Beneath Bulwer's roof Lord Carnarvon witnessed another proof, scarcely less dramatic, of the composure of his official chief in disconcerting circumstances. A young man had taken off the chimney-piece a small vase of valuable china, given to his host during his travels by an Asiatic celebrity. With sudden nervousness the visitor lost hold of the precious vessel. It was actually about to drop upon the hearth. In another moment it would have been shattered. Suddenly, Bulwer, who was standing close by, stretched out his hand, and caught the falling ornament within, a few inches of the floor. 'Fielded by Jove! But I've saved my crockery, which I would sooner not have written "Money" than have lost.'

In a way, presently to be set forth more in detail, Lord Lytton's association with the department in which Lord Carnarvon served under him was of importance to the Colonies, less for what he did in his official than in his private and literary capacity. But the period of Lord Carnarvon's first connexion, in 1858, with our colonial empire makes it convenient briefly to note the position which the Colonies had gained in popular and political esteem at home, and to say something about the men who have laboured for their good. Although by 1858 several of our more important Colonies were self-governed, and close on twenty years had passed since the Canadian troubles at the beginning of the reign had led to Lord Durham's mission and had inspired his 'report,' that memorable document was still to produce its full results, as well in Whitehall as in the country. If, however, it had done nothing more than call into existence the Colonial Reform Society during Lord John Russell's first Administration, a guarantee would have been given, that, hereafter, the Durham document* would be regarded as the Magna Charta of colonial independence. This was the period at which those estimates,

* Other minds than that of its titular author had a share in the preparation of this State paper. Wakefield, as Lord Durham's private secretary, must have had something to say to it; Sir William Molesworth certainly considered it in draft; many of its most vigorous touches were notoriously due to the incisive pen of Mr. Charles Butler. It was, therefore, something of a Party manifesto on colonial affairs.

dealing with the salaries of colonial Governors, were often the signal for the rising from his place on the green leather benches of a square-built, sturdy Scotsman who spoke with a strong brogue and used words unintelligible to all his hearers.

Joseph Hume made no pretension to oratory. There was nothing picturesque or even forcible in his language. After he had enumerated a list of figures, his familiar summing up of what he called the 'tottle' sometimes raised a smile. But his utterances were never wanting in the business-like directness that seldom fails in the House of Commons to secure a respectful hearing even from those who may sympathize little with the speaker's views. Hume had begun life as an army surgeon in India. He retired early, owing to his own extreme and unpopular views. But his acquaintance with Jeremy Bentham and the elder Mill gained him first attention in the Press, and then a seat in Parliament for Aberdeen, Middlesex, Kilkenny, and Montrose successively. Nor could the work that he did be considered uncalled for. The national accounts in his time had not lost their earlier confusion; money was voted for one purpose and used for another; nor had the corruption which was common before Pitt's time entirely died out when Hume first took his seat. He employed at his own charges during several years a regular staff of clerks to audit and elucidate the national books. Whatever his mistakes, or the smallness and meanness of his views, the country owes to Hume the reform in its national book-keeping. He had begun life as a Conservative; many of the principles for which he contended are accepted to-day no less by Conservatives than by Liberals. Though something in his time of a Little Englander, he was not more indifferent to our colonial possessions than many more moderate men on both sides. He thought too much money was spent on the Colonies as well as on the Navy, which was then almost a part of our colonial system; his views on colonial matters appear to have been much the same as those of Lord Durham, whose follower on these subjects he considered himself to be, and whose authority he perpetually cited at the deliberations of the Colonial Reform Society.

Other members of the Colonial Reform Society were Cobden, Horsman, Sir William Molesworth, and, as a very young man, a future Colonial Secretary, the present Lord Kimberley, then Lord Wodehouse. Many Conservatives gradually gave their adhesion to its principles, and were enrolled in its list; such were Lord Lyttelton, Lord Norton, and Lord Naas, afterwards Lord Mayo. The object of this association was to promote the grant of responsible government to the Colonies, and so to secure full effect
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for the Durham programme. The agricultural, and generally the commercial and industrial, distress between the years 1830 and 1840 had stimulated industrial emigration to the other side of the world, and impressed a few economists and reformers of the more enthusiastic sort with a sense of the value of the Colonies as a field for the unemployed labour of the mother country. With these exceptions, native appreciation of the opportunities of the Greater Britain, then gradually forming itself, had not much advanced beyond the point which it had reached in 1831, when a suggestion to give Australia a Member in the House of Commons had been laughed down, not as being insufficient, but as being Utopian. The leading spirit of the Colonial Society was the man whose bust stands to-day in one of the corridors of the Colonial Office at Whitehall. Wakefield had in fact been Secretary to Lord Durham during the Canada Mission of 1838. A year later he was instrumental in bringing about the British annexation of New Zealand. A decade later, in 1849, he published the letters which laid the foundation of the literature of colonial science, as Lytton may be said to have inspired and contributed to the literature of colonial romance.

For special reasons, there was in 1858 an useful opportunity for the sympathetic imagination of Bulwer Lytton, and for the beginning of the patriotic industry of Lord Carnarvon. Five years previously, Sir William Molesworth, having served a short official apprenticeship as Commissioner of Works, became Colonial Secretary, only to die a few months after he had achieved the object of his public ambition. While he was at the Office of Works, he had been impressed by the lack of labour at home for English workmen; in the Colonies he saw how that deficiency might be supplied. Still, though the tendency was towards fresh appreciation in the mother country of the value of the Colonies, enthusiasm for them did not yet exist; the popular imagination on the subject was still to be stirred. The presence of Lord Lytton and Lord Carnarvon at the Colonial Office followed a season of natural dissatisfaction among colonists with the Administration of Lord John Russell's Secretary of State for that department, Earl Grey, who till recently was among us. Of great intellectual power, he had no sympathy with the infant and extremely sensitive communities beyond the sea for which he was responsible. Had he been succeeded by a minister of temperament as frigid, and of bearing as arbitrary and autocratic as himself, the Australias would probably have been lost to Britain.

The new school of colonial administration was therefore, in the

the persons of Sir Edward Bulwer and Lord Carnarvon, installed at exactly the right moment. 'The Caxtons' was published in 1849, before Australia was known to be a gold-field, but after it had sent back to the mother country many Englishmen who had made their fortunes by farming. Mr. Disraeli's colonist, who 'finds a nugget and becomes Member for London,' was still of the future; but his predecessor, who had 'sheared a thousand flocks,' was already settled in Tyburnia or might have been in our own House of Commons. The Colonial Secretary of 1858 was the first English writer who, in the novel published nine years earlier, had shown any sense of the resources of what, in his picturesque way, he called the land of the Southern Cross. In England 'The Caxtons' was popular. In Australia it created an enthusiasm. Some of its readers there detected in it a kind of Australian allegory. 'Pisistratus Caxton,' who retrieved the family fortunes, wrecked by his father's innocent belief in the financial skill of 'uncle Jack,' was a type of Great Britain still weakened by the loss of her American settlements, but now about to indemnify herself by developing her new possessions in the Pacific.

The note sounded by Lytton was not to die away under the touch of others. Already the Australian protest against making the new settlements a home for convicts had found an authoritative echo in the mother country. Archbishop Whately was nearly the first in order of time, as in order of importance, of those who pressed on the Legislature the discontinuance of that convict system which dates from 1787, and was not entirely abolished till 1867. Transportation was not a British invention, nor in its day had it always necessarily been mischievous. Late in the fifteenth century, the French Government gave Cartier prisoners to colonize America, just before the English Government had placed like human material at the disposal of our own Frobisher. Hispaniola had been settled by Columbus in the same way with Jewish prisoners of the Spanish Inquisition; at the close of Marlborough's wars, General Oglethorpe had peopled Georgia with prisoners for debt. At this very moment, the Paulistas, the ablest inhabitants of Portuguese Brazil, are the descendants of men who were once in the custody of the State. A year or two before the Queen's accession, Darwin, visiting Tasmania, had examined the working of the convict system, and had found it to be so far satisfactory as at least to turn unproductive gaol-birds into industrious and well-behaved, though not morally regenerated, workmen. To a novelist, however, and not to an archbishop, belongs the credit of ensuring

success

success to the movement for discontinuing the connexion between colonies and criminals. Charles Reade, ever quick to profit by a hint, had seen his way more fully to work the colonial vein that in the last part of 'The Caxtons' Lytton had just tapped. In 1867, his 'Never Too Late to Mend' was brought out as a play at the Princess's Theatre. But the book had done its work; the criminal scenes, when reproduced on the stage were felt to be a mischievous anachronism; Australian residents in London protested privately to the manager of the theatre; the 'Times' opened its columns to other appeals of the same kind; the comic weekly press lent its valuable aid in the same direction; the withdrawal of the drama from representation marks the distance in popular feeling travelled since the novel had been written, and marks also the earliest instance, perhaps, of the solidarity of public feeling in the Colonies and at home. Thus Charles Reade's pen deserves to be remembered as, after Lytton's example, having done for the Australias much the same work that, in 'Oliver Twist,' Dickens had performed for the new Poor Law, or that, in his powerful essays on 'Going to See a Man Hanged,' Thackeray had done towards the abolition of public executions.

Since then, by a regular interchange of visitors like that which in London reached its climax on Queen Victoria's fête-day, the colonial capitals and that of the mother country have become socially almost as closely united as New York and London. Sir Charles Dilke, whose 'Problems of Greater Britain,' in its latest edition, summarizes the best opinions on the most perplexed international questions of the day, was among the first to include the antipodes in the educated Englishman's 'grand tour,' following the example which had been set by Prince Alfred in 1860. Lords Donoughmore and Dunraven, on the opposite side in politics, did the same thing. Since then, colonial oarsmen on the Thames have become almost as familiar as those of British birth to the London public; the first victory won by Trickett, the Australian sculler, over the Englishman, Sadler, has been followed by inter-colonial contests on metropolitan waters, of which the latest was that between Stanbury and Gaudaur in the September of 1896. At the same time, too, there have been interchanges of cricket elevens between Australia, the West Indies, and the mother country. In 1865 the French horse 'Gladiateur' carried off all the prizes of the English turf. An Australian man of letters and politician, witnessing these victories, remarked that, if the four-footed invader had come from Melbourne, and
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been cheered as loudly as the French, his fellow-citizens would never talk again of sensibilities wounded by imaginary neglect of the mother country.

The sensibilities of our colonial brethren, Lord Carnarvon, when he became Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1867, used all his opportunities, social, personal, and official, to conciliate. Lord Carnarvon's travels, together with the present Lord Harrowby, after he had taken his degree, had not included any of those lands which later he was to administer. Some family connexion with the Colonies he did, however, possess. On his mother's side he was descended from the Beckfords and Longs. One at least of these families had been interested in the West Indies for generations. Several of its members are buried in Jamaica. The true explanation, however, of the new Colonial Secretary's zeal for the Colonies is perhaps that he had inherited from his father a hatred of neglect or indifference towards his fellow-creatures, under whatever sky, and that during some time past the conviction among men of all parties had been growing, that the new communities of Britons beyond sea deserved more attention from the ruling classes in England than they had received. His immediate predecessor in Downing Street, Lord Kimberley, had already performed social service of the sort which Lord Carnarvon was to carry still further. The evolution of these officials to their existing place of dignity and importance, if begun under Lord Kimberley, was sedulously promoted by Lord Carnarvon. They received under him the right of access to the Secretary of State whenever their business required it. From being, as they originally were, employed only for the transmission of railway plant and other material beyond seas, they are now, as under Lord Carnarvon they began to be, channels of communication between their respective Prime Ministers and the Home Government. They have thus acquired something of the social importance which belongs to ambassadors from a foreign State; they are chief personages in that growing colonial element which to-day, as a permanent feature in our social polity, rivals our American guests.

The model on which Lord Carnarvon shaped himself was, as the extracts from his papers have shown, that of the Heathcotes, the Lothians, and other finished specimens of chivalrous breeding and of academic culture. Whether in his individual doings or in the society he cultivated, no man gave greater heed to the precepts of his friend, who was often his guest, the late Matthew Arnold, in praise of 'sweetness and light.' Few colonists of high merit of any sort visited Europe without invitations

invitations to the London or country house of the Secretary of State. Here they were sure to meet all that was then most representative of enlightened and tolerant patriotism. In that intercourse party politics did not exist. Imperial service was the one qualification most esteemed. Conservative or Liberal, Free Trader or Protectionist, soldiers or civilians, all were equally welcome guests in Bruton Street or at Highclere. Here the colonial visitor, after he had heard in the flesh a Tennyson or a Browning say a few vigorous words on 'the Parliament of man, the federation of the world,' might listen to plans of Imperial unity more practical, expounded with the professional knowledge of a Daniel Lysons, of a Lintorn Simmons, or a Henry Norman.

In his 'Problems of Greater Britain,' Sir Charles Dilke has drawn a living portrait of the colonial statesman who, a few years ago, specially impressed his personality on the popular mind in the mother country. The facial resemblance borne by the late Sir John A. Macdonald, of Canada, to Lord Beaconsfield, was pointed out in that book. The writer first saw the Canadian statesman at midnight, at the Euston railway station, where one does not usually expect to see a Privy Councillor's uniform. But for the fact that Sir Charles had shortly before left Lord Beaconsfield in his sick-room in Curzon Street, the apparition might have been taken for the wraith of the English statesman. For the personal contrast of manner between Macdonald's expansiveness and Disraeli's sphinx-like reserve was not superficially or immediately noticeable. It has been reserved for 1897 to familiarize the London crowd with the presence of another notable Canadian Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as thoroughly as with his predecessor, Macdonald, 'the old to-morrow,' so called from his way of putting off disagreeable matters. Through her agents, Canada, even before Sir John Macdonald's visit, had become personally known to the English public. The first of these was the writer of 'Ginx's Baby,' Mr. Edward Jenkins. His successors were Sir Alexander Galt, a descendant of the Scotch novelist, and Sir Charles Tupper. Nor were the representatives of other portions of the Greater Britain abroad less distinguished, or less pleasantly known in the smaller Britain at home. Sir George Verdon, in 1870, was the first of a line of Colonial Agents to represent Victoria in London. Among his best known colleagues were Sir Charles Cowper and Mr. W. E. Forster, who, before he became a Cabinet Minister, acted for New South Wales, as to-day Sir Robert Herbert, of academic and literary, not less than official, fame, represents Tasmania.

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While Lord Carnarvon was the earliest Colonial Secretary who used all his opportunities to impress upon his countrymen, British or Colonial, that wherever their lot was cast they were not only citizens of the same Empire, but members of the same family; both during his earlier and later terms of office he signalized his administration by achievements, the full value of which has been realized only since his death. The possibility, in 1878, of war with Russia was the immediate occasion for considering the whole question of Imperial defence, which had been ignored by the Colonial Military Expenditure Commission of 1859. The evidence which the '79 Commission collected would not have been forthcoming so fully or easily but for the better relations secured by Lord Carnarvon's courtesy and tact between the old home and the new settlements. The evidence collected then has never been published. It is now for the first time epitomized in the volume edited by Sir George Sydenham Clarke. As Colonial Secretary, Lord Carnarvon had found the confederation of British North America a project. He left it a fact. His were the patience and the skill which removed the misunderstanding between Canada and Columbia that threatened to wreck the scheme. Since then, as the result of the Commission of 1879, the military defences of the Dominion have been reorganized; for the first time Esquimalt has been dealt with satisfactorily by the combined action of the Dominion Government and of our own War Office. The Royal Military College at Kingston, Canada, was established by Lord Carnarvon. Its valuable results have not been fully visible till this year. Not till the later part of his life did Lord Carnarvon himself visit Australia. Speaking at Melbourne in 1887, he dwelt on the inadequacy of the then coaling-stations for our Navy. That defect has now been remedied. The reproach of defencelessness is, by an expert like Sir G. S. Clarke, said to be removed from our Empire.

The exact truth about Lord Carnarvon's South African policy has never yet been stated, but from unprinted papers now before us, may be given briefly here. In 1875 President Burgers of the Transvaal had agreed that the Republic should come under the Crown. A year later, President Brand, of the Orange Free State, signed a convention surrendering Griqualand West (the diamond-fields) to Great Britain for the sum of 90,000*l.*; thus recognizing the inability of the Dutch Republic to control a large mining population. These are the considerations that induced Lord Carnarvon to agree with those who held that, two-and-twenty years ago, South African Confederation had come within the range of practical politics.

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The late James Anthony Froude, who, among men of letters, divides with Trollope and Sir J. R. Seeley the credit of reviving waning interest at home in colonial matters, had been from Oxford days Lord Carnarvon's private friend. The historian was then visiting at Highclere, and South Africa was much in his own mind, as in that of his host. He determined to seek the change of scene that he needed in a voyage to the Cape. It was not an official mission; but the traveller had the Colonial Secretary's confidence. He renewed in South Africa many acquaintances he had first made beneath Lord Carnarvon's roof. He found the idea of federation well received in important quarters. He perhaps exaggerated the feeling in its favour, or under-estimated the practical difficulties in its way. Only an overwhelming, powerful body of local support could have supplied the legislative machinery which followed with the motive force that was wanted. The men on whom Froude had relied preferred the assurance of power in provincial vestries to the possibility of fame in an Imperial assemblage. Local jealousies enfeebled corporate action. The South African Bill thus dwindled into an enabling measure.

The Confederation idea was certainly premature; nothing has happened to prove it mistaken. Like political constitutions, federation cannot be made. It must grow. Those who desire to study the forces, which are fitting apparently fortuitous events into the scheme of a mighty system, cannot do better than read Mr. Egerton's thoughtful work on 'Colonial Policy.' The moral effects of the celebrations of 1897 may have done more to help on true Imperial union than any series of formal conferences. Nothing is more clear than that, artificially pressed on, such a policy might prove the prelude to Imperial disruption. Few things are more probable than that, if events are left to themselves, we may ere long witness the establishment of such relations between the central Government in London and our various settlements abroad as will give us in fact, if not in name, all which Imperial Federation can yield. In 1782, the Irish Parliament voted 100,000*l.* to the British Navy. A few years later, quite at the end of the century, the colony of Barbadoes volunteered a frigate for our fleet; in 1897 South Africa gives us an ironclad. These are instances of that gradual progress towards a desired end. They need regulation rather than stimulation. The precedents which have not yet failed us may surely be left for their consummation to their own faculty of self-evolution.

ART. VIII.—*Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne, and Savoy from Roman times to Voltaire, Rousseau, and Gibbon.* By General Meredith Read, late U.S.A. Minister at Athens, Consul-General at Paris during the Franco-German War, G.C.R., F.S.A., &c. Two Vols. London, 1897.

GENERAL MEREDITH READ came of an old English stock, the name of which has been illustrated in our days by the genius and writings of Charles Reade, the novelist. In the colonial history of Virginia figures George Reade, ancestor in the third degree of General Washington. Another George, born in Maryland, became an eminent Senator; signed on behalf of Delaware the Declaration of Independence; and joined in framing the Constitution of the United States. From him descended John Meredith Read, sometime Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, who is memorable as upholding at an early period the authority which Congress claimed, to forbid slavery in the newly-established "Territories." He helped to found the Republican party. His son, John Meredith, whom these volumes serve at once to commemorate and to dignify as an American man of letters, worthy of high rank among antiquarians, and as amiable as he was learned, was born at Philadelphia, February 21st, 1837. He died in Paris, after a brief illness, on December 27th, 1896, having laid his pen out of hand for the last time only five days ere he passed away. His work, therefore, and the fame which it must deservedly bring, are alike posthumous; the irony of fate, so often remarked in achievements aiming at perfection, would not suffer it to be otherwise.

Yet, in his sixty years, General Read travelled, studied, and saw the beautiful places of the world; wrought an abundance of kind actions; was much known and admired; while he did not quit the stage until his task, large in its outline, most minute and exacting in detail, was fully accomplished. Henceforth, no life of Gibbon or of Rousseau will be altogether complete unless it takes his labours into account. He is bound up indissolubly with the supreme historian, in whose steps he moved from Lausanne to Buriton. He has thrown a fresh and not unpleasant light upon Madame de Warens. Of George Deyverdun, Gibbon's intimate friend, he may well be termed the biographer, so many are the hitherto unpublished letters and incidents concerning him which he has given to a public now more than ever willing to be taught the particulars of a career, which was made glorious by 'The Decline and Fall.' He has almost executed Gibbon's first design, which contemplated the History

of the Swiss Confederation. Never before had the city of Lausanne received a pilgrim so industrious and enlightened within its walls; and General Meredith Read will preserve by his writings the form and description of many a monument belonging to its historic past which that city has been careless enough, or, in the abused name of progress, barbarian enough to clear out of existence. But his chief title to our recognition is that, while desirous of recording all that may still be learned of Gibbon's sojourn in Switzerland, he has opened a broad passage into the eighteenth century, and led us up to a high prospect, whence we can survey it at our leisure.

'*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam*' is a good old Horatian tag, curiously exemplified in this descendant of Lawgivers and Statesmen. He was a student by nature, and at the age of thirteen found himself absorbed in the volumes which were to make of Gibbon his chosen author and life-long friend. These alliances of affection between the living and the dead are, perhaps, less uncommon than we might suppose; they have always in them a rare quality, as of devotion tempered by reverence, and are like a wine that has been kept for a new generation, the sight and savour of which, when brought into the sunshine, are redolent of gay yet tender memories. It is almost superfluous to remark that in the disposition of this young lad a spice, at all events, of Puritanism remained. And Gibbon was no Puritan, either in his life or in his books. Nevertheless, in a time when he has not wanted for admirers, and when the place due to him among historians is allowed by acclamation, this Pennsylvanian scholar has become the closest of his friends, as deeply attached to him as Deyverdun or Wilhelm de Sévery, and more capable than either of recognizing his assured greatness. Gibbon, it is thought, inspired the growing boy with an ardour which led him for his education to a military school, and afterwards sent him from the university at which he graduated, in Rhode Island, to be aide-de-camp to the Governor of that State with the rank of Colonel. He studied law on both sides of the Atlantic; was called to the bar in 1860; threw himself with enthusiasm into the campaign which ended with Lincoln's election; and, on the breaking out of the war, was engaged as Adjutant-General of New York in organizing, equipping, and forwarding to the front those 473,000 men whom the Empire State contributed to that mighty undertaking. He did well, and received the thanks of the War Department. Peace came, and he was appointed in 1869 to be Consul-General for France and Algeria. But another contest demanded his peculiar talents. In 1870 he was requested by
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Count Bismarck to act in the consular affairs of Germany at Paris,—a delicate and invidious duty which, nevertheless, he so fulfilled as to earn the acknowledgments both of French and Germans. He won the esteem of Gambetta and other Ministers; and the only drawback to these years of unselfish exertion was that in the course of them, if we may judge from his mature style of composition, he lost his command over the English idiom. Thanks to incessant writing and speaking in French, his mind took the indelible character which that language, more perhaps than any other, imprints on the memory. It is a defect in his admirable pages that they are overlaid with Gallicisms. This, too, was Gibbon's fault, and the General may be proud of erring in such distinguished and brilliant company.*

We must with reluctance pass over the story of his sojourn in Athens, where from 1873 until 1879 he was minister. Coming home in the latter year, and detained in the neighbourhood of Geneva by an appointment which he had made with M. Gambetta, the remembrance of Gibbon sent him, little aware of what the journey was to mean in his future studies, on a pilgrimage to Lausanne. There, says the 'Memoir' from which we have borrowed these details, 'he found the descendants of Gibbon's circle, the same cultured and gracious ladies and gentlemen, surrounded by the portraits of those who had been the historian's teachers, friends, and correspondents, and able to tell him many pretty legends.' But discoveries still more important awaited him. The mansion in which Gibbon dwelt, when he was writing his monumental work, had been known during ages as 'La Grotte.' It was now the property of Madame Constantin Grenier, who represented many noble Swiss families, and its vast garrets, crowded with chests of mouldering and unexplored manuscripts, were thrown open to the researches of the American traveller. It was like entering upon an enchanted land, where all things slept their drowsy time away, until the adventurous knight should come to rouse them with a blast of his magic horn. 'There is something sad, joyous, racking, feverish, depressing, exulting, and essentially dirty,' observes our General, 'in the search for knowledge amid the neglected papers of bygone generations.' These great lofts, dimly lighted at wide intervals, were no cheerful abode of antiquity. But in them General Read came upon 'letters, parchments, diplomas, titles of nobility, fragments of unprinted books, unpublished poems, written and printed music, portraits in oil, pencil drawings, silhouettes, engravings, broken harpsi-

* We have, therefore, in quoting his translations, now and then altered the wording where the sense could not be thereby affected.

chords, disabled billiard-tables,' and 'the remains of Gibbon's theatre.' Elsewhere, in neighbouring cities, at Berne, Geneva, Sion, and in the ancient houses which he went over, accumulations no less interesting, though hardly so rich, were placed at his disposal; and among the unknown letters or documents thus acquired, we may now read parts of the correspondence of Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Deyverdun, Frederick the Great, Euler, Allamand, Malesherbes, Madame Necker, and Madame de Staël.

'The materials for my work,' says General Read, again, 'embraced one hundred and twenty volumes of unpublished manuscripts. . . . To these were added a large number of journals, containing notes of my conversation with people of every class, and descriptions of interesting monuments and customs; also an especial collection of more than two thousand five hundred volumes, the greater part of which relate entirely to Lake Leman and its surroundings, and are so completely out of print as to render them almost as valuable as unpublished papers. To this list I must add the results of my own studies of churches, cathedrals, castles, roads, and other mediæval monuments, together with the many portraits, views, and silhouettes which I have exhumed.'

All this, to throw light upon the story of a single house,—a high-peaked, quaintly-proportioned, many-roomed structure, which could boast of its 'picturesque unities,' and the origin of which takes us back to a time when the 'Normans were settling their English conquests and Crusaders battling for the Holy Sepulchre.' A house which began, in 1258, as a Franciscan friary; which saw within its walls Peter of Savoy, Pope Gregory X., Rudolph of Hapsburg, Amadeus Duke of Savoy and anti-Pope under the name of Felix V., the Fathers of the Council of Basle, Farel, Viret, Calvin, Beza; which was on the point of becoming Voltaire's retreat before he purchased *Les Délices*; and which Gibbon received as a life-inheritance from his dying friend Deyverdun. Such memories might have saved a building less worthy of them; and General Read complains feelingly that his book was not published eighteen years ago, when its pages would perhaps have warned the authorities of Lausanne against pulling to the ground one of their most ancient and glorious monuments. But the nineteenth century is more than purblind; it displays, too often, a deep hatred of the past, and delights in ruining the trophies of history, under the pretence of science and restoration. *La Grotte* has been demolished to make way for a post-office; and it now survives only in the photographs which General Read saw executed in 1879 and 1895; but its memory will be imperishable

imperishable so long as these faithful records last. We will quote the charming description which General Read has given of the house as he saw it on his first arrival in Lausanne:—

‘Gibbon’s old home,’ so runs the tale of its beauties, ‘crowns a magnificent terrace, commands an unrivalled view of Lake Lemán, and stretches its length along the edge of a plateau which includes the Church and Square of St. Francis. It has rambled on from one generation to another, until at last it occupies a space that would astonish the old monks who laid its foundations. Like some interesting characters whom we have all encountered, it has a certain dignified secretiveness. It turns, for instance, a cold shoulder to the public and the street,—its offices and vestibules being on that side,—and reveals merely one high storey, with lofty apex. The generous proportions of the entrance, surmounted by heraldic bearings, almost obliterated, are the only inducements to inspect its hospitable and friendly possibilities. But passing the portal and the antechamber, we find ourselves in cheerful and ample living-rooms, whose doors and windows open widely to the balmy southern sunshine. We may descend to the floor bordering Gibbon’s terrace, and from the outside discover three ranges of apartments, one above the other, each made up of several distinct suites. One may thus understand the impression of extent and bewildering arrangement made by La Grotte on a new-comer. . . . But it is impossible by pen or pencil to describe a certain mysterious atmosphere pervading the place, whose charm all feel, but none can define. It can only be said that upon entering within these walls, still haunted by the great spirits who once frequented or inhabited them, the stranger is overcome by a subtle influence, not the less potent because indefinable.’

Among the many coincidences with which these volumes are crammed, none is perhaps more curious than that Gibbon, the historian of Rome, should have taken up his abode in an ‘Imperial city,’—for such Lausanne was certainly from the year 1285, possibly from the year 1125,—and that he who had been inspired to write ‘The Decline and Fall’ by the chanting of Capuchin friars in the Temple of Jupiter, should spend his last ten years under a Franciscan roof. Moreover, Lausanne was the heir of Avenches, in its day, now far distant, the capital of Roman Helvetia, and endowed with the *Jus Italicum* by no less a personage than the Emperor Vespasian, whose father, according to Suetonius, ‘*exercuit fœnus*,’—or, as we should now say, was a banker,—in that thriving city. Down to the year 610, Avenches kept its walls, its theatre, its forum, and held jurisdiction over Lousonne,—to quote the classic name,—Moudon, Iverdun, and Soleure. But in that year it was utterly destroyed by the Allemanni; the country around

was

was reduced to a wilderness long known as 'Uechtland,' 'the waste'; and now 'plantations of tobacco cover the forgotten streets of Avenches, and a single Corinthian column with its crumbling arcade, remains to tell of former grandeur.' To its pre-eminence in the Pays de Vaud, or the Pays Romand, Lausanne succeeded. That city was then three miles from the shore of Lake Lemman, sheltered beneath the forest-clad heights of Sauva Belin, *sylva Belini*, understood to have existed as a Druid sanctuary time out of mind. A chapel dedicated to the Madonna took away his state and dignity from the god Belinus; pilgrims flocked thither; a bishopric was founded; and Lausanne is among the many cities in Switzerland which owe their fortune to the supplanting of an old by a new religion.

With swift and hasty glances we pass by its earlier vicissitudes. It may glory in the name of Bishop Udalrich, nephew by marriage to Charles the Great. When the last King of Transjuran-Burgundy, Rudolph the Indolent, gave its prelate the whole county of Vaud, in 1011, Lausanne was not yet an Imperial city; nor did it become such even through the privileges granted to it by Henry IV. on his return from Canossa. Long before Henry, the 'humble Queen,' Bertha,—so famous that she leads a double life, and is great in legend as in history, like Attila, Theodoric, and Charlemagne,—had spread abroad the kingdom of peace; had made roads and vineyards; and had founded monasteries, 'the asylums of prayer and work,' as General Read observes. She gave the first popular franchise, and fortified the country against the ubiquitous conquering Saracens, who, in 938, crossed the St. Bernard, and seized more than one of the Swiss towns. In 1036 Bishop Hugues published the 'Truce of God' in a Council held at Monrion, which seven hundred years later became the abode of Voltaire. Some thirty years before this date, the Cathedral of Notre Dame was begun on the height called La Cité, where the Prince Bishop held his court; and Lausanne now saw itself divided, like many another episcopal town, into the upper and lower, the City and the Burgh, each with its distinct privileges, pretensions, and jealousies. The City was subject to the Canon Law; the nobles would acknowledge only their own German customs; and the 'popolo minuto' had to conquer one by one their plebeian liberties. Yet all these were fused at length, in 1368, by Bishop Aymon de Cossonay, into a code long venerated under the style and title of 'Le Plaict Général.' That law continued in force until, in the year 1536, an invasion of the Reformers of Berne put an end to the mediæval liberties, drove out the last Bishop, annexed Lausanne with the surrounding country,

country, and laid upon its inhabitants, a light-hearted race, the yoke of Puritan domination.

During the picturesque though troubled interlude which fills the stage of these hundred and seventy years,—from the publication of the *Plaiet Général* down to the Bernese conquest,—no figure has gathered around it so much of the halo of romance as Duke Amadeus VIII., who built Ripaille and abdicated the triple crown of the Papacy in La Grotte. Lausanne had seen its cathedral destroyed by fire and restored and consecrated by Pope Gregory X. on his way from the Council of Lyons, in the presence of the Emperor Rudolph. It had undergone conflagration more than once, and had now exchanged its ancient wooden houses for stately mansions of stone. It had witnessed the expedition of Enguerrand de Coucy at the head of a troop of English mercenaries, which terminated in 1375 on the disastrous field of Fraubrunnen. But Roman Helvetia, alien to Switzerland by its manners, its language, and its alliances, had taken no part with the Forest Cantons which were fighting against Austria in behalf of freedom. Its outlook was towards France, Burgundy, and Savoy. A Welsh knight, whose name, Lewis, appears in the records of Lausanne transformed to De Loys, and who was said to be a companion of Enguerrand de Coucy, stands forward as the ancestor of a noble family which held La Grotte during some two hundred years. But for a still longer period, from 1258, as we have already said, the historic buildings were under the rule and protection of St. Francis of Assisi. The Pope, Alexander IV., had on January 23rd, 1256, laid his commands on the Bishop to aid the Friars Minor in establishing themselves at Lausanne; and on November 4th, 1258, a deed of gift was signed by Pierre Dapifer and Jaquetta his wife, conveying to the Franciscans of Burgundy a parcel of land 'near the city-moat and beyond the gate of Condamine,' which was the place where La Grotte existed until 1896.

Meanwhile, a confused wrangling on the part of the Dukes of Savoy had given them certain sovereign rights which they exercised in the Burgh of Lausanne. This was under Amadeus VI. in 1340. A hundred years passed, and in 1440 Amadeus VIII. paused at that city, on his way to the Council of Basle, and took up his quarters in the huge Franciscan monastery. Never had so extraordinary a person appeared within its walls. Amadeus had worn the Ducal crown with success and honour during forty-three years when he withdrew, in 1434, to Ripaille, a magnificent castle and convent situate near Thonon, upon the southern shore of the Lake of Geneva.

There

There he convoked the Estates of Savoy, created his eldest son Prince of Piedmont and Lieutenant-General of the Duchy, and founded the chivalrous Order of St. Maurice, the members of which, 'grave and antique personages,'—so are they styled by Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini,—were to share in his retreat, his business, his meditations, as the 'hermits of Ripaille.' 'Each companion of the Order,' says General Read, 'wore a long beard, a grey habit with a golden girdle, a furred mantle decorated with a gold cross, a crimson bonnet and a long pointed grey hood, and carried in his hand a knotted and twisted stick.' Such was the full dress worn on gala days, like that ever-memorable one which saw the Duke assume the Papal tiara at Basle amid the plaudits of a multitude past counting. But of what colour was the life which Amadeus led at Ripaille,—that 'devout or delicious hermitage,' according to Gibbon,—the very name of which in French is a synonym for unrestrained enjoyment? 'It was simple,' replies our learned General, 'but not austere. His hours were passed between the wise discussion of public affairs'—for as yet Amadeus had not abdicated—'and the close observance of religious exercises with the six seigniors who formed with him the new Order of religious chivalry.' And he adds, 'M. Jules Vuÿ has well said that whoever will read with attention the correspondence of Amadeus VIII. with the Duke Louis at the moment of the affairs of Milan, will be more and more convinced that the solitude of Ripaille was not one of futile indolence and vulgar leisure, but, on the contrary, full of serious and high preoccupations.'

There is much that tells in favour of this sober story, although it makes an end of the fanciful and malicious legend accredited by Voltaire,² who, in his well-known verses, enquires of the 'bizarre Amédée,' whether it be true that he lived in that charming place as a 'genuine sage and voluptuary,' putting aside his cares with his greatness. But we may, or rather we must, bear in mind that the Duke had carried the fortune of his house to a height unexampled; that the condition of his people had been much ameliorated by him; that he had published at Chambéry, in 1430, the excellent Book of Laws celebrated to this day as the 'Statutes of Savoy'; and that all contemporary witnesses, with the exception of two pamphleteers, whom his enemies had suborned, describe the 'hermits of Ripaille' as leading decent and edifying lives. In spite, therefore, of Voltaire and 'the French and Italian proverbs,' to which Gibbon makes reference, it is allowable to hold with our author, that 'this Pope undoubtedly possessed a varied genius, a sincere and indulgent heart, always open to the finest sentiments

ments of humanity,' and that 'his whole career proved the reality of his religious convictions.'

Among the manuscripts of M. Clavel de Brenles, who was an intimate friend of Voltaire's at Lausanne, General Read came upon the original copy of those lines beginning—

'O maison d'Aristippe! ô jardin d'Epicure,'

to which we have alluded, and which, as he proves, were composed at Prangins, over against Ripaille. Gibbon, who calls them an ode, whereas they are in form of an epistle, says that the poem 'had been imparted as a secret to the gentleman by whom I was introduced,' at Les Délices. And he continues, 'He allowed me to read it twice. I knew it by heart; and as my discretion was not equal to my memory, the author was soon displeased by the circulation of a copy.' Alas, one may exclaim after listening to the indefatigable General Read, not even our sins can be called our own. It is by no means certain that Gibbon could lay this indiscretion to his charge. Before he had recited the stanzas to any third party, Madame de Bochat writes, 'This last production is no longer a mystery. It is printed, and is sold, I hear, for six *cruches*, at M. Vernai's bookshop.' The wrath of Voltaire was, in fact, mere apprehension founded, as so often before, on the liberties he had taken with great names in writing these idle and far from brilliant verses. The Count of Savoy insisted on the suppression of their first edition, in which Amadeus was styled 'Duc, hermite, et voluptueux.' It was easy for the philosopher, who did not stick at trifles, to declare that he had never set eyes on such a detestable composition; and that 'the commonest rules of decency and good manners forbid one to write in this fashion, either to strangers or to acquaintance.' He might, also, have reflected—but such was not his style—on the harm he was doing to an unblemished character by insinuating charges for which he had not an atom of proof. It is especially this lightness of belief, where the worst is imagined, that makes of Voltaire an historian in whom we can never put our trust. He knew little of the mediæval period; and that little he has distorted in favour of his own shallow philosophy.

Amadeus VIII. will always remain a study of deep interest. He was the last anti-Pope; and the Council of Basle, which in 1439 elected him to the Roman See, though itself ineffectual to place him there, and wanting the weight and splendour of Constance,—whose authority prompted its most vigorous action,—may be regarded as the expiring effort of the German or the Northern races to assert their principles within the pale
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of the Latin Church. When next their opposition to that mighty power took shape and substance, it assumed the form, not now of an anti-Pope, but of Luther at the Diet of Worms. Moreover, this admirable Felix V. had, in Eugenius IV., a rival and antagonist, of whom Gibbon reports that his manners 'appear to have been decent and even exemplary,' and 'the same year and almost the same day were marked by his deposition at Basil, and at Florence by his reunion of the Greeks and Latins.' Nevertheless, for eleven years, from 1438 to 1449, the peace of Western Europe was troubled by a schism which the Savoyard Pontiff, who had been crowned at Basle, could only exasperate by his pretensions, since there was not in him either the wisdom or the boldness that would have made of it a stepping-stone to reform. In 1443 he quitted the Council, and with four of his Cardinals retired to La Grotte, from whose windows he could look out towards the battlements of Ripaille. Five years slipped away, during which 'the vigour of opposition was succeeded by the lassitude of despair;' and the remnant of the Fathers adjourned to those ample chambers at La Grotte which seemed too vast for their dwindling proportions. Eugenius died; the famous Pope of the Renaissance, Nicholas V., at once took his place; the French, English, and Sicilian kings besought Felix to withdraw from a contest so unequal; and within the Convent of St. Francis terms were arranged, not disgraceful to his fallen majesty. There, amid a pomp almost as great as that which had attended on his coronation, the good old man resigned his honours, taking in lieu of them the title of Santa Sabina and the perpetual dignity of Cardinal-Legate in his own and the adjoining states. On January 7th, 1451, he died at Geneva. A mausoleum was erected over his body at Ripaille, to be defaced in 1536 by the soldiers of the Bernese army.

It is equally singular and arresting that under the roof of La Grotte, and in the chambers which beheld this Papal abdication, three eminent reformers, less than a hundred years afterwards, were to preach their new doctrine and inaugurate the change of religion at Lausanne. These were Pierre Viret, Guillaume Farel, and Jean, Comte de la Croix. If Gibbon had been endowed with the faculty of seeing ghosts, his slumbers would surely have called up to his bedside these shadowy and opposed figures. Was he not, himself, a kind of anti-Pope, more formidable than Felix, and a Protestant not less stubborn than Farel? But the dead gave no sign that they had once lived and moved in the spacious monastery. When—to return to our chronicle—Charles the Bold was defeated at

Morat,

Morat, in 1476, the Count de Gruyère and the Bernese troops hastened to the sack of Lausanne. The Swiss forces were stayed at the gates of Geneva by the voice of Louis XI.; and this sanguinary prelude announced, but did not accomplish, the union of the Pays Romand with Berne, which was to be one of the first fruits of the Reformation. Charles perished at Nancy; the Treaty of Fribourg followed; it gave the Confederated Swiss a recognized position in the Pays de Vaud; and the Bishop and the House of Savoy, though sharing in an apparent sovereignty, had little strength to stand against a power which, in the very crisis of European history, took the side of revolution, and sent out its Zwinglius to combat in the same ranks with Luther. In 1525 the city revolted from its ecclesiastical sovereign; and in 1536, Sebastian de Montfaucon, the last of its long and beneficent dynasty of bishops, fled from Lausanne by a secret passage, never to return.

After General Naegueli, mounting to the Castle of St. Maire, had pulled down the arms of Montfaucon, and unfurled the Bernese banner above the city that had welcomed him with open gates, the work of reform and confiscation went on without let or hindrance. Five councillors visited all the parish churches in the Pays Romand, took possession of the estates of the clergy, and assigned a large part of them to the new government. Naegueli had promised equal favour and protection to the Catholics and the Reformed. The Bernese held a different view of their obligations. They forbade all general assemblies; put down the old religion in every possible way; endowed their bailiwicks with the spoils which their officers were gathering in; satisfied at once the cupidity of Fribourg and the demands of the citizens of Lausanne; and gave to its authorities for the maintenance of preachers the Convents of St. Francis and the Madeleine, five parishes, three abbays, 'with all their appurtenances and dependencies,' as well as the great house called the old Episcopai Palace. But the ornaments of the churches and monasteries, including statues, vestments, and vessels of silver and gold, were all sent to Berne. An immense destruction of mediæval works of art followed. 'The day after the religious discussion at Lausanne,' when the Bernese had entered, 'the crowd of the newly converted forced the doors of the Cathedral, broke down the altars, and laid low the great crucifix and even the venerated image of Our Lady.' The Cathedral of Notre Dame was a mine from which the conquerors drew wealth in rare stones and precious metals beyond reckoning.

ing. Such was the origin, says our author, of that mysterious 'treasure of Berne' which, ever growing for above two centuries and a half, supported and extended her Machiavellian policy, and assured her dominion over Switzerland. In the accounts of Lausanne at this date may be seen payments to a mason for three days spent in removing the great stones of the altars of St. Francis and the Madeleine, and fifteen days of the like devastation at Notre Dame. His remuneration was not excessive, being four sols two deniers, or fifty centimes, per diem. In 1556 the remains of the crosses, chalices, and other precious ornaments in gold and silver, were put up to auction and produced a handsome return, which was expended on repairing the bridge over the Flon, with the houses thereto belonging. As early as 1539 the Council had demolished the churches of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Stephen, the materials of which were to be employed in restoring the city walls and the market of the Porte de Rive.

While the bailiffs were thus despoiling the churches, they undertook the more difficult task of regulating public morals, on a method which was borrowed from Sparta, if not from the law of Moses. They ordered attendance at divine service under penalty of fine, imprisonment, and exile. They set up 'consistories,' in which clergymen and lay folk were united as guardians of 'the sanctity of marriage,' and as severe censors of 'idleness, gambling, dancing, and improper costumes.' These were also expected to prosecute fortune-tellers and witches; and by way of quickening their righteous zeal, a percentage was allowed them of the fines recoverable upon vice and irreligion. Meantime Farel, Viret, and Calvin preached the Gospel which was so forcibly recommended to the citizens of Lausanne. Between 1549 and 1560 Calvin delivered two thousand five hundred sermons,—not indeed all, or most of them, in this city,—the manuscripts of which were long preserved in forty-four volumes at Geneva. He also, as Gibbon relates with a scandalized expression, sent Michael Servetus to the stake; and he caused Jacques Gruet to lose his head for opposing the new Inquisition. On this subject General Read has an important note:—

'It is remarkable,' he says, 'that while the burning of Servetus has attracted so much attention, the previous execution of Jacques Gruet has been passed over by historians almost in silence. The documents relating to Gruet's trial and torture before death, printed by M. Fazy at Geneva, show that he was executed, not for heresy, but for opposing Calvin's régime of espionage in the home, and his oppression of private conduct. Gruet was a young gentleman of noble

noble family, and a fine scholar: Calvin's first attack on him was for dancing at a wedding, and for wearing breeches cut in a new fashion. He did not write verses, as De Montet says; but philosophical and ethical reflections (never published) were found among his papers, in Latin.'

Master John Calvin was, it will be evident to the philosophic mind, a forerunner both of Rousseau and of Robespierre, in his determination to simplify life, and to make men happy after his own fashion, whether they would or no. The love of pleasure and dissipation had always been prevalent in episcopal Lausanne. But now, under the influence of this armed Puritanism, the Bernese, in 1540, limited the number of invitations to a wedding-feast; prescribed the hours, viz., from ten to three, during which it might be held; and if dancing took place, fined every sinful woman a florin, and her male partner twice as much. A code of moral duties and of sumptuary laws was promulgated and enforced from year to year. None but nobles might be seen wearing cloth of gold or brocade, collars of point-lace, and shoes with buckles. The burgesses were forbidden capes that cost more than ten crowns, as also false hair, and more than one robe and one petticoat. The length of one's wig must be according to rule, and low dresses were rigorously forbidden. When tobacco came in, that poisonous weed was prohibited. The bailiff considered that he, as one above the law, might take snuff; but, says Vulliemin, when his Excellency rapped his snuff-box during a sermon (probably to keep himself awake) the preacher told him roundly, '*On ne prise ici que la parole de Dieu.*' There was an incessant struggle between the Government and the fashion. But the fashion triumphed. It could reckon upon allies who were destined, from the end of the seventeenth century, to a long and memorable career. The old rigid Calvinism was undermined by free-thinking and sentiment;—by the Pietist who did not believe in dogma, and by the philosopher who had no piety. Though games, theatres, and the national sports were equally denounced, the people of Lausanne, Vevey, and the entire Pays Romand, would not be faithless to their ancient customs. They were still known as a lively and agreeable race, fond of rural pleasures, open to the seduction of French gaiety, and much more inclined to follow the Arminian who stood for freedom, than the Bernese despot, enamoured of slavery no less in the world which now is than in the world to come. In vain did 'the Two Hundred, the Senate, the Economical Chamber, the Chamber of Religion, the clergy of Berne,' force upon their reluctant subjects the 'Consensus' which was to
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end all disputes and preserve the faith of Calvin pure and undefiled. Lausanne had its champion ready in the more than Socinian Barbeyrac, who defended with a warmth corresponding to his breadth of ideas the new creed of religious liberty. The eighteenth century had entered upon the scene.

It came, we have said, in a twofold and ambiguous form, addressing the sentimental in language of studied gentleness, while it appealed to the more learned as science, philosophy, and enlightenment. We may consider the pretensions of fine feeling as embodied in Madame de Warens and Jean Jacques Rousseau; while the hundred tomes of Voltaire, despite their seeming variety, are little else than his translation of science, constructive or aggressive, into the language and medium of literature. Madame de Warens is a name in the world's debate, like that of Mary Queen of Scots, round which controversy has raged, and will long continue to rage. Was she, indeed, the heroine of Free Love as pictured by Rousseau, and not rather a deeply calumniated woman? Did she anticipate the early romances of George Sand, and give herself up to emotions which veered and shifted as the winds blew from north or south? Or is all this an hysterical delusion first indulged by the little outcast to whom she gave shelter at Annecy, and then committed to everlasting remembrance, in his false yet seductive 'Confessions'? We have no casket-letters on which to found either accusation or defence. But of late years new documents are become accessible; side-lights have been thrown upon the story; and 'Demoiselle Louise Françoise de la Tour,' who, on September 22nd, 1713, was married to Sebastian Isaac de Loÿs, Seigneur of Warens and citizen of Lausanne, appears now in a less odious character than that in which we have hitherto known her.

Sebastian Isaac, her husband, was the eldest of twenty-two children; and was probably born in the ancestral house of his family, still standing in the Palud at Lausanne, in 1688. Noble on both sides, and through the De Loÿs widely connected with Romand pedigrees of the first rank, M. de Warens entered the Swedish army as an officer in the Swiss battalion in 1706, and thus continued until elected 'captain of the company of the chapter of Lausanne,' in 1712, when he had not completed his twenty-fourth year. He took part in the war of Toggenbourg, which was then dividing Switzerland,—Berne on one side, St. Gall and the Catholic cantons, except Fribourg and Soleure, on the other. On April 18th, 1713,—a week after the Peace of Utrecht, which guaranteed Swiss independence,—the soldier of twenty-five was betrothed to Demoiselle de la Tour, then
just

just turned fourteen. She was born, as it would appear, on Lady Day 1699; her mother died when Louise was an infant; and she was indebted for her bringing up to her stepmother, Marie Flavard, as well as to her cousin's wife, Madame de la Tour, with whom she spent her earliest years at Vevey.

In the fictitious and misleading 'Memoirs of Madame de Warens,' by Doppet, it is said that her father was devoted to the science of chemistry, and that the castle in which they lived was fitted up merely with furnaces and alembics. We cannot put any trust in Doppet; but that Madame de Warens dabbled in physics, and had a turn for experiments, we know from sources not unworthy of belief. The romance of Doppet sets before us a maiden sacrificed in her own despite to a suitor whom she could not love, and hence all her subsequent misfortunes. But, although as lively and precocious as she was undoubtedly beautiful, Madame Louise, if we may judge by her correspondence with Magny, who was her spiritual director at this time, united with a pleasure in social intercourse which she did not dissemble, an ardent but simple devotion to her duties both as a wife and a Christian. M. Magny, who was Secretary of the Council during upwards of thirty years, had the reputation of a Pietist; and from him, wrote M. de Warens in 1732, the youthful Louise had learned a religious indifference for the mere externals of her creed. Severe measures had been taken by the State Government to check this anti-dogmatic or Methodist propaganda. The Chamber of Religion—a Calvinist form of the Inquisition—was established at Berne; and its members, who were composed of senators, councillors, pastors, and professors of theology, 'delivered sentences of confiscation and banishment, of scourging and branding;' while 'attempts to escape from its decrees were punished by the galleys or death.' M. Magny, though too highly placed for its attacks upon him to be successful, left Lausanne, retired to Geneva, suffered much on behalf of his principles, and died unmarried at Vevey in 1730. To his influence, but scarcely to that alone, we must ascribe the defection of Madame de Warens from her native religion, and the steps by which she was precipitated into her ever-memorable flight from house and home.

Married in 1713—and not, as Doppet affirms, in 1723—the young couple lived much at Vevey, in a mansion the delightful grounds of which extended to the lake; or else at the Bassets and the Château Les Crêtes, where the lady charmed a numerous society of friends by her wit, vivacity, and hospitable entertainments. The manners of Vevey were agreeable and touched with a certain poetic grace; its morals, neither then nor as late

as 1764, when they are described by M. de Boufflers, gave rise to suspicion; the people were engaged in rural pursuits, the higher circles in amusements and visiting, which assumed the character of large family assemblies; dancing, music, and boating-parties on the lake filled up their holiday-time; and the sober tradition brought in by French refugees on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was still respected, although sumptuary laws could no longer prevent the confounding of ranks and a moderate degree of luxury. If, at this time, and in such a neighbourhood, Madame de Warens indulged the passions with which Rousseau has charged that unhappy woman, how comes it, General Read enquires, that no reference, no witness, and no memory of it is still to be found, either in the immense private correspondence which he has looked through, or in the recollections of the inhabitants, apart from slanders, the origin of which is traceable to Jean Jacques, and which are themselves distorted caricatures of his statements? The 'Confessions' were published three years after Rousseau had, as is now generally accepted, taken his own life at Ermenonville, and twenty years after his maligned benefactress had died in the depths of poverty and neglect. Then these stories began to circulate. Doppet made Madame de Warens confess her turpitude in memoirs which are compounded of fiction and gossip; but which had an enormous run, and captivated even Napoleon Buonaparte, at that time a military sub-lieutenant. There was none to defend a reputation attacked, as it were, from within, and on the culprit's unabashed acknowledgment. Nevertheless, General Read has never laid his hand upon documents which would convict her; Vevey and Lausanne are silent; and M. de Warens himself in a long and exhaustive plea, which is now for the first time accessible in English, though he has brought various accusations against the wife who abandoned him, nowhere charges her with unfaithfulness, and does not make one solitary allusion, direct or indirect, to M. de Tavel or the succession of favourites, who are supposed by Jean Jacques to have ruined his domestic happiness and practised the vices of the new period.

M. de Tavel, according to Rousseau, was 'her master in philosophy'—that peculiar philosophy of the age of reason which made marriage an outward show, compatible with boundless freedom, and examples of which are not rare in the eighteenth century. It is a philosophy which puts aside the plea of human frailty; much more than tolerant, it declares that the husband who is kept in the dark suffers no loss, and that the woman who appears to be honest is so as long as she avoids

avoids scandal. When M. de Tavel had persuaded his victim of the truth of these principles, said Rousseau, she was in his power; and thus, we are told, 'all her failings arose from her errors, never from her passions . . . Instead of listening to her heart, which led her right, she listened to her reason, which led her wrong.' She had been attached to her husband and her duties; but all this was now 'a catechism to amuse children;' and she punished M. de Tavel, in his turn, by 'a most devouring jealousy, for he was convinced that she treated him as he had taught her to treat her husband.' The end of it all, as narrated in the 'Confessions,' we know too well. It is the system of 'terminable engagements,' pursued by a woman who had not even the miserable excuse of temperament and intoxication for her lapse from virtue, and who lured men to their fall that she might preserve her influence over them.

When we take into account the mischief that has been wrought, in life no less than in literature, by this too celebrated instance of feminine philosophy, we shall reckon it no small advantage if the pages of Rousseau, at once so shameful and so abounding in charm, can be wiped out by a verdict of 'Not proven.' To demonstrate their falsehood may be, at so great a distance of time, impossible. But have they any sort of claim upon our belief? That the witness himself was hysterical, subject to delusions, a hypochondriac, and, like all who are suffering from this nervous disorder, tempted to indulge the vice of calumny and of detailed but imaginary charges against his dearest friends, will not be called in question. That he gives no exact narrative of the circumstances or the motives which led Madame de Warens to cross the lake and throw herself at the feet of Victor Amadeus in the church at Evian, is equally certain. That in a public and prolonged enquiry, extending over six years, and complicated with lawsuits—the Bernese authorities and their claims being pitted against the honour and interests of the Court of Savoy—not a hint or a shadow of this indictment, which would have destroyed the new convert's prospects at Annecy, should ever have been visible, is not, indeed, conclusive in favour of the accused. But surely it must outweigh the lubricious fancies of a half-demented day-dreamer, who, as Mr. John Morley confesses, had 'in some of his mental states so little sense of the difference between the actual and the imaginary,' and who wrote under the delirium of persecution which terminated in his suicide.

What, then, did take place, in the thirteen years of their wedded life, which will explain the flight, the divorce, and the

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final estrangement between M. and Madame de Warens? The gentleman was somewhat prosaic, narrow, and careful of his money; the lady profuse, impetuous, fond of entertaining, charitable to the poor, and full of plans by which to recover the expenses that had now begun to exceed their income. Two years previous to the separation she carried on a manufacture of silk-stockings at Vevey, in partnership with M. St. André, much against her husband's will, and in spite of his remonstrances. In 1725 she travelled to Aix, Chambéry, and Geneva; made the acquaintance of some high Catholic personages; was flattered and caressed by them; and came home dissatisfied with her old friends, and with the difficulties of her position, which M. de Warens seems to have in no wise undertaken to improve. On July 14th, 1726, she left him, ostensibly to take the waters of Amphion; but all her preparations had been made for submission to the Roman Church; and on reaching Evian she put herself under the protection of the Court of Savoy. King Victor sent the lady forward to Annecy, with a guard, as it was rumoured that some of her relatives would attempt a rescue. There she went through her abjuration; the Sovereign granted her a pension of 1500 livres, to which the Bishops of Annecy and Maurienne added a thousand each; and in 1732 she was still resident in the same town, absorbed in religious duties and works of charity. M. de Conzié, who was her friend and neighbour, and of whom Jean Jacques writes with kindness, declares that 'her conduct was entirely exempt from all suspicion, and safe even from the calumny which commonly pursues new converts when they have intellect and beauty.' As soon as the Bernese Government was informed of her abjuration, their Excellencies confiscated her property in the Pays de Vaud. They subsequently waived their rights in favour of M. de Warens, and granted him a divorce, with leave to marry again, the grounds being that his wife had deserted him and joined the Roman Catholic Communion. But she could not, consistently with her new profession, look upon herself as divorced. She kept her married name; and it is remarked as a touching detail by General Read that, during her last illness, when M. de Warens was dead, she speaks of herself as 'a poor widow.'

But in 1732, questions of alimony still being unsettled, she presented a memorial to the Senate of Chambéry, which drew from her husband a letter,—the original is extant,—running to sixty-six pages, and containing the whole story, so far as we can judge, as it lay before the mind of M. de Warens. Unhappily we cannot so much as pretend to give a summary of it in the space at our disposal. It is minute, dramatic, natural, and somewhat

somewhat garrulous,—the work of a man who is writing to his brother-in-law and does not spare ink or paper,—but convincing in its fulness and simplicity. When M. de Warens drew it up, he was staying at Islington, which he seems to regard as being in the country; but perhaps he had Brentwood in view, where he had lodged a little earlier with the clergyman of that parish. He takes up many pages in describing a visit which he paid to Madame Louise, after her flight, but previous to the sentence of divorce between them, when she was entertained by the nuns of the Visitation at Annecy. The substance of their conversation, and of the pamphlet, lies in the following words:—

‘I then added,’ says M. de Warens, ‘that even if she had determined to change only after studying the question [of religion], that would not prevent the manner in which she had done so from creating a great prejudice against her, even in the minds of her own party; that to desert her husband, of whom she never had any cause to complain, and in decamping to despoil him of everything she could lay her hands upon, was an unpardonable action; and that I had paid very dear all the weaknesses I had had for her. Having allowed me to speak up to this point without interrupting me, she took up the question. She did not excuse her change of religion by motives of conscience. On the contrary, she allowed so much indifference to appear in this respect, that I was struck by it. She said that the derangement of our affairs had in part induced her to take this step; that they had flattered her with honours at the Court of Turin; that what she had carried away from me was the means of living while she was waiting for a position with fixed pension; that, moreover, knowing me to be very tolerant in matters of religion, she had thought that she could induce me to follow her example; that in this case I could count upon not being forgotten; and that a place would be given to me, which would indemnify me in the most ample manner for whatever I might abandon in my own country. I replied that she must have learnt to know me very slightly during the twelve or thirteen years we had lived together, or she could never have made me such a proposal, . . . and that nothing in the world would induce me to abandon my religion.’

The discussion, of which we give only a sample in the foregoing paragraph, was thoroughly characteristic of a lady with a good head for business, but not possessed of very ardent feelings, and, although perhaps, as M. de Warens tells us, ‘a perfect comedian,’ still by no means intent upon getting quit of her husband, provided he was willing to accept the favours of a Catholic Court. She fled from Vevey alone; she had no *cavalier servente* in her new domicile; and, if Jean Jacques had not chosen to reveal the disorders which, on his sole charge, are alleged against her at Les Charmettes, we should never have suspected

their existence. It is, certainly, most remarkable that in a memoir of this length, and written with such vehemence of tone, where the interests of Warens would have persuaded him to make use of every weapon against 'La Savoyarde,' though he laments his blind partiality and insists that he had always been indulgent towards her, not one syllable can be wrested to an accusation of the kind on which Rousseau expatiates. At the end of his three days' visit, M. de Warens left her with a document in his possession by which Madame Louise surrendered to him 'the tranquil possession of her property,' while he undertook to pay her an annual income of 300 silver livres of Savoy. It was always a question of finance between these persons, never of rivals and unfaithfulness to the marriage vow. Some weeks later she wrote in revocation of the promises made, ending with these words, 'I pray you to regard me from henceforth as dead, and to think no more about me than if I really were so.' They never met afterwards. Warens took no second wife; and his witness may be summed up as testifying that in the lady's flight 'ambition had a greater part than conscience.' Thus one other romance of history is scattered to the winds, and sober prose refutes, or at any rate declines to establish, the intolerable fictions of Jean Jacques.

The bereaved husband took up his abode in course of time with his cousin, M. de Loÿs de Bochat, who owned the tower and grounds of La Grotte, and who, in 1750, converted what was left of the old convent of St. Francis into the stately dwelling where Gibbon and Deyverdun resided. Gibbon made M. de Warens' acquaintance a year before the latter died, which was in November 1754. He had long been in easy circumstances, unlike Madame Louise, who mortgaged her pensions and speculated in many different undertakings, commercial and charitable, which included no fewer than five mines,—some of which even now are worked with advantage, but then brought her nothing but losses, thanks to the knavery of her associates. However, it was Madame de Warens who began the prosperity of La Rochette; and to her invention is due the botanical garden at Chambéry. She had learnt to study that graceful science under the direction of Claude Anet, whose family were old retainers of the house of La Tour. Claude Anet died in 1734. He has been enveloped in the calumnies which destroyed this lady's good name. But, as General Read suggests, perhaps it was on his death that Madame de Warens began to perceive the genuine character of Rousseau, and cooled in her devotion to the restless and suspicious creature. His own account of the matter is different;

yet

yet even he cannot but allow his extreme thoughtlessness and imbecility, when he was called upon to render assistance amid the growing difficulties and embarrassments of his good 'Maman's' situation. Returning, he says, from Montpellier, he found his place taken by 'a tall expressionless blonde, tolerably well made, with a flat face, and a mind of the same character,' who called himself M. de Courtilles, but whose true name was Vintzenried, a hairdresser's apprentice from Chillon. Hereupon, the virtuous Jean Jacques bade Madame de Warens an everlasting farewell. But he was probably eager to escape; and he came back when his new employer, M. de Mably, grand provost of Lyons, sent him about his business for having stolen that 'petit vin blanc' which he delighted to drink in secret, but which he was too proud to beg from his master.

While Rousseau was enjoying a celebrity which, for the time, eclipsed even that of Voltaire, the woman who had been to him a friend and a mother was sinking into poverty. Her last letters are painful reading, but they do honour to the benevolence which she was still endeavouring to exercise, and the patience with which she bore a tedious illness. 'She was obliged,' writes M. de Conzié, 'to beg a corner of a hovel in one of the faubourgs [of Chambéry] where she vegetated only through the succour and charitable care of her neighbours, who were in anything but easy circumstances. Finally, borne down by various ills, which confined her to bed for more than two years, she succumbed with all the sentiments of a courageous woman and a good Christian.' And this intimate friend of Rousseau,—himself well acquainted with Madame de Warens from the moment of her arrival in Savoy,—adds his own comment; 'I have always condemned Jean Jacques,' he says, 'for having preferred the interests of Le Vasseur to those of a "maman" as respectable for him in every sense as his washerwoman Le Vasseur was disgraceful. He might well have laid aside his pride, from time to time, and have worked to earn the necessities of life, so as to restore all, or at least a part of what he had cost his generous benefactress.'

But Rousseau, when he heard from M. de Conzié of her death, broke out into a curious self-regarding apostrophe,—'Go, sweet and benevolent soul,' he exclaimed, 'into the presence of the Fénelons, the Bernex, the Catinats, and all those who in a more humble state have like them opened their hearts to real charity: go, taste the fruit of yours, and prepare for your pupil the place which he hopes one day to occupy near you—happy in your misfortunes that Heaven in terminating them has spared you the cruel spectacle of his.' Surely the man who
could

could write thus was intoxicated with self-love, in a degree which has all the notes of an insane delusion.

Madame de Warens died on July 29th, 1762, 'in the house of the Sieur Crépine,' and was buried by M. Gaime, curé of Lemenc, who signed the register, and who was, according to Jean Jacques, the original of his Savoyard Vicar. The grave is on a rocky height, unmarked by a monument. Les Charmettes, half an hour's drive from Chambéry, is now a farm, and a place of universal pilgrimage. All students of French literature know the Watteau-like description of its golden days which lights up the 'Confessions,' and which lends to their most idyllic pages an incomparable delicacy, brightness, and pathos. Exquisite fancies, pictures glowing with sun-colour, the tenderest tones of sentiment, eloquence at once passionate and melting;—but all this beauty is the expression of a mood or a moment; there is a false heart, a vicious reason, behind its smoothness; for never, perhaps, did there exist a more extraordinary combination of the lofty and the ignoble, the base and the attractive, than in this creature of impulse. 'Fine words,' says our author indignantly, 'but words that did not furnish medicine for the sick, bread for the hungry, or wine for the dying.' Yet he thought himself the pattern of virtue, and he confessed, or invented, the vices of his dearest friends, to prove that he was the equal of the noblest men and women, whom he drags after him to the shambles that he may enjoy his detestable triumph.

Gibbon has judged the man with his accustomed good sense and penetration. Writing to Victor de Saussure from Buriton, under date of September 23rd, 1766, when Jean Jacques was in England, he says 'Rousseau has met with little success in this country. He withdrew to the heart of a desert, where he was allowed to vegetate so peaceably that he was compelled to quarrel with all our men of letters in order to become notorious. We have, perhaps, sufficient philosophy to admire his eloquence without being the dupes of that part which he has played so long. We know that nothing so much resembles that philosophy as caprice, a superciliousness which is in contradiction to itself from time to time, and a misanthropy too pronounced not to be affected. Rousseau complains of the persecutors, when he is the foremost of them. We should soon see a Consensus drawn, not from the Catechism of Heidelberg, but from that of the Savoyard Vicar.'

Now, at last, we have reached the period at which Lausanne was to receive its most illustrious visitor;—shall we except M. de Voltaire?—since emperors, popes, and kings must give way

way before the Roman historian, whose words will be read with ever fresh delight when they are forgotten names or legendary heroes. The year 1754 was a momentous one, says General Read, for the characters with whom we have been so long concerned. In that year M. de Warens died; his friend and relative, M. de Bochat, expired at La Grotte, which he may be looked upon as having founded for the second time; Voltaire began to meditate his retreat from Colmar into Switzerland, being driven by the Jesuits from Alsace; and Gibbon submitted to the reasonings of M. Pavilliard, and took the sacrament in the Cathedral of Lausanne upon Christmas Day. The registers of the Council of Geneva, February 1st, 1755, contain the permission accorded to the 'Sieur de Voltaire' to live in the territory of the Republic, that he may be near his doctor, the famous Tronchin. He thought, at one time, of renting La Grotte; then bought Les Délices for 87,000 francs; and finally became, as George Deyverdun calls him in a telling phrase, 'the old sinner of Ferney.' But no portrait of this small great man has ever given him to us more faithfully than that which M. Tronchin drew in an epistle to Jean Jacques. It is impartial, says M. Desnoiresterres, though hardly benevolent, and enlarges the original as under a magnifying-glass. We quote it entire:—

'What can we expect,' writes the physician, 'from a man who is always in contradiction with himself, and whose heart has ever been the dupe of his mind? His moral state has been from his infancy so unnatural and so deformed, that his very being now is artificial and like no other. Of all men living the one he knows least is himself. All his relations to the rest of men and their relations to him are *sui generis*. He has aimed at greater happiness than he could claim. And the excess of his pretensions has led him insensibly to an injustice which the laws may not condemn, but which reason cannot approve. He has refrained from stealing his neighbour's corn and taken neither his ox nor his cow; but in ways unlike these he has plundered, to gain a reputation and a supremacy which wise men look down upon, for they cost too dear. Perhaps he has not been sufficiently delicate in the choice of means. The praises and flatteries of his admirers have finished what his pretensions began; while he thinks himself the master, he has become the slave of his following. His happiness depends on them. This false foundation has left immense empty spaces. He has grown accustomed to praise; and to what may we not grow accustomed? If habit has taken from it that imagined worth, the explanation is an overweening vanity, which counts as nothing what it has, and as only too much whatever is denied it. Hence, the insults of La Baumelle give more pain than the applause of the crowd has ever yielded pleasure. What is the end of it all? The fear of death (for we do fear death) does not prevent

prevent our murmuring about life, and as we know not where to complain, we accuse Providence when we should be laying the blame on our own shoulders.'

If, in later days, Jean Jacques was acquainted with the satire and contempt which his rival poured out on him in a voluminous correspondence, the memory of this one letter, so severe yet so unanswerable, must have made amends. None could be more good-natured or less wearied in well-doing, even to the worthless, than Voltaire. But he despised the fanatic who was endangering philosophy by his outbursts and his violence; he hated the sentiment which put on a Christian accent; and he was no democrat. On the contrary, this 'unique and amazing genius, the light and delight of mankind,'—to quote from a letter of M. d'Hermenches, which reflects the opinion of thousands in his time,—was strongly convinced that, 'as regards the people, they will be always senseless and barbarous. They are oxen, and require a yoke, a goad, and some hay.' With his four or five hundred thousand *livres de rente* a year, his great houses, troops of servants, pictures and plate, banquets, festivals, private and public theatricals, visitors of every nation and of the highest rank, and the incense of daily adoration, he was not the man to sigh for a state of nature in which his frail tenement would have been shattered to pieces at the first blow. He preferred to live 'in the century of impertinence and ridicule;' to smite his enemies under the fifth rib when they were least expecting it; to wage war against superstition by stratagems, fictions, false oaths, and the sacrileges which he found amusing, while those who had neither wit nor fortune might console themselves with the Christianity which he was bent on rooting out from civilisation.

Into such a perplexed world was Gibbon cast by his father's sudden and ill-considered resolution to banish him from Oxford and England. His somnolent Alma Mater, as it would seem, did not know of the youth's defection.* But Gibbon the elder was panic-stricken, and he took his measures without an instant's delay—measures, according to General Read, which we must look upon as the fatal beginnings of an apostasy, not from one church but from all churches, and from the Gospel itself. This violent action it was, in our author's opinion, which broke the religious enthusiasm of the lad during an age that is highly susceptible to the attractions of a better

* Gibbon's name disappears from the buttery books of Magdalen College on July 4th, 1753,—about a month after his abjuration; but his caution money was not returned until 1755, which seems incompatible with formal expulsion by the authorities.

world, and if also to the allurements of sense, yet still to the authority of its teachers. Investigations at Lausanne have confirmed the hints which are scattered through Gibbon's letters and in his biography, showing that the first eighteen months of his residence there exposed him to severe trials, almost cut him off from the society of his equals, and were spent by M. Pavilliard,—a sincere and not unkind man,—in efforts to persuade him that his future in this world as well as in the next would depend on his conforming to the creed which he had conscientiously abandoned.

In the course of his researches, General Read came, in the lumber-rooms of La Grotte, upon two portraits, 'attached to each other by a ribbon in the form of a bow,' one representing the historian when just over the age of twenty, and the other his gay and handsome friend, Deyverdun. From Gibbon's picture, it appears that he had, when a boy, red or auburn hair, but was not wanting either in good looks or in figure, much as he afterwards deteriorated in both. 'The eyes are large and dark and grey, unlike the light orbs painted by Sir Joshua. There is a fine reddish colour in the lips and cheeks, and he seems to have possessed that delicate complexion which often accompanies auburn hair. As in the portrait by Reynolds, he wears a red coat with a black velvet collar.' The description which Mlle. Curchod gives of him at the same period,—when they were certainly both in love, though not to an equal degree,—is well-known, but deserves to be quoted once more; it confirms the witness of this portrait.

'I shall touch but lightly,' she writes, 'on M. Gibbon's appearance. He has beautiful hair, pretty hands, and the look of a well-bred man. His face is so singular and full of mind, that I know no one who is like him. It is so expressive that there is always something new in it. His gestures are so apt that they add greatly to his conversation; in a word, he has one of those very remarkable faces that one never tires of examining, copying, and depicting. He understands the deference which is due to women. His manners are easy without being too familiar. He dances moderately well. I find, in short, that he has few of those mannerisms which denote the fop. His wit varies immensely.'

This account of her hero was intended to be amusing; and Mlle. Suzanne goes on to describe her own charms as not inconsiderable, though destitute of grace and subdued by a rustic air and some touch of *brusquerie*. She had, however, real beauty, the accomplishments of a man of letters, a strong but not an ill-directed character, sincere religious feelings, and, as her whole life and conversation will serve to establish,

a warm

a warm heart which did not waver in its attachments. Gibbon calls her, in one of his private journals, a dangerous coquette; the letters now given, and especially a bright and vivacious note to George Deyverdun, make it manifest that her coquetry was the merest graceful trifling. When her father died, Mlle. Curchod gave lessons at Lausanne, a declension from the state of young ladyhood which, if it did not shock the younger Gibbon, was little calculated to win the assent of the elder to a marriage deemed by him no better than a *mésalliance*. And yet who will not agree with General Read in praising the independence which prompted such a resolution, and in regretting that the studies of the historian were not lighted up by the presence of so frank, accomplished, and engaging a helpmate? Here, again, it was the father who interposed between Gibbon and domestic felicity, as in the great question of faith he had taken a drastic method of overcoming his son's Catholicism by plunging him into unbelief. The father had himself no religious convictions; Mr. Mallet, by whose advice he sent Edward across the Channel, was either a Deist or a sceptic; and it was from M. de Crousaz, an orthodox but liberal theologian, that the young man acquired a system of logic under the influence of which 'the various articles of the Romish Creed disappeared like a dream.' But with them vanished every explicit doctrine of the religion which he still professed to retain, and his ideals and aspirations were equally discarded, leaving only a natural sense of kindness that never failed him, an untiring industry, and a secret but invincible ambition to conquer the world of letters.

In George Deyverdun he found the congenial spirit who almost made up to him for his disappointment in not winning Mlle. Curchod. It is impossible to picture, among all the brilliant or heroic characters that pass over the stage in these volumes, one more attractive in his manners, more affectionate, tender, and unselfish, of a judgment more mature, or of learning and capacity less open to question. His fatal fault was indolence, such as Gibbon likewise suffered from in matters which demanded instant letter-writing; but, though Deyverdun was an admirable and highly prized tutor, who knew how to form his pupils and retain their life-long friendship, he did not, as he might have done, give his hours of leisure to any work on a par with his rare faculties. He loved society; was much sought after; and could not bring himself even to the decent care of his resources; nay, though Madame de Bochat left him with La Grotte a comfortable inheritance, months elapsed ere he wrote to his banker in London, M. Tessier, who was doing
his

his utmost to secure principal and interest for him. At all times, Gibbon's purse had been open to George; but, as we know from the 'Autobiography,' it often resembled that of Catullus, and was full of cobwebs, in the embarrassed days of Buriton. Perhaps the slackness which weighed upon Deyverdun must be attributed to the insidious form of heart disease, terminating in apoplexy, by which he was carried off about the age of fifty, when he had enjoyed Gibbon's friendship, and sweetened his otherwise too mundane existence during thirty-three years by his liveliness, his devotion, and his unvarying good-nature.

A golden link between 'our excellent and indispensable eighteenth century,'—which is Matthew Arnold's accommodating language,—and the century of revolution, reform, and reaction that was to follow upon its heels, is, singularly enough, the translation into French of 'Werther' by George Deyverdun. How difficult to realize that little more than two hundred miles from Lausanne a youth of genius was growing up, in the ancient house at Frankfort on the Main, who should transcend or supersede Voltaire, not by the cut and thrust of polemics, or in a whirlwind of argument, but by the deeper insight into nature's laws and the order of the universe to which the 'Prologue in Heaven' bears witness and those splendid lyric movements which are the glory of the 'Faust'! Deyverdun's was a good rendering of 'Werther.' A well-equipped linguist, he was among the founders of the Academy of Leipsic and of the Literary Society of Lausanne. His occasional verses, some of which General Read has given, are equal to the common style in which Voltaire practised the same amusing art of *jeux d'esprit* in his letters and dedications. Lord Chesterfield, whose son and whose successor he tutored, felt and expressed the utmost confidence in him. Madame de Staël, a severe, but highly qualified observer, allowed him wit, grace, and originality. He had a correct ear for music, played on the spinet, took shadow-portraits with unusual skill, was deep in his native antiquities, and, though never managing the pronunciation of English, owned a critical knowledge, says Gibbon, 'such as few foreigners have possessed,' while 'few of our countrymen could enjoy the theatre of Shakespeare and Garrick with more exquisite discernment.'

The Pavilliards and the Deyverduns were intimate acquaintances. Gibbon must have met George early in his residence at Lausanne, for he appears, without any indications of being a stranger, in the 'Diary' of the young Swiss gentleman, then living under his aunt's roof either at Les Uttins or La Grotte.

After

After the first hard period of imprisonment and conversion, the English student went much into society, was a frequent guest at the receptions of M. d'Hermenches, and discovered about him a circle of highly cultivated, amiable, and freethinking men and women, allied among themselves as a family, but represented, also, by their famous kinsfolk in most of the German courts, at Paris, and wherever Swiss officers were found in responsible military positions. The letters of Madame de la Pottrie, a brilliant and fascinating person at the Court of Nassau, would be well worth quoting in illustration, had we room to set out their sparkling vignettes of a life now completely passed away. They remind us of 'Wilhelm Meister,' but have not its Bohemian or bourgeois tone; Thackeray would have delighted in them, and he could not have done better than their swift and lively strokes. But we must hasten on, remarking merely that whether society at Lausanne were grave or gay, Christian-orthodox, or liberal and latitudinarian, all alike, including George Deyverdun, read, admired, and raved about Voltaire. To that century he was what M. Allamand calls him in a transport of devotion, its 'magnus Apollo.' A fine musical deity who made them all dance to his piping!

M. Allamand was, until lately, an important yet scarcely well seen figure in Gibbon's museum of celebrities. The historian styles him 'my personal friend, with whom I maintained a more free and interesting correspondence' than with Breitingen of Zurich and Gesner of Göttingen.

'He was,' continues the 'Autobiography,' 'a master of language, of science, and, above all, of dispute; and his acute and flexible logic could support with equal address, and perhaps with equal indifference, the adverse sides of every possible question. His spirit was active, but his pen had been indolent. . . . After some trials in France and Holland, which were defeated by his fortune or his character, a genius that might have enlightened or deluded the world was buried in a country living, unknown to fame and discontented with mankind. "Est sacrificulus in pago, et rusticos decipit." . . . By fencing with so skilful a master, I acquired some dexterity in the use of my philosophical weapons; but I was still the slave of education and prejudice; he had some measures to keep; and I much suspect that he never showed me the true colours of his secret scepticism.'

But in 1879 General Read was so fortunate as to receive, from Madame Bergier at Lausanne, twenty-one letters addressed to Allamand by Voltaire, some still retaining their seals in red wax with the arms,—three golden flames on a field azure. They range from January, 1755, to April, 1772. And a little later,

later, the replies to some of them, eleven in number, were deciphered and sent to the General, who now gives them in a most readable chapter, thus throwing light upon the mind and temperament of this Broad Church theologian and man of letters. Gibbon mentions the 'Epistle to the Protestants of Languedoc,' which scandalized Allamand's contemporaries by its frank distinction between public worship and private opinion. In the spirit of Rousseau, it would have the State regulate all assemblies, and the individual obey his own conscience where speculation was concerned. But Allamand wrote more than this ambiguous letter. He answered Diderot's 'Pensées Philosophiques,' and the 'Théologie Portative' (an eccentric title!) of D'Holbach, in two pamphlets which are described as 'able and witty.' He wrote, but mercifully refrained from publishing, fourteen volumes of Sermons. And he left, besides the correspondence now at length offered to us, five other volumes of fragments. His pen, therefore, was less indolent than Gibbon supposed. Though born in 1710, and brother of Jean Allamand, F.R.S., philosopher and naturalist, who succeeded S'Gravesende at Leyden, it was not until 1773 that François, pastor of Bex, found himself seated in the chair of Greek and Ethics at the Lausanne Academy. He became its Rector, held the office about three years, and died in 1784.

His letters do not, perhaps, justify Gibbon's lofty estimate of his genius; they show a mind ill at ease, a dislike of Calvinists, Arminians, and sectaries, and an unbounded enthusiasm for Voltaire;—'The honour of being flattered by the same hand that wrote "La Henriade" and "Brutus," I would not give,' cries Allamand, 'for all the literary knighthoods of Germany.' He studies the 'Treatise on Toleration' with rapture, and sheds tears of delight when the recluse of Ferney puts forth his hand to save the Calas from their persecutors. 'There is only one M. de Voltaire in the world,' he says again; and everything, even ridicule of the Scriptures, must be pardoned him, in view of the 'sacred fire of humanity' which eats him up. The 'Credo' of public religion belongs to the State; its articles are the civil and secular virtues; but the Gospel regards only private religion, and with it the State has no concern. He wishes Voltaire were as good a Christian as he deserves to be. 'You see what it is to live at Bex; one must dream of something; I offer you as a New Year's gift, a key to the Kingdom of Heaven.' But he can scarcely admire Theism, Voltaire's present dogma; 'it is idle to pretend that Theism does not attack our livings; if it succeeds we shall be simply incumbents in partibus infidelium. The Church may well be purified; but

but to be pure is not everything,—one must live, you know. And once you begin to melt down our bells, you will not halt halfway, as 250 years ago. It will be a clean sweep, and we shall be devoured into the bargain.' But why do the enemies of Christianity, like Bolingbroke, lose their temper and break out into insolent language? 'Ah, Monsieur, why, in your declining age, do you not make the best of the Gospel, rather than find fault with it? Surely, the Bible has given mankind all it needs in religion; and the world has not lost fifteen centuries by becoming Christian?' Thus, in many keys, between jest and earnest, the 'poor village curé' to his great friend, the sage of Monrion. He did not convert the old man; but whenever Voltaire published a treatise or a diatribe, he was wont to ask, 'What does M. Allamand think of it?' We are still in the dark as regards the minister's deepest thoughts on the fortunes of the system in which he was unwillingly entangled. But quite possibly he was of one mind, despite his reticences, with Pastor Moulton, the friend of Rousseau, Gibbon, and Mlle. Curchod, who wrote to Ferney in 1768, when Voltaire was defending the Sirvens, 'A thousand thanks for your excellent news, you have won a fresh triumph over fanaticism; I do not despair of seeing it in chains at your feet. . . . I have read "*L'Homme aux Quarante Ecus*," and "*Le Dîner de Boulainvilliers*." It is impossible that every eye should not be at last opened to the truth. If a few discontented monks brought about a revolution in a century but little enlightened, what will you not accomplish in our own?'

Gibbon arrived in Lausanne as a permanent guest of George Deyverdun on September 27th, 1783. They took furnished apartments for the autumn, but early next spring were installed at La Grotte; and after twenty years absence, the hermitage that had long solicited the historian's retreat and promised him happiness, was as good as his own. At every meal, at every hour, he writes exultingly, he enjoyed the free and pleasant conversation of the friend of his boyhood. 'I began to occupy,' says he, 'a spacious and convenient mansion, connected on the north side with the city, and open on the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon. A garden of four acres had been laid out by the taste of Mr. Deyverdun; from the garden a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Leman Lake, and the prospect beyond the lake is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy.' He did not regret his migration for a single instant, and he delights in his new home on every page of the '*Autobiography*' which refers to it, as in the letters to Mrs. Gibbon and to Sheffield Place.

That

That unclouded felicity lasted five years, until July 4th, 1789, when Gibbon wrote to M. de Sévery, his intimate friend, 'Poor Deyverdun is no more! Comptroller Secretan has just announced the sad news to me . . . To-morrow morning at nine o'clock the Comptroller will return with the Banneret of the quarter to place the seals on his apartments. Until then do not talk of it before your servants. At ten o'clock I shall be happy to see Wilhelm, to agree as to the excuses for my soirée. I thought I was prepared, but this blow has upset me. After thirty-three years—— Adieu.'

He was now the tenant for life of La Grotte, which Deyverdun bequeathed to him with its furniture, subject to an annuity of 30 *louis neufs*, payable to the heir-at-law, Major de Montagny. The ways of Lausanne were pleasant to him; with the Séverys he was on terms of affection and daily intercourse; and he looked on Wilhelm de Sévery, then a young man of twenty-two, as his adopted son, lavishing upon him a kindness which testified to the infinite benevolence of the man whose pen wrote sharp sayings, but in whose heart malice could find no resting-place. Though far from old, he was becoming languid and weary. When he paid London a visit in 1788—it was on the occasion of publishing his last three volumes—he had felt himself to be a stranger and away from home. But he showed young Sévery all that was worth seeing; shared his pleasures; took pride in his successes; and sent him delightful notes in the style of the following: 'We dine to-morrow at Richmond at Sir Joshua Reynolds' and with Mr. Hastings. Be at Downing Street at a quarter to one. Here is your draft for fifty pounds sterling.' With truth he had said, 'I cannot separate myself from the happiness of my friends.'

Those friends remained with him till the last. Lord Sheffield, Madame Necker, and the whole circle of Lausanne, who enjoyed his hospitality, smiled at his foibles, were proud of his fame, and listened when he spoke as to an oracle. When he was under sentence of death—accelerated by his rapid journey to England on learning that Lady Sheffield was no more—his old *fiancée* writes to him, on December 9th, 1793, from Lausanne:—

'I cannot express, Monsieur, what a shock it has been to hear such unexpected news of you as we have received. In vain M. de Sévery has clothed it in all kinds of moral reflections which might relieve our sad thoughts;—your courage, your gaiety, your amenity; all these qualities, so amiable in former times, weigh upon my heart with the rest of the motives which prompt me to care for you. The evening of our life is indeed covered with clouds, since the very friendship in which we found refuge, is at present a centre of pain
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which has its echo in every part of me. I will say no more, Monsieur, my weakness accords ill with your heroism. Only while we speak to you of yourself can we cease to hear the voices of one another.'

It is all French and sentimental, but not insincere. His acquaintance would have agreed with M. Schöll, Gibbon's Swiss Doctor, in ascribing to him a tranquil, kind, and sweet disposition; and he was devoted to Lausanne as though it had been his native ground. He did not welcome the French who were inundating Savoy and thundering at the gates of Geneva; yet he refused to believe in their ultimate triumph, and he wrote, near the close of 1793, to Wilhelm de Sévery, 'In this century nothing can be foreseen, but I cherish the hope, and even the opinion, that England and Switzerland will survive the universal deluge.' His adopted son, who lived until 1838, saw this sentiment fulfilled after many vicissitudes, in which the old Swiss hierarchy has perished; the Pays Romand has thrown off the Bernese yoke; the Canton de Vaud has gained its independence; and Lausanne is more flourishing than ever. But La Grotte has vanished from its picturesque site in view of the Lake of Geneva; and with it are gone the memories of well-nigh seven hundred years, and the associations clustering round the name of Gibbon that should have made it immortal.

It is due from us to General Meredith Read that we should conclude this fragmentary notice of a colossal undertaking in his own words:—

'There are intellectual and spiritual friends of past generations,' he says on his final page, 'whom we follow from land to land, from the cradle to the grave, as we cannot accompany any contemporary. Among those whom I have thus known with a certain intimacy is Gibbon. But while admiring his marvellous strength, he appears to me another example of the limited scope of the human mind. Of great thoughts concerning the universe and all that lies beyond he had none; while solving great and intricate problems in the domains of antiquity, he could not recognize the underlying currents of his own time. [But] the greatest historian was great also in his friendships.'

With this restrained but affectionate account of his disposition and achievements, Gibbon himself would not have been dissatisfied.

- ART. IX.—1. *The National Gallery of British Art. Illustrated Catalogue with Introduction by David Croal Thomson.* London, 1897.
2. *Catalogue of the Loan Collection of Pictures by Painters of the British School who have flourished during Her Majesty's Reign.* Prepared by A. G. Temple, F.S.A., Director of the Art Gallery of the Corporation of London. London, 1897.
3. *Catalogue of the Fine Art Section, Victorian Era Exhibition, Earl's Court, London.* With an Introduction by G. A. Storey, A.R.A. London, 1897.
4. *Catalogue of the British Fine Art Section, Brussels International Exhibition, 1897.* Published by the Committee. Brussels, 1897.

THE art history of the Jubilee year which has just passed away has not been without memorable incidents. This *annus mirabilis* has been marked by two of the most splendid gifts which the country has ever received. On the one hand the superb collection of Old Masters at Hertford House has been bequeathed to the nation by Lady Wallace; on the other, Mr. Henry Tate has built and presented a National Gallery of British Art to his fellow-countrymen, and has at the same time given his own valuable collection of modern English masters to form the nucleus of the new gallery. And a painter whose name will live among the foremost masters of the Victorian age, Mr. George Frederic Watts, has taken advantage of this opportunity to make a formal donation to the Trustees of the Tate Gallery of no less than seventeen of his finest ideal pictures, a group representing no inconsiderable portion of a life-work that has been freely given to the service of his country. Such magnificent generosity on the part of private individuals would alone suffice to make the year 1897 famous in the annals of English art.

Several attempts have also been made, during the year which has just ended, to bring together a representative collection of works by the most distinguished masters who have flourished during the last sixty years. Both at the Guildhall and at Earl's Court such exhibitions have been held. The former was a small but fairly satisfactory collection, containing a good many well-known pictures by our most popular living artists, and a few gems of the purest water, while the latter was more remarkable for the excellence of the sculpture and black and white work than for the merit of the oil paintings displayed. But in this point, it must be confessed, the record of 1897 falls very far short of the last Jubilee year. There has been nothing

worthy to be compared with that famous exhibition held at Manchester ten years ago, which first made us realize the wealth of modern art and the genius of English masters.

On the whole, by far the best collection of Victorian art brought together during the past year, was to be found at the Brussels International Exhibition, where the beauty and variety of the British Fine Art Section attracted universal attention. Here the masterpieces of Mr. Watts and Madox-Brown, of Millais and Leighton, hung side by side with works by Mr. Orchardson and M. Alma-Tadema, by Sir Edward Poynter and Albert Moore; the landscapes of Mr. J. W. North and Mr. Alfred Parsons, of Mr. Edward Stott and Mr. Corbet, were to be seen on the same walls as the portraits of Mr. John Sargent and Sir William Richmond. The schools of Newlyn and Glasgow were both well represented, and in the black and white section, etchings by M. Legros and Sir Seymour Haden, pen and ink sketches by Mr. Walter Crane and Sir George Reid, lithographs by Mr. C. H. Shannon, and wood-engravings by Mr. Biscombe Gardner, divided the space with designs for the mosaics of St. Paul's, and original drawings for the cartoons of 'Punch.' And if the great name of Rossetti was absent, this loss was in some degree compensated by the prominence given to Sir Edward Burne-Jones's grand design 'The Wheel of Fortune,' a work which produced a marked impression upon visitors to the Exhibition and increased the high reputation which this master enjoys both in France and Belgium. While the excellence of English work at Brussels has helped to deepen the admiration excited by the fine display of English painting at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, pictures by Mr. Watts have, at the request of Prince Eugen of Sweden, already found their way to Stockholm, and the present winter is to witness the first exhibition of English painting that has ever been held at St. Petersburg. Everywhere we find tokens of the new curiosity and interest in the subject that is being awakened on the Continent. England is no longer regarded, even in Paris, as a dry and barren soil. The wilderness has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. 'Il y a une peinture anglaise.' There is an English school of painting. So, in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' writes M. de la Sizeranne, whose essays on the subject have lately been collected in a separate volume, and whose intimate acquaintance with Victorian art has materially helped to dispel the prejudices of his countrymen.

Many years ago, Delacroix was struck with the originality and intellectual force of English art and with the strong personal element and 'prodigious amount of conscience' which he found
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in the work of English painters. And now M. de la Sizeranne is equally impressed with the high degree of culture that distinguishes our foremost living masters. Mr. Watts, he remarks, is a philosopher. William Blake, Dante Rossetti, and William Morris were all poets of a high order, Lord Leighton spoke every language under the sun, Sir Edward Burne-Jones is learned in the legendary lore of all ages and lands, Tadema is an archæologist, Holman Hunt a teacher of exegesis, Sir Edward Poynter and Herkomer are professors who deliver lectures at the Universities. This wide and varied knowledge no doubt tends to give our national art that complexity of aims which in the eyes of our neighbours is fatal to its highest development. English art has never been—perhaps it will never be—a plant of the same spontaneous, unstudied growth as French art. It concerns itself, as M. de la Sizeranne remarks, not without a sigh of perplexity, by turns with science, with psychology and history, with moral and religious teaching, with everything, in fact, excepting the expression of plastic beauty, ‘*le Beau sans phrases, le Beau sans intentions, le Beau sans apostolat*,’ which is the single aim of his own countrymen. But the difference, we suspect, lies at the root of the nation’s being, and is one not merely of education and circumstances, but of race and climate. And we may remind our kindly foreign critic, that if English art-students go to Paris to acquire the technical training and instruction which they cannot find here, our painters, by virtue of their intellectual power and original genius, have repeatedly supplied French artists with sources of inspiration. Thus it was from Constable that the men of 1830 derived the original artistic impulse which led to the brilliant development of landscape art by the masters of the school of Fontainebleau, while, in more recent years, Monet and his comrades, Pissarro and Sisley, found the secret of impressionist landscape painting in Turner’s gorgeous visions, and the mystic dreams of Watts and Burne-Jones have largely helped to foster the growth of a new school of idealist painters in France at the present time.

In spite of these radical differences, however, English art, we repeat, has during the last sixty years won for itself a high place in the estimation of the world, and has at the same time given signs of renewed strength and vitality at home. We need only look back to the state of art in the early years of the Queen’s reign, to realize how remarkable a change has taken place in this respect. In those days, when Mr. Watts, for instance, whose career embraces practically the whole of the Victorian age, was a young man, stagnation seemed to have

settled upon the art of England. Constable had died in the very year of the Queen's accession, Turner, although he lived till 1851, and painted some of his most wonderful pictures during this last period, was working in the most complete isolation, neglected by the public and misunderstood by the artists of his generation. 'No one in all England at that time,' wrote Mr. Ruskin, 'cared, in the true sense of the word, for Turner, but the retired coachmaker of Tottenham and I.' His health was already beginning to fail, and the brightest qualities of his mind were in many respects diminished. 'Naturally irritable though kind—naturally suspicious, though generous,—the gold gradually became dim and the most fine gold changed, or if not changed, overcast and clouded.' The chief painters of the day, Maclise, Wilkie, Etty, Mulready, Egg, and Ward, were mostly survivals from the Georgian age, who contented themselves with repeating former conceptions, with more or less variety, and prolonged the old style of historic or genre painting in a feeble and lifeless manner. Portrait painting had degenerated into a kind of manufacture, and water-colour painting, the one branch of art which still flourished in England under David Cox and De Wint, Samuel Palmer and John Linnell, was rapidly dying out. By 1850 the best days of those men were over, and every department of art seemed to have sunk to the same uniformly dull level. There was no attempt at grandeur of design or poetry of feeling, the pictures of the most popular artists were of the same conventional order, and displayed the same trivial and commonplace subjects, lacquered over with a thin gloss of artificial sentimentality. Nor was it only the practice of painting which had sunk to these abysmal depths. There was no serious interest in the subject to be found anywhere. Art was looked upon as a toy or luxury for the wealthy, a pastime with which to beguile an idle hour or spare afternoon. There was no National Gallery or South Kensington Museum in those days, there were no schools of art or public libraries where the young student in search of instruction might find models or read about the great masters of past days. Worse than all, there was among the artists of the day a dearth of great thoughts, an absence of high aims which baffled the young enthusiast whose soul aspired after better things.

In these days, at least, all this is changed for the better. Much has been done already, if a great deal more still remains to be done. There are picture-galleries and schools of art not only in the metropolis itself, but in all our large provincial cities; Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Oldham, are themselves important centres of art, the home of
flourishing

flourishing schools, each of them marked with a character of its own. To-day the boy of genius need no longer look hungrily at the books which he sees in the shop-windows, feeling them to be out of his reach, or long for the time to come when he may see some works by the great painters of past ages. Our galleries and libraries are open to all. Books and pictures have been brought within the reach of all classes. Instruction in the elements of drawing, the use of good models and endless opportunities of acquiring knowledge lie at the doors of the humblest worker in the arts and crafts. More than all, we have learnt to see Art in its true light, to realize that it is an essential part of our existence and of our civilization, a thing, which—in the words of Walter Pater—‘finds a logical place in the great structure of human life.’

This blessed change has not been effected in a single day. It has taken years of patient effort and endeavour on the part of a whole generation of workers to bring about this result. But the herald and prophet of the revival of English Art, the man whose voice first stirred the hearts of his generation with a thrill of divine discontent, and taught them to look for better things, was John Ruskin. Of late years it has become the fashion to speak disparagingly of the great writer whom Mr. Frederic Harrison has well described as the most brilliant genius and most inspiring voice of our generation, and to forget the debt that we owe him in the past. It is of course easy to sneer at the contradictions and inconsistencies in his writings, and to point out the fallacies of his schemes for the regeneration of mankind. Yet the fact remains that Mr. Ruskin was the first to open the eyes of Englishmen to the beauty alike of Nature and of Art, to unfold the wondrous meanings that lie hidden in the sculptured stones of Venice, and the storied marbles of Giotto's Tower, to make us see the perfect shape of the swallow that skims the summer air, or the splendour of the mountain-forms rising into the evening sky. More than this, in an age of growing material prosperity he has lifted up his voice boldly to remind us that man does not live by bread alone, and that the greatness of a nation is not to be measured alone by its wealth and power, but by ‘the degree in which its people have learned to gather in the great world of books, of art, or of nature, pure and ennobling joys.’

The times were ripe for the message which Mr. Ruskin brought, and the seed fell upon good ground. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which that first volume of ‘*Modern Painters*,’ the work of an unknown Oxford graduate, appealed to all the finest intellects and most thoughtful minds of the day. It was
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in reality only a defence of Turner, but this and the succeeding volumes which appeared between 1843 and 1860, contained the germ of all Mr. Ruskin's Art-teaching, the passionate expression of that love of Nature which, in the discerning words of his latest French critic, 'has been for him the beginning and end of everything, which has dictated all his utterances and governed the course of all his thoughts.' Carlyle hailed their appearance as the signal of a new Renaissance; Sydney Smith praised the first volume as a book of transcendent talent, likely to work a complete revolution in the world. Jowett pronounced it to be the work of a 'child of genius,' and Browning instantly sought to make the writer's acquaintance. Tennyson longed so earnestly to read the book that he sent to beg his publisher for the loan of a copy, since he could not afford to buy one; Charlotte Brontë, out on the Yorkshire moors, wrote to her London friends in the most enthusiastic terms of the new constellation which had dawned upon the horizon; and an Eton master, enlightened and far-seeing beyond his peers, read 'Modern Painters' with delight, and promptly wrote to Mr. Ruskin, begging him to come and lecture to the Eton boys. But to one group of ardent young poet-painters who were just then setting out on their career, to Dante Rossetti and his fellow-artists in London, to Burne-Jones and Morris, who were still undergraduates at Oxford, the words of Ruskin came as a message of light and joy.

In 1851 the first pictures by the pre-Raphaelites appeared at the Academy Exhibition, and Mr. Ruskin came forward as their champion. That movement, which has been the subject of so much controversy, was, as we all recognize to-day, only a branch of the general reaction against conventionality and hypocrisy which was taking place alike in Church and State, which had already produced the Oxford Movement and the reform of Parliament, and which had found its first impassioned utterance in the writings of Carlyle. The young artists who raised the standard of revolt belonged to a group of brilliant thinkers and writers who were to inaugurate the Romantic movement in literature as well as in art, a group which numbered not only Rossetti and William Morris and Swinburne, but Tennyson and Browning in its ranks. The actual members of the Brotherhood were all of them young men whose ideas were naturally crude, and whose practice was often defective, but their efforts were founded on a true conception of Art, and the protest which they raised against bad work and low aims produced a great and enduring effect. 'Their theory,' wrote Mr. Chesneau, 'is governed by two ideas: a
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hatred of forms, appearances and pretences, and a noble, passionate love of truth.' And Mr. Ruskin early realized the force of this sincerity which was the groundwork of all their teaching. 'Truth in fact,' he wrote in his famous pamphlet of 1851, 'Truth is the vital power of the whole school; Truth its armour; Truth its war-word.' And in an article on the 'Three Colours of pre-Raphaelitism,' which he wrote many years afterwards, when the days of stress and storm were over, he thus describes the central idea of the school :—

'Its mental power consisted in discerning what was lovely in present nature, and in pure moral emotion concerning it; its physical power, in an intense veracity of direct realization to the eye . . . this effort being founded deeply on a conviction that it is at first better, and finally more pleasing, for human minds to contemplate things as they are than as they are not. The works of these young men contained, and even nailed to the Academy gates, a kind of Lutheran challenge to the then accepted teachers in all European schools of art; perhaps a little too shrill and petulant in the tone of it, but yet curiously resolute and steady in its triple fraternity, as of William of Bürglen with his Melchthal and Stauffacher in the Grüti meadow, not wholly to be scorned by even the knightliest powers of the past.'

Of the leader of that 'triple fraternity,' Dante Rossetti, it is not too much to say in Mr. Ruskin's words, that he was 'the chief intellectual force in the establishment of the modern romantic school in England, nay, more than this, the first on the list of men who have raised and changed the spirit of modern art.' In actual achievement the painter of 'Dante's Dream' fell short. He never mastered the technical side of his art, and his larger works failed to fulfil the splendid hopes excited by those wonderful little drawings of his, which for wealth of colour and romantic passion have never been surpassed in any age. Perhaps the two pictures now in the Tate Gallery, the little 'Annunciation,' which was one of his earliest works, and the beautiful dream of his dead wife as Beata Beatrix gazing with closed eyes on the vision of God, give us a better idea of his powers than any of his more important paintings. But the fascination of his presence and the intensity of his nature made themselves felt on every single individual who was brought into contact with him, and all the best art and finest artists of the last fifty years have been largely influenced by his genius. Burne-Jones and William Morris caught the fire from his lips; Whistler himself, in his Chelsea days, could not escape from the force of the spell; Madox-Brown, who was seven years older and at one time gave
Rossetti

Rossetti lessons, felt the mastery of his pupil's imagination, and for a time Millais became a poet under the same influence.

Of all the pre-Raphaelite masters, the late President of the Academy was endowed with the largest share of a painter's gifts, and attained to the highest degree of technical excellence. The pictures which he painted in these early days rank among the finest works of the English school. His 'Isabella,' which Mr. Holman Hunt justly called the 'most wonderful work that any youth still under twenty years of age ever did in the world,' is now the property of the City of Manchester, and his 'Blind Girl' is at Birmingham, while both the 'Vale of Rest' and the romantic dream of the drowning Ophelia adorn the Tate Gallery. The painter's later period—when he broke away from his old friends and followed the more prosaic bent of his own nature—is equally well represented in the new Gallery of British Art. Such a picture, for instance, as the 'North-West Passage,' with the aged sea-captain wearing Trelawney's features and the fair young girl sitting at his feet, is marked by those qualities which appeal with irresistible force to the middle-class, and which stamp Millais as pre-eminently the painter of the *bourgeoisie*. It is the triumph of *genre*, a class of subject that possesses an invincible attraction for the British public, and explains why the artist of 'Bubbles' and 'Little Mrs. Gamp' became the most popular of English masters. In the words of our French critic:—

'He charms all that is superficial in the English mind. Like the librettist of the opera he does not create his themes; he chooses subjects that are very well known and already somewhat hackneyed. And his whole career may be summed up in the phrase—from Ruskin to Pears' Soap.'

It is as a portrait-painter that Millais stands highest in the eyes of our foreign critic. And there can be no doubt that he was especially fitted for the practice of this branch of art by virtue of his keen observation of natural fact and unrivalled manual dexterity. Such portraits as that of Mr. Gladstone (1879), of Lord Tennyson, now the property of Mr. James Knowles, and of the veteran Academician, Mr. J. C. Hook, stand in the front rank of English art, and claim for the painter a place among the foremost of our masters. Unfortunately the very facility which Millais acquired in this direction, the skill with which he rendered the freshness of English girlhood and the innocent charm of children, proved a snare, and led him to multiply portraits that were often altogether unworthy of his powers.

Very different from the art of this popular President is that
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of his old comrade-in-arms, Mr. Holman Hunt, now, alas! the sole survivor of the brilliant little band. If the painting of the one has degenerated for lack of imagination and hasty execution, that of the other has suffered from excess of ideas and a conscientiousness that is almost fanatical. Unlike Millais, Mr. Holman Hunt has remained absolutely faithful to the original principles of the Brotherhood, and paints to-day with the same minute accuracy and close following of nature as he did more than forty years ago. The noble character and lofty aims of this veteran master must command respect and admiration, and the works which he painted in past years—'The Light of the World,' 'The Scapegoat,' and 'The Shadow of Death'—still hold their place among the great religious pictures of the century. But it is impossible not to see that in his later works beauty is often sacrificed to truth, and the unity of the general impression weakened by an excessive attention to detail. The same lack of pictorial beauty, the same exaggerated realism and insistence on moral teaching mar the work of Madox-Brown, an older painter, who was closely connected with the pre-Raphaelites, and in some respects anticipated their aims and achievements, just as the interest which he showed in dealing with problems of light and atmosphere made him the forerunner of the modern *plein air* school in France. Many of his pictures were exhibited last winter both at the 'Arts and Crafts' and at the Grafton Gallery, and the grandeur of design and wealth of imagery there revealed would alone make his work interesting; but the finest and most dramatic of all his compositions, the painting of the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet,' which was at the Manchester Exhibition ten years ago, has since then passed into the hands of an American owner, and was absent from the collection.

Another and a greater painter, who, like Madox-Brown, was from the first intimately associated with Rossetti and his companions, and who shared their lofty aims without ever adopting their formula or following their practice, is fortunately still among us. Mr. Watts began to exhibit in the year of Her Gracious Majesty's accession and has painted with the same increasing industry and marvellous fertility throughout the whole of the last sixty years. Now at the ripe age of eighty, he bids fair to rival Titian in the length of his years and in the splendour of his life-work. His brain has not lost its power nor his hand its cunning. The quality of his latest paintings is as fine as ever, and he tells his friends confidently that he still hopes to do better work at ninety than any which he has done till now. All through his career Mr. Watts has stood alone and
apart

apart from other men, alike in the nature and intention of his art and in the imposing character of his style. As he told M. de la Sizeranne, he paints ideas, not objects, and claims to be a teacher of eternal truths. If, in dealing with abstract subjects, he has at times strained art to its furthest limits, he has, on the other hand, often clothed his ideal dreams in noble and beautiful forms. Even the men who openly worship 'art for art's sake,' and quarrel most with the intention of his work, do homage to the splendour of his painting and the distinction of his style, and hail in him the one living artist who may justly claim a place with the masters of the golden age.

But the great mystic pictures in which Mr. Watts has embodied a whole philosophy of life, form only one of his many titles to fame. He it was who, first among the artists of the Victorian age, rescued portrait-painting from the degradation into which it had fallen during the last fifty years, and showed the world that it was possible to make a beautiful picture and at the same time bring the whole personality of the sitter before our eyes. His aims in this direction have been enshrined in immortal verse by the great poet who was also Mr. Watts's life-long friend:—

'As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely, thro' all hindrance, finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best.'

Tennyson, we all know, had the greatest admiration for Mr. Watts's work, and it is interesting to hear that he had in his last days fully intended to write a poem on the noble series of imaginative paintings which Mr. Watts has within the last year finally given to the nation. We can only regret that the poet's intention was never carried out. Mr. Watts, on the other hand, painted Tennyson's likeness repeatedly, and the 'great moonlight portrait' of the Bard, as it has been called, which he executed in 1859, and which is now at Eastnor, was pronounced by Mr. Ruskin to be the 'grandest thing in that line which he had ever seen.' The strong tie between these two great men is easy to understand. They were alike in the strength and simplicity of their natures, and in the sincerity and nobleness of their aims. What Tennyson did for the people of England in poetry, that Mr. Watts has tried to do in painting. Like the poet of 'In Memoriam' and 'Locksley Hall,' he has given utterance to the highest thoughts and deepest yearnings of his own age and has fulfilled what Mr. Ruskin once called the
grandest

grandest aim of imaginative art, in giving men 'noble grounds for noble emotion.' And like Tennyson, in this, too, Mr. Watts's whole career has been governed by a wise as well as passionate love of his country.

'Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.'

From this aged master, who still lives, crowned with years and honour, we pass by a natural transition to the younger painter whose name Mr. Ruskin linked with that of Mr. Watts many years ago, in his Oxford lectures on the Art of England. In Lord Tennyson's 'Life' we read how the poet met Mr. Ruskin at Little Holland House in 1859, and was startled to hear a voice from a dark corner of the room apostrophizing a drawing by a friend of his, with the words, 'Jones, you are gigantic!' This was the impression which the young Oxford undergraduate made not only upon Ruskin, but upon Rossetti and many others when he first came to London, with no training but that which he had acquired in the solitude of his leisure hours. The Roman painter, Giovanni Costa, still remembers how, when he paid his first visit to England in 1862, his friend Leighton pointed out this unknown young artist to him in the street as a man who would some day become one of our most distinguished masters. Since then, Sir Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris have stood before the world as the leading representatives of the modern romantic movement, which has been carried on by them to its full development. In the painter of the 'Days of Creation' and of the 'Morte d'Arthur,' we have had at the close of this nineteenth century, a type of artist such as has rarely been known in our prosaic English race, an artist whose natural home should rather have been in Italy of the fourteenth century, on the hill of Assisi or under the shadow of Giotto's Tower. His mission it has been to seek out the beauty that lies hidden deep at the heart of life, to follow her enchanted form up and down the barren and stony ways of modern civilization, and to create a new world of rare and mystic imaginings. And in doing this he has brought life and joy to many among us who were oppressed by the dullness and ugliness of the present, and who, with Walter Pater, hailed his work as a revelation

revelation of delight. The art of Burne-Jones may have little to say to the world at large; it repels one class of minds as much as it attracts another, but whatever its defects and shortcomings may be, it is certainly one of the most remarkable manifestations of modern painting. On this account alone it is much to be regretted that not one single example of this master's work should as yet have found a place in the new Gallery of British Art.

One point in which Sir Edward Burne-Jones justifies his English birth and shows himself unlike Rossetti, is that with all his love for Italian art and strong affinities with early Italian masters, he seeks inspiration less from old Florence and the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, than from those ancient sources of northern mediæval song, the *Romaunt of the Rose* and the legend of King Arthur and his knights. And true Celt that he is, he revels in rare and lovely decoration, and fills every corner of his canvas with rich and intricate patterns of symbolic meaning. This high decorative sense has found expression in many different branches of art, in mosaic and stained glass, in tapestry and embroideries, and all the other beautiful fancies with which he has adorned our churches and our homes. And this leads us on to speak of the new school of decorative design which has sprung up in England during the last thirty years, and which is at the present moment one of the most hopeful features of contemporary art.

This movement is a direct outcome of the pre-Raphaelite revival. It owed its first origin to the inspiring voice of Ruskin, and in early days it received the warm support of Dante Rossetti and of Madox-Brown, while in later years it has been largely helped forward by the genius of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. But the true leader of the movement, the man to whom English homes and English art owe a debt of gratitude which can never be forgotten, was William Morris, the poet of the 'Earthly Paradise.' He it was who, in 1861, founded the famous house of business in which the three painters mentioned above were all of them partners, but of which he from the first was the ruling spirit, and valiantly embarked on what must then have seemed the well-nigh hopeless task of decorative reform. The imagination and skill of the artist were once more applied, not merely to the making of pictures and statues, but to those lesser arts and crafts which go to supply the manifold requirements of daily life; and the right of every man to have fit work to do in a beautiful home, was once more boldly proclaimed. One by one the manufacture of stained glass, of painted tiles, and of furniture, the weaving of tapestry and carpets,

carpets, the printing of chintzes and wall-papers, was carried out under the personal direction and supervision of William Morris. He himself supplied designs for needle-work and tapestry, for cretonnes and wall-papers, and planned the colouring and leading of the stained-glass windows for which Burne-Jones drew the cartoons. The complete success which has attended these different experiments in each new branch of art undertaken by the firm, has been largely due to Morris's own knowledge of the actual processes employed. His aim in every case was to recover the long-lost tradition of fine workmanship, to go back to the days when the particular art or craft which he sought to revive was in its greatest perfection and, as far as possible, adopt the methods which had then been in use. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in his interesting reminiscences of Rossetti and his circle, has lately given us a characteristic instance of Morris's earnestness in mastering every trade:—

‘One day on my way to Oxford I fell in with him at Paddington, and we travelled together. His hands were deeply stained with blue. He told me that he was working at a dyer’s in the Midland Counties, as he meant to make carpets and hangings. What he had already learnt, showed him that the usual processes were very imperfect.’*

One of Morris’s last and most brilliantly-successful undertakings was the Kelmscott Printing Press, which he set up at Hammersmith early in 1891, with the intention of reprinting ‘The Golden Legend.’ For this purpose, type and paper of the highest excellence were prepared under his personal supervision, and the first book issued by the new printing press was his own romance of the ‘Glittering Plain.’ The venture met with unexpected success, and he proceeded to publish that series of sumptuously-printed and decorated books which culminated in the magnificent ‘Chaucer,’ illustrated by drawings from the pencil of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. This unique and beautiful book was the last joint work produced by the two friends who had laboured so long together in the same perfect community of thought. Hardly had the great ‘Chaucer’ seen the light before death had severed the link and closed the career of the master-craftsman whose whole life had been spent in the brave and steadfast endeavour ‘to make the daily toil of his fellow-workers happy and their rest fruitful.’

In all of these vast and varied industries, one of William Morris’s chief aims has been to give the humblest and poorest among us a share in the pleasures of Art, to make it a part of

* ‘Letters of D. G. Rossetti to William Allingham (1854-1870).’ Edited by G. Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., LL.D. London, 1897.

every life, 'a thing which everybody can understand and every one surround with love, and to bless the many toiling millions with hope daily recurring.' The true root and basis of Art, he was convinced, lay in the handicrafts, and it was with the express purpose of restoring the personal element, which had been too much lost sight of under our modern industrial system, and of creating a national institution which should embrace all forms of design, that he and a few like-minded workers founded the Arts and Crafts Society, which, during the last ten years, has done so much by exhibitions and lectures to promote these objects. The principle of this now flourishing society was originally put forward by Mr. Ruskin, who has thus lived to see another of his dreams become a practical reality.

From the consideration of these different developments, which have been the direct result of the pre-Raphaelite movement, we must now pass on to give some brief account of those prominent groups of artists who have been only indirectly affected by the example of Rossetti and his comrades, and have owed more to other influences. Chief among these were the two short-lived masters whose idyllic art was so full of bright promise—Frederick Walker and George Mason. Both men started from the pre-Raphaelite point of view, and were inspired by the same passionate love of nature and care for the minutest details of tree and flower, Walker's drawings for wood-engraving especially revealing this tendency in a marked manner; but both had felt in a still greater degree the fascination of classical art, and were haunted by the memory of Greek ideals. Both again were thoroughly English in their character and conceptions, and Walker has often been called the Tennyson of painting; but Mason was strongly influenced by Italian scenery and by the Roman painter Costa, who befriended him during the years that he spent in the Eternal City, while Walker owed something to the example of Millet and other French masters whose work he saw in Paris. Yet each of the two painters had a certain originality of his own. Mason's pastoral dreams—'The Evening Hymn, or the Harvest Moon,' which he painted in the last year of his life, and which was lately seen at the Guildhall Exhibition—charm us by their rhythmical grace and lovely tenderness, while the rich glow of Walker's colouring and the pathetic beauty of his faces stir our hearts with a still deeper emotion. All this painter's finest work was touched by the shadow of his early death. In the fiery sunset that lights up his noble landscape, 'The Plough,' in the hurrying steps of the lads who urge the horses on as if impelled by some unseen power, in the strong young mower cutting down the daisies with

with his scythe, or the young girl who guides the feeble steps of the aged pensioner, we are alike reminded of the night that cometh when no man can work. And in each lovingly-painted bud or leaf, in the flowering rushes by the river banks, and in the snowy blossom of the hawthorn-tree under the summer blue, we feel the same passionate sense of the beauty that was fast slipping from his grasp. When he died at thirty-five, great possibilities, to say the least, perished with him.

Both of these masters, it is interesting to learn, have made a profound impression upon foreign critics. Dr. Muther, the well-known German historian of nineteenth-century art, describes their works as the most original productions of English painting during the last thirty years, and says that the union of realism and poetic feeling in their pictures has exercised a marked influence upon Continental art. And M. de la Sizeranne considers their style and colouring to be closely related to that of contemporary French masters, and pronounces Frederick Walker to have been the greatest English painter who lived during the interval that elapsed between the pre-Raphaelite masters and the artists of the present day. His influence has certainly been very marked, both for good and evil, upon our modern school of landscape-painting. Several of our best artists in this branch—Alfred Hunt, Cecil Lawson, Mr. J. W. North, Mr. Alfred Parsons, and Mr. R. W. Macbeth—have, it is plain, owed much to his example, while a large number of inferior imitators have sought to atone for bad work by an infusion of cheap sentiment, and have tried to catch a feeble echo of the pathos and poetry that live in Walker's art.

The next group of painters who claim a place in the record of Victorian art, are the academic and classic masters, who owe little to English models, and have been almost exclusively trained in foreign schools. Chief among these was Lord Leighton, whose high culture and generous sympathy with all forms of art made him an ideal President, whose loss we still lament to-day. As an artist, his fine draughtsmanship and high decorative sense, his conscientious and indefatigable labours, must always command our respect and admiration; but he never fulfilled the great hopes excited by his first Academy picture, 'The Triumph of Cimabue's Madonna.' A few of his later works, 'The Summer Moon,' and 'The Music Lesson,' attain a high pitch of excellence, but as a rule his finished pictures are far inferior to the sketches, both in oil and pencil, which reveal the mastery of his hand and his delicate feeling for natural beauty.

While Lord Leighton was chiefly trained at Frankfurt by the
German

German master, Steingle, his friend and successor in office, Sir Edward Poynter, received his artistic education with Mr. Whistler and George Du Maurier, in Gleyre's studio in Paris, and began to exhibit Egyptian and Roman subjects at the Royal Academy early in the sixties. After executing several decorative works on a large scale both at Wortley Hall, in Yorkshire, at the Albert Hall and South Kensington Museum, as well as designing mosaics for the Houses of Parliament, this accomplished artist has of late years devoted himself chiefly to the production of small subjects from the domestic life of old Rome, in which he occasionally reaches a high point of perfection. His figure of Persephone, which we remember seeing at Manchester, was remarkable for its classical form and exquisite refinement, but probably his best work is the 'Visit to Æsculapius,' which was bought by the President and Council of the Royal Academy, as Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, and has now found a home in the Tate Gallery.

The same technical perfection, the same ingenuity in the reconstruction of the interior and family life of the ancient Romans, are seen in a still higher degree in the works of M. Alma-Tadema, the famous Dutch master, who has long been a member of the Royal Academy. The countless achievements in this direction have won for him world-wide fame: his archæological knowledge is amazing, his skill in the painting of marble and other textures is absolutely unrivalled; but his works, like those of his more academic rivals, lack alike the warmth of human emotion and the breath of artistic inspiration. More closely related to Leighton than either of these last-named painters, was the late Albert Moore, that painter of statuesque maidens in delicately-tinted robes wreathed with bright blossoms, whose art, in spite of many fine qualities, had but too little relation with actual life to leave an enduring mark; and Sir William Richmond, who after attaining considerable reputation by his portraits and classical subjects, has devoted the last few years to the decoration of the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral. The completion of this national monument is naturally a subject of great interest to every Englishman; and the fact that the mosaics which already adorn the choir and are soon to extend to other portions of the building are entirely executed by English workmen, is an additional cause of satisfaction. Another clever artist who belongs to the same group, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, began by painting classical subjects in the approved academic style, but has lately turned aside from the beaten track to draw inspiration from other sources. His group of Sirens, in last year's Academy, was more human in style and had more of the
romantic

romantic spirit than any of his former works, and M. de la Sizeranne describes him as standing half-way between Leighton and Burne-Jones.

Another and very different type of artist is to be found among the Scottish genre-painters, a school originally founded by Robert Scott-Lauder, an Edinburgh master who studied in Paris about 1838, and, on his return to Scotland, sought to communicate the power of Delacroix's powerful invention and glowing colour to his pupils at home. The leading figure in this group, Mr. William Quiller Orchardson, was born at Edinburgh in 1838, but came to London as a young man and exhibited his first pictures there about 1865 or 1866. A first-rate craftsman and subtle humorist, gifted with a dramatic talent and a vein of irony rarely found in artists of his calibre, Mr. Orchardson has risen to the very front rank of living painters. His portraits are remarkable for grasp of character and solidity of workmanship, his genre-pictures of the Directoire or Empire period, with their *salons* and furniture painted in the same faint yellow tones, and the same harmonious tints, have a flavour of Watteau-like elegance, and are not without a touch of Hogarthian humour. None of our living artists are better represented in the Tate Gallery than Mr. Orchardson, whose fine group of pictures hang exactly opposite the works of Sir John Millais, in the centre of the hall reserved for the collection of paintings presented to the nation by Mr. Tate himself, and do ample justice to this master's strongly marked individuality.

We can only glance at another important group of artists who have helped to render the Victorian age illustrious and to uphold the proud traditions of our maritime Empire. The name of the late Henry Moore must ever stand out among these painters of the sea, and he will be remembered as the first English artist who has made us realize the vastness and the glory of the rolling waves. He has already found able followers in Mr. Somerscales and Mr. Napier Hemy, while that venerable master, Mr. J. C. Hook, whose career like that of Mr. Watts covers the whole of the Victorian age, still paints his finely-coloured landscapes, fresh with the scent of salt water and the cheery ring of the fisherman's voice. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, on the other hand, has made a special study of the Port of London, and has given us a variety of vivid and stirring impressions of the Thames with its barges and shipping, its busy docks and crowded bridges teeming with the hurrying life of the great city. Yet more important have been the various developments of portrait-painting that we have seen in recent years, and in which Mr. Watts, first of all, and next to

him Sir John Millais and Mr. Orchardson, with two others who will presently claim our attention, Mr. Whistler and Mr. Sargent, have played so great a part. We would gladly linger over the work of men like Frank Holl, Mr. John Collier, Mr. Oules, and Mr. Herkomer, who have all helped in their way to raise the standard of this branch of painting to its present uniformly high level. But our concern is less with individual masters than with the general tendencies and broad currents of Art, and we must hasten on to speak of the last great wave of influence which has passed over English painting at the close of the nineteenth century.

Ten years ago, one of our ablest critics, Mr. Claud Phillips, in surveying the progress of Art as displayed at the Manchester Exhibition, remarked that, as far as it was possible to foretell the future, it would be from the influence of Mr. Whistler and of the different schools of contemporary French painting that the next developments of English art would be derived. That prophecy has been literally fulfilled. During the period which has elapsed since those words were spoken, nothing has been so remarkable as the firm hold that French ideals and French methods have gained upon English art. The origin of the movement has sometimes been traced as far back as the Paris Exhibition of 1867, or else ascribed to the presence of French artists in London during the war of 1870; but its true cause is to be found in the increasing number of English students who yearly go to Paris in search of a more systematic training than they can obtain at home. So by degrees, French ideas and French technique have taken root in English soil, and the influence of different French schools or of individual masters may be clearly distinguished in the work of the rising generation of artists. It is impossible to look at the pictures of Mr. Clausen and of Mr. Peppercorn without recalling the great names of Millet and Corot, while the vigorous conceptions of our best animal-painter, Mr. J. M. Swan, remind us by turn of Barye and of Rodin. Even more striking has been the influence exerted by the French realists upon the masters of the Newlyn School. In the works of Mr. Stanhope Forbes and of Mr. Frank Bramley, of Mr. Tuke and of Mr. Adrian Stokes, we see the same study of *plein air* effects, the same tendency to literal reproduction of fact that prevailed in France fifteen or twenty years ago. The gray interiors and sharply individualized faces of their pictures, the subjects which they select, and the prominence which they give to values, above all, the technique of these artists, bear a marked resemblance to the work of that gifted but unequal master, Bastien Lepage, whose style

style the Cornish painters adopt, without ever quite attaining the same mastery. Even here, however, the Anglo-Saxon love of anecdote reappears, and in such a picture, for instance, as Mr. Bramley's 'Hopeless Dawn,' it is the interest of the story which appeals most of all to the popular taste. The Newlyn School, we may remark, is particularly well represented in the Tate Gallery, which, besides Mr. Bramley's masterpiece, contains Mr. Stanhope Forbes's well-known 'Health of the Bride,' and several good examples of Mr. Stokes's and Mr. Tuke's work.

But the master who has brought French influence to bear the most powerfully upon contemporary English art, and whose own style finds more imitators every year among the rising generation of painters, is Mr. Whistler. Although neither English by birth nor yet by education, since he was born at Baltimore in 1834, and after spending his boyhood in Russia and America, came to study painting under Gleyre in Paris. Mr. Whistler has spent many years of his life in London, and most of his finest works are in the hands of English collectors. We may, therefore, justly claim a share in this most cosmopolitan of artists, who is equally at home in Venice and Paris, in London and New York. His art, like his personality, is made up of many foreign elements. Velasquez and the Japanese, Manet and Degas, have all helped to form a style which is, none the less, singularly personal and unique. Mr. Whistler, we all know, stands before the world as the representative of Art without ideas, and the determined opponent of the literary element in painting which had found supporters in Mr. Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites. '*More than any other man,*' writes his fervent admirer, Mr. George Moore, '*Mr. Whistler has helped to purge Art of the vice of subject and belief that the mission of the artist is to copy Nature.*' But however much we may differ from Mr. Whistler in his theory of Art, critics and painters of every school must agree in admiration of the superb craftsmanship and skill in the actual handling of paint, which has already done so much to raise the standard of technical attainment in this country. And if he refuses to recognize the presence of ideas in art, he is an equally resolute foe to the prosaic realism and photographic reproduction of the naturalist school. Selection, not imitation, is the keynote of his art. As he has told us in a pamphlet on the subject:—

'Nature, indeed, contains the elements in colour and form of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music. But the artist is born to pick and choose, and group with science these elements, that the result may be beautiful, as the musician gathers

his notes, and forms chords, until he brings forth from chaos glorious harmony.'

And he goes on, in words which recall Corot's rhapsodies of the twilight hour :—

'And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who for once has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master, her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her. To him her secrets are unfolded, to him her lessons have become gradually clear. He looks at the flower, not with the enlarging lens, that he may gather facts for the botanist, but with the light of one who sees in her choice selection of brilliant tones and delicate tints suggestions of future harmonies.'

Like '*le Père Corot*,' that poetic painter of early morning and evening effects, it is less Nature herself than his love of Nature that Mr. Whistler seeks to represent. And like the great English landscape-painter, whose genius Mr. Ruskin first revealed to his countrymen fifty years ago, he subordinates details to the general impression, and aims rather at effects of tone and colour than at the delineation of form. Thus, in his riverside landscapes, the lines of the banks and the shapes of the barges are often hardly definable, and even in his portraits, the figures, however admirably drawn and modelled they may be, seem like phantoms whose outlines melt away in the mysterious shadows of the background. Mr. Whistler is, above all others, the painter of the night and of the sea. No one has succeeded better in making us feel the poetry of the midnight sky with its depths of blue, and hosts of 'uncountable, infinite stars, showering sorrow and light,' or long lines of twinkling lamps gleaming along the riverside, where the barges are floating slowly down the stream. Like some of the French Impressionists he is fond of introducing fireworks in his pictures, and lights up his 'nocturnes' with sudden bursts of rockets shooting up into the blackness of the night, or falling in a golden shower over the dusky roofs and tall shipping in the harbour. The ocean again, with its sense of boundless space and changeful tints, attracted his imagination from his earliest youth, and long before Henry Moore became known to fame, Mr. Whistler painted his '*Breaking Wave*,' and that lovely picture of the blue-green
waters

waters sleeping in the sunny bay of Valparaiso, of which Mr. Graham-Robertson is the fortunate possessor. All of these landscapes are described by the painter as nocturnes or harmonies. The picture of a rocket exploding in the night air is a Nocturne in Black and Gold; another of the Thames at Battersea is described as a Nocturne in Blue and Silver, and a wide sea-view with a spray of brown leaves in the foreground, and the white foam breaking at the prow of a bark in the left-hand corner, is called a Harmony in Gray and Green. The smaller works in which a single colour predominates, are entitled a Note in orange or white or red, as the case may be, while larger compositions in which two or more tints are introduced, are called Arrangements or Symphonies. Thus for instance, the Rossetti-looking girl with the dreamy eyes and flowing hair, which appeared at the Salon des Refusés in 1863, is called a Symphony in White, and his different groups of Japanese maidens reclining on divans, under an Eastern sky in the courtyard, are described as a Variation in Flesh Colour and Green, or a Caprice in Gold and Purple. These titles, it must be remembered, are not the result of an idle freak of fancy, but are deliberately chosen by the painter to express his deeply-rooted conviction that the subject itself is utterly insignificant, and that the artistic arrangement of colour and tones is the chief and primary consideration in the making of a picture. With him the arrangement of colour has been a life-long study, and since musical terms correspond the best with the impression that he would convey, he has intentionally adopted this phraseology. Unfortunately, these names, when first applied to pictures, sounded ridiculous in the ears of the British public, and, together with the notoriety acquired by the artist in his lawsuit with Mr. Ruskin, contributed to damage Mr. Whistler's reputation in England. For many years we refused to take him seriously, and it is only quite recently that his high artistic merits have been recognized in this country.

Many of this master's portraits have suffered from his devotion to decorative aims. The face of the sitter has failed to interest him, and truth has been sacrificed to pictorial effect. The forms are vague and shadowy, and the likeness doubtful and uncertain. But others again are masterpieces of art. And little as he concerns himself with human interests, there are at least two of his portraits which aim at something beyond merely decorative beauty. One of these is the portrait of Thomas Carlyle in the Corporation Gallery, Glasgow, the other is that of the artist's mother, 'Ma Mère,' in the Luxembourg. Both are painted in the same sober tints of black and gray, and in
both

both works the sitter is represented leaning back in a chair, with the head drawn in profile against the wall. The elderly lady, in her black gown and white cap, with her feet on the stool and her hands quietly folded over the lace handkerchief in her lap, is a beautiful picture of serene old age; while in the portrait of Carlyle, leaning on his stick, with his loosely-fitting clothes, haggard face, unkempt beard, and weary eyes, we have a wonderful presentment of the prophet whose voice has been heard crying in the wilderness of these latter days. The details of the background and atmosphere are strictly in keeping with the subject of the picture. A black-framed print is the sole decoration of the gray wall, and the short daylight of the winter's day is rapidly drawing to a close. A third portrait by Mr. Whistler, which some critics rank even higher than those of his mother and of Carlyle, is that of little Miss Alexander, standing up in her stiff white muslin frock, in a drawing-room with a yellow-tinted Japanese paper and wainscoted wall. Here again the hues are very quiet in tone. The black shoes and black feather in her gray hat and the black ribbon in her fair hair help to throw out the gray-green tones of the drapery on the stool behind; but the spray of white daisies in the corner and the butterflies fluttering around give the whole a gayer and more decorative effect. The refinement of Mr. Whistler's colour-design and his mastery of white tones are shown in a still higher degree in his smaller *Symphony in white*, a picture of a young girl robed in white, leaning against a white mantelpiece, and looking thoughtfully into a mirror where her face is reflected, while a bush of pink azaleas lends a touch of brightness to the black grate at her side.

When we come to consider the different artists who have sought inspiration in Mr. Whistler's pictorial conceptions and have tried to catch the secrets of his refined execution and carefully arranged schemes of colour, their name, we find, is legion. But two groups of our younger artists stand out prominently in this respect. We have, on the one hand, the masters of the Glasgow school; on the other, the members of the New English Art Club. The first-named group includes many of the ablest among our younger artists, men such as Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Lavery, Mr. Yule, and Mr. Melville, whose work is as well known and as much admired in Paris and Munich as it is in London. Among the members of the latter group a greater variety of aims and style is perceptible, and the tendency to imitate the leading French Impressionists is more marked. The clever work of Mr. Wilson-Steer reminds

us irresistibly of Manet; Mr. Edward Stott, and Mr. Mark Fisher paint pastoral dreams in the style of Monet and Sisley; while Mr. William Stott of Oldham shows a more decided originality, and blends a distinctly pre-Raphaelite strain with memories of Mr. Whistler's magic touch. Among landscape painters Mr. Alfred East and Mr. Leslie Thomson show considerable imaginative power; while Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen and Mr. Furse rank high among portrait-painters of the school. But of all the living artists who draw their inspiration frankly from French sources, the one who at the present time comes nearest to Mr. Whistler in sureness of hand and mastery of means, is Mr. John Sargent. Like Mr. Whistler, this young painter, who has already been elected a Royal Academician, is American in origin and purely French in training. He studied in Paris under Carolus-Duran, but has learnt more from Velasquez; while in choice of subjects and certainty of touch he comes nearer to Degas than any other living artist. His picture of the Spanish dancer, *Carmençita*, in her orange skirt, with one hand resting on her hip, had a vigour and audacity which naturally commended itself to admirers of this eccentric French master, and ensured Mr. Sargent's work a place in the Luxembourg; while the daring experiment of effects in light which he attempted in his group of children playing with Chinese lanterns in a garden, known as '*Carnation, Lily and Rose*,' was bought by the Chantrey Trustees, and is now in the Tate Gallery. His portraits are remarkable for their vitality and extraordinary vivacity of attitude and expression, and in spite of some failures, and an absence of poetry, which is perhaps his worst defect, he fully deserves the high reputation which he has attained in this branch of art. There is none of our rising artists whose future career will be watched with keener interest, and the completion of the important works for the decoration of the Boston Library, upon which he is at present engaged, is eagerly awaited.

In speaking of Mr. Whistler's influence upon contemporary art, we must not forget that the revival of etching, which has been so marked a feature of the Victorian age, is in a great measure due to his example. His first set of etchings were brought out in Paris exactly forty years ago, and the later series of *Venice* and of the *Thames* rank among the finest work of the kind that has been executed in modern times. His example was early followed by our distinguished countryman, Sir Seymour Haden, and by another foreign artist, the French master, M. Legros, who, like Mr. Whistler, resides chiefly in England, and whose black and white studies are marked by the
fine

fine draughtsmanship and severity of style which lend so imposing a character to all his work. Mr. Strang, whose studies reveal a strong interest in the different aspects of human life, Mr. Will Rothenstein, and many other of our cleverest young artists in black and white, owe their training to this able teacher, while Mr. Joseph Pennell rivals Mr. Whistler in the poetic charm of his riverside etchings, and Mr. Frank Short and Mr. William Hole give us admirable reproductions of ancient and modern masterpieces of art by the same method. And in speaking of etching we must not forget to mention the late Mr. Philip Hamerton, who did so much to promote the revival of this forgotten art, both by the publication of his important work, 'Etching and Etchers,' and by the liberal encouragement which, as editor of the 'Portfolio,' he gave to workers in this line.

Closely connected with this recent development of etching is the marked improvement in book illustration which dates from the sixties, when the pre-Raphaelite masters designed the fine wood-engravings which adorn Moxon's illustrated edition of Tennyson's poems, and when Leighton and Millais and Walker and Keene were all employed to illustrate the pages of 'Once a Week' and the 'Cornhill.' Since then we have had Caldecott's inimitable series of nursery rhymes, and Kate Greenaway's popular books for children, while Mr. Walter Crane has given us a variety of beautiful and elaborate work in the same direction; and a touch of the old pre-Raphaelite spirit seems to live again in the fantastic designs of Mr. Charles Ricketts and Mr. C. H. Shannon, while another clever book-illustrator, the American artist, Mr. Edwin Abbey, has lately abandoned this branch of art to achieve fame as a painter of historical subjects.

We cannot here attempt to do justice to the remarkable revival of English sculpture which has taken place during the last ten or fifteen years, and to which the Sculpture-room at Burlington House bears fresh witness every season. But the Victorian age has had at least one great sculptor in Alfred Stevens, whose name will live among the foremost of English artists, and whose Wellington Monument in St. Paul's is one of the grandest achievements of modern times. Neither Stevens, however, nor yet Woolner, the sculptor of the pre-Raphaelite movement and friend of Tennyson and Rossetti, exerted any marked influence on their contemporaries, and the present generation of sculptors have probably, like contemporary painters, owed more to French influences. Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. Harry Bates, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, and Mr. Frampton, are all doing excellent work at the present time, while Mr.

Alfred

Alfred Gilbert, besides being one of our most accomplished sculptors, deserves the praise of having rescued the goldsmith's art from degradation by his fine artistic sense and high imaginative gifts. And we may here remind our readers that two of our leading painters, finding one form of art inadequate to express all their ideas, have turned their attention to sculpture, and produced noble work in this direction. Leighton's bronzes of the Sluggard, and of the Athlete struggling with the Python, are among the finest groups of statuary which adorn the new Gallery at Millbank, and Mr. G. F. Watts's colossal statue of Physical Energy—the rider mounted on the horse which he has tamed, and shading his eyes from the sun as he looks out on the world in search of new conquests—is rapidly approaching completion and will soon, we hope, occupy a prominent place in one of the public squares or parks of London.

So, in varied and manifold ways, the same enormous activity, the same vast amount of intellectual and imaginative force, bears witness to the renewed vitality of Art in England. If much bad work as well as good is produced, this is only the inevitable result of so wide-spread and general a revival. It may be doubtful, as Mr. Hamerton wrote some years ago, 'whether the national mind has turned to Art from the pure love of it.' The conditions of modern life, it must be owned, are not as a whole favourable to the development of the higher branches of art, and except in a few rare instances, the finest thought of the age seeks expression in other forms. The day to which William Morris looked forward may still be far distant, when every artisan will become an artist, and intelligent work will rise gradually into imaginative work. But a great step in the right direction has been taken. The prejudices of our Puritan forefathers, which so long hampered the natural growth and expansion of Art, have been at length dispelled. The doors of the prison-house have been thrown open, and light and air have streamed freely in. Art is once more recognized as the flower of life and the crown of human labour. As a nation we have learnt to understand the elevating and life-giving power of Beauty, and to believe, with Mr. Ruskin, that—

'so far from Art being immoral, in the ultimate power of it, nothing but Art is moral; that Life without Industry is Sin, and Industry without Art brutality; . . . that the knowledge of what is beautiful leads on and is the first step to the knowledge of the things which are lovely and of good report; and that the laws, the life, and the joy of Beauty, in the material world of God, are as eternal and sacred parts of His creation as, in the world of spirits, virtue; and in the world of Angels, praise.'

ART. X.—*Annals of a Publishing House. William Blackwood and his Sons. Their Magazine and Friends.* By Mrs. Oliphant. Edinburgh and London, 1897.

LET us say at once upon the threshold that this is one of the best books of its class which we have ever had the pleasure of reading. It is the history of a long literary fight, exhibiting all the daring exploits and fluctuating fortunes of real warfare. Its human interest is therefore exceptionally great; and though faults and mistakes are to be found in it, and particular incidents may not be seen by ourselves as Mrs. Oliphant saw them, such errors, as they seem to us, detract nothing from the charm of the book as an exciting narrative, or from its value as a brilliant contribution to the annals of Periodical Literature. If Mrs. Oliphant is sometimes a little too diffuse, a fault which she shares in common with the majority of modern biographers, she brings us into contact with so many illustrious names, and so many attractive and eccentric characters, that nobody, on the whole, will grudge the space devoted to them: and if she deals a little too freely in small sarcasms, Mrs. Oliphant was a lady, and may claim a lady's privilege. She may have thought, perhaps, that in writing the history of 'Maga' she was bound to don the garb of the satirist, as Johnson, when he became a frequenter of the green-room, thought it right to wear a gold-laced waistcoat.

With these remarks our task of criticism, so far as concerns the manner of the work, is ended, and we gladly pass on to the subject matter, of which much will be new to the public, while of that which is not, some part, at all events, still retains its old attractions. All that we have to add is that in the discussion of business transactions we shall occasionally have to remind our readers that there are two sides to every story.

The two revolutions which marked the close of the eighteenth century, the literary revolution in England, and the political Revolution in France, produced an effect upon the public mind after the long repose which had preceded them, such as living men can only faintly picture to themselves from the conversation of their fathers and grandfathers. It has been described too often and too recently to justify our dwelling on it now. But Mrs. Oliphant points out to us that in the world of literature it created a species of excitement and speculation which may almost be compared *longo intervallo* with the railway mania of 1845. This was especially visible in Edinburgh. The marvellous popularity of Scott and Byron, the offspring by two different mothers of the same revolution, seemed to indi-

cate

cate for the first time the possibility of large fortunes being made by literature. Every bookseller was on the look-out for a genius : and large sums were sometimes lavished on worthless writers by the sanguine bibliopole who saw in their maudlin effusions the promise of a new 'Childe Harold.' But literature and all connected with it rose and flourished in this new atmosphere. The change had begun, as Lord Macaulay says, when the Literary Club was founded. But it was not completed till the following century, when the new golden age really set in. Literature became more widely popular. Authors were more richly remunerated. Booksellers became publishers, and publishers became capitalists.

The founder of the House of Blackwood entered into business just at the right moment to take advantage of the rising gale. But unlike most of his contemporaries he avoided the error of carrying too much sail, and was the only man, according to Mrs. Oliphant, who emerged from the publishing speculations of that era without burning his fingers. The Blackwoods were a family of old Scottish gentry, a branch of which took to business and settled in Edinburgh, where at the close of the seventeenth century the immediate ancestor of William Blackwood, the founder of 'Maga,' was an opulent burgess. He lost all his fortune, however, in the Darien Company ; and then ensues a gap in the family history down to the birth of William, the subject of this memoir, in 1776. His father, of whom we hear nothing, seems to have left his family in comfortable circumstances, or at all events above poverty, and his three sons lived at home with their mother till they went out into the world to make their own way. Of William Blackwood's education nothing is told us ; but it is to be presumed that he had the ordinary schooling of a boy of his class in Scotland, which is likely to have been better than it was at that time in England. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a firm of booksellers, Messrs. Bell and Bradfute, whose premises were in Parliament Square. It is conjectured that while in this situation the young Blackwood may, like Sir Walter Scott, have been unconsciously 'making himself.' The shop was frequented by the judges and advocates of the Law Courts, and the professors from the College. And Mrs. Oliphant pictures to herself the young apprentice listening attentively to their remarks on new publications, and thus acquiring some insight into the secret of literary popularity which, of all knowledge, is the most useful to a publisher.

As soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, he was engaged by a publishing firm in Edinburgh to superintend a branch business

business at Glasgow. This was the firm of Mundell and Co., who about this time were publishing Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' for which the remuneration of the Poet was fifty copies of the work; but we do not know whether young Blackwood himself was in any way answerable for this arrangement. While at Glasgow it seems probable that he attended lectures at the University, and made some acquaintance with the higher literature. But his taste for book-hunting was now developing itself, and he writes to Constable in Edinburgh informing him that he has got some curious blackletter works for sale, and asking what Constable will give for them. From these beginnings it was an easy step to setting up on his own account as a secondhand and antiquarian bookseller, which he did soon afterwards, having first spent three years in a London establishment, Mr. Cuthill's, where he learned especially the art of cataloguing, an occupation which, as it is principally concerned with old books, ministered to Blackwood's natural propensities, and confirmed him in the views with which he had quitted Glasgow.

It was in 1804, when William Blackwood had not quite completed his twenty-eighth year, that he settled at Edinburgh and set up an establishment of his own on the South Bridge exactly opposite the College, where he carried on for several years the business of a secondhand bookseller, undertaking at the same time the arrangement and valuation of private libraries. In the following year he married Miss Steuart, and the House of Blackwood commenced its career.

And here for a moment we must leave him to take a glance at the world in which he found himself and the state of literature and society in Edinburgh at the opening of the present century. The two were more closely connected in the capital of Scotland than they ever have been in London. In Major Pendennis's time 'begad, poetry and genius and that sort of thing were devilish disreputable.' And Pendennis's time went back to the days of the Regency. But in Edinburgh, only a few years earlier, 'society' was something totally different, in which Matthew Arnold would not have looked in vain for his combination of sweetness and light. It has been described by Lockhart in 'Peter's Letters,' by Cockburn in his 'Life of Jeffrey,' and by Mrs. Fletcher in her charming 'Reminiscences,' in colours to which little can be added. It consisted of three elements—law, letters, and aristocracy, which mingled together on a footing of perfect equality and constituted an upper class. Some of the old families continued to reside in Edinburgh after the Union, and English families belonging to the northern

northern counties fell into the habit of wintering at Edinburgh instead of at York. The two combined to preserve, in the mixed circle of which they were the ornaments, the tastes and habits of the ancient *régime*. The Edinburgh Professoriate contributed by itself a group of men of science and culture which has never been surpassed, if ever equalled, at any one time in any capital of Europe. The judges and advocates of the Parliament House, who were often, perhaps generally, men of letters as well, furnished a robust ingredient, seasoned with wit and humour of no ordinary quality. We have often observed that the notes of introduction which Mr. Pleydell writes for Colonel Mannering are all addressed to men of intellectual eminence. Now Colonel Mannering was a soldier and a man of family, and had the aristocratic section of Edinburgh society enjoyed any social superiority over the other two, it would have been natural for Pleydell to have introduced Mannering to some of the families composing it. That Scott did not represent him as doing so is some evidence of the high estimation in which literature was then held in modern Athens, even if it does not imply that in some respects it took precedence of birth unless accompanied by other claims to recognition.

Into this society William Blackwood, when he set up in business in 1804, had still to enter; he had still, according to Lockhart, to learn what the best society always teaches, tact, reserve, and self-restraint. The want of these qualities may be little drawback to a man while he is fighting his way, and getting on, so to speak, by the weight of his foot. But as soon as he has acquired a good position, and what has been gained by one kind of talent has to be kept by another, he is placed at some disadvantage by the want of this social education. It will be seen as we proceed that William Blackwood did suffer from it, and we are led to admire all the more the sterling qualities—the courage, the strong character, and the sound judgment—which conducted him to victory in spite of it.

From the year 1804 to 1817 completes one stage in the history of the House of Blackwood. During this period the foundations of the great Scottish firm were securely laid; and at the expiration of it William Blackwood felt himself in a position to take a further step in advance along the path of literary enterprise. Thirteen years of no ordinary interest and importance had taught Blackwood much. They witnessed the dawn on the horizon of the two great luminaries, Scott and Byron, the publication of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' of 'Childe Harold,' and of 'Waverley.' They saw criticism and satire assume a new shape in the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly'

Reviews,

Reviews, and political writing acquire a weight which it had not possessed since the days of the 'Craftsman.' From the rivalry of these two great organs alone there was much to be learned by the shrewd and observant bookseller on the South Bridge. Within the same period is embraced Blackwood's relations with Scott, Constable, and Murray, which brought him for the most part only disappointment and vexation. But they were part of his education; and he showed in time that he knew how to profit by it. If he retained the plain speaking which, according to our authoress, is hereditary in the firm, he never repeated the mistake which, in some measure at least, cost him his connexion with the Waverleys.

Blackwood at the outset was known only as an antiquarian and blackletter bookseller; but his reputation in this department of the trade soon made him acquainted with some of the leaders of literature in Edinburgh, so that on breaking with the Ballantynes, Murray thought it quite worth his while to accept Blackwood's proposal to become his agent in Scotland. 'He can throw a book or two in one's way sometimes,' says Murray to Constable, with whom he was now again on friendly terms, 'which none of the rest can do except yourself.' On the position of 'the trade' in Edinburgh at this period Cockburn again is our authority. Constable stood at the head of it and seems to have been admitted to Edinburgh society. He also led the way in that career of speculation which caused the severance of his connexion with Murray, for some years his London agent, and must be held to have contributed in a measure to the ruin of Sir Walter Scott. In the year 1808 Murray, disliking his financial principles, terminated the engagement with Constable, and employed the Ballantynes as his agents in Edinburgh. But he soon found that he had only taken a leap from the frying-pan into the fire, for Ballantyne's demands for 'acceptances' were far worse than the 'Crafty's,' and he, too, had to be given up for a similar reason. Murray finally in 1810 transferred his business to Blackwood, whose commercial methods were much more in accordance with those of the Fleet Street firm. Their connexion lasted till 1819, when, in consequence of the breach between them created by 'Blackwood's Magazine,' the London firm gave their agency to Messrs. Oliver and Boyd.

It is during this period that Blackwood's relations both with Murray and Sir Walter Scott possess the greatest interest; and as in some particulars Mrs. Oliphant's account of them requires modification, we must ask the attention of our readers for a few pages to another version of the same story, the two not differing from

from each other in regard to facts but only on the proper construction of them. The most important of the transactions here referred to is the cancelling by Sir Walter Scott of his engagement with Murray and Blackwood, by virtue of which they were to have on certain sufficiently onerous conditions the publication of 'Tales of My Landlord.' Before this arrangement was completed, however, a previous slight had been experienced by the two partners, a matter not to be forgotten in considering subsequent occurrences, to which indeed it bore a strong family likeness.

'A historical work, described as "Letters upon the History of Scotland, by Walter Scott," had been offered to him in conjunction with Murray, and then had been announced as about to be published by Constable,—a fact which wounded him deeply. He complained to Ballantyne of this, and received through him a somewhat haughty message from Scott desiring Mr. Blackwood to apply for information on the subject to himself, as it was a matter with which Ballantyne had nothing to do.'

It was shortly after this that the first part of the MS. of the 'Black Dwarf' was placed in Blackwood's hands, who was highly delighted with it, and sent it on to Murray. With the conclusion of the story, however, he was not so well satisfied, and on its being shown by Mr. Murray to Gifford, the editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' he agreed with Blackwood, as also did Murray himself. Blackwood, naturally pleased at finding his own judgment confirmed by so distinguished a critic, made the communication to the author, with which, as with Scott's reply to it, all readers of Lockhart are acquainted. Blackwood suggested through Ballantyne a different sequel to the story, and Scott wrote back to his go-between, who, as long as his publisher was not in the secret, was a necessity, the famous letter—

'DEAR JAMES,—I have received Blackwood's impudent letter. G—d—— his soul! Tell him and his coadjutor that I belong to the Black Hussars of Literature, who neither give nor receive criticism. I'll be cursed but this is the most impudent proposal that ever was made.—W. S.'

These, so far, are the facts, which nobody disputes. But two constructions may be placed upon them. In the first place, it is to be noted that the letter which Ballantyne sent to Blackwood is not the same that he received from Scott. Some of the strongest expressions are omitted from it, and other statements introduced, so as to give Scott's indignation quite a different character. Scott's wrath is excited by Blackwood's 'impudent' proposal. Ballantyne's version attributes it to the 'interposition

'interposition of Gifford,' this of course being due to Murray's indiscretion. Now what was Ballantyne's authority for making the above statement? We can find none. Mrs. Oliphant assumes that he could only have been repeating what Scott had said to him in some other note, of which there is no trace, and on this hypothesis builds up her theory as to the source of Scott's irritation. This is pure conjecture, without any evidence to support it; and though it is ingenious, and springs from an honourable motive, there are one or two considerations which tell very strongly against it:—

'If our conjecture is true, it must be concluded that the thing most strongly and justly resented by Scott was the interposition of Gifford. Nothing could be more natural than that he should fling forth fire and flame at the thought that the chief critic of one of the literary coteries of the time had thus secretly sat upon him, in a private committee behind his back, and had it in his power to shake his head in solemn doubt as to the prowess and success of the author of "*Waverley*." It was a thought full of exasperation to a man little used to criticism in any form. But whether Lockhart was mistaken as to the note he quotes, or whether that first sharp volley of expletives was but a first explosion on the moment, followed by the other, we have no means of knowing.'

We have not; but we *have* some reasons for thinking that Mrs. Oliphant's conjecture is erroneous. Scott and Gifford were fast friends. Scott had the highest opinion of his critical ability. He helped more than any one else to place him in the editorial chair. He told him, when he contemplated resigning it, that the very existence of the '*Quarterly*' depended on him. Instances of his friendship and admiration for Gifford may be quoted by the dozen. Byron said of him that he was the only man by whom he was willing to be criticized. It is not likely that Scott would have resented Gifford's comments, apart from any other aggravating circumstance, which the mere fact that Murray showed the proof sheets to his confidential literary adviser could hardly have been considered. It was a matter of course that he should do so. The firm have generally looked to the editor of the '*Quarterly*' for advice and assistance of this kind. The connection between Murray and Gifford had lasted seven or eight years, and Scott must have been perfectly cognisant of its nature. The picture which Mrs. Oliphant draws of the chief critic of a literary coterie sitting upon Scott in a private committee does great credit to her imagination as well as to her power of expression. But we should doubt whether Scott was ever the victim of such a bugbear for a single moment. Mrs. Oliphant conveys the impression, perhaps unintentionally,

intentionally, that she is seeking to throw the whole blame of the rupture on Mr. Murray by ascribing it exclusively to Gifford's interposition. There was no 'interposition.' Gifford's opinion was asked in the ordinary course of business. It agreed with Blackwood's, and Blackwood then delivered their joint suggestion to Ballantyne, with a request that he would forward it to the author. To judge from what we know to have been Scott's own language, and not from what we imagine that it might have been, this was the real sting.

Not that the point is of much importance. We may be morally certain that it was neither Blackwood's letter to Scott nor Murray's reference to Gifford which was at the bottom of the business. Scott withdrew the 'Letters on Scottish History' from Murray and Blackwood, thereby 'wounding the latter very deeply' without any provocation. Why should he not have done the same with 'Tales of My Landlord'? We shrewdly suspect that if Scott had not found it convenient for other reasons to alter his arrangements, he would not have changed them for anything that either Murray or Blackwood had done. Both had equal reason to complain of their treatment: both were in the same boat: and we are not aware that either of them threw a stone at the other.

But what offended them more perhaps than the final withdrawal of the 'Tales' was the manner in which it was done. By the agreement with Scott the maximum number of copies to be published by Murray and Blackwood was 6000. Ballantyne, moreover, had assured Blackwood that, after the stipulated number (6000) was exhausted, he and Murray should have the publication of future editions. What then was their surprise to see a fifth edition advertised by Constable, while the original publishers had more than 1200 copies of the fourth edition still on their hands. Their first thought was to take legal proceedings, but this intention was abandoned out of regard for Scott. Their remaining copies of the 'Tales' were bought by Ballantyne, and the publication of the 'Waverleys' reverted to Constable. Mrs. Oliphant winds up her account of this transaction with the following remarks, putting the best face on Scott's share in it of which perhaps it is susceptible:—

'It was quite natural that he should have found the burden of James Ballantyne's mediatorship unbearable, and felt that, without an additional disclosure of his secret, which, whether wisely or foolishly, he was determined not to make, his simplest method was to return to the man who did already know, and with whom he could arrange at first hand, without any interference of a fussy though bland go-between. Neither Murray nor Blackwood throw any indi-

vidual blame upon him, and he was, strictly speaking, within his rights in transferring the book, as he had expressly limited the arrangement to certain editions.'

Only a very few individuals will in all probability ever know the whole truth with regard to this affair. But should any one suspect that, in his own pecuniary anxieties, Scott, for once in his life, forgot what was due to others, he may have the satisfaction of reflecting that this solitary error was followed by a measure of retribution so rare in real life as to be commonly called poetic justice. He deserted those in whose hands he would have been perfectly safe for speculators who preyed on him, flattered him, and ruined him. And if, as Mrs. Oliphant thinks, the world has been the gainer by his misfortunes, it must be remembered that it is only the favourites of the gods who can atone for past mistakes as Scott did.

We must now briefly revert to the relations between Blackwood and Murray, and to the steps taken by the former to compensate himself for the disappointment he had experienced in the loss of his connexion with the 'Waverleys.' When we come to this stage of the history, we are reminded of a scene in one of the best of the tales from 'Blackwood,' written many years later by Professor Aytoun, 'The Glenmutchkin Railway.' Reginald DunShunner and Bob Macorkindale, two penniless speculators, are deep in the railway bubble. They make a little here and lose a little there without getting much forwarder. At last, when they are sitting together one evening in their lodgings, Bob, the ruling spirit of the two, gives vent to his feelings as follows: 'This sort of thing will never do, DunShunner; we must have a railway of our own.' The words in which Mrs. Oliphant describes the workings of William Blackwood's mind, before the project of the new magazine had taken definite shape in it, suggest this comparison: 'He was impatient of bookselling and of the moderate risks and rewards of a humdrum publishing business, especially after his disappointment in respect to the Waverley series, and all his faculties were on the watch for an opportunity to step forth from the usual routine and make a distinct place for himself.' Yes; he must have a railway of his own. The 'Quarterly' and 'Edinburgh' were in the field and were famous and prosperous. Why should he not also make a *coup* in the same field of speculation? In this frame of mind it is easy to understand that some of Murray's good advice should have been rather distasteful to him: and perhaps Murray himself at this particular time did not quite understand his man. Blackwood was
meditating

meditating a great adventure. He was to burst from his chrysalis and appear as the great Tory publisher: soaring on a brilliant wing far above Constable and the Whigs. Murray's letter, which seems to have been written in reply to some communication of this kind, rather pulls him down into the common day, recommending him in effect to stick to the 'humdrum publishing business' for the present. We know what kind of effect such advice as this usually produces on minds in the condition of Blackwood's. He talked of 'Africa and golden joys.' And what is more, he realized his dream. But even after the appearance of 'Maga,' Murray perhaps did not fully appreciate its aims and methods, or the opening which there certainly was for it. He seems to have expected a monthly periodical, such as he had himself once thought of, on practically the same lines as the two great quarterly Reviews, only with lighter and shorter contributions. What he saw was a monthly anti-Jacobin with a dash of the John Bull in it. The new venture was not to be a modification of any existing type, but something entirely *sui generis*. The choice spirits who eagerly joined with Blackwood in this undertaking bolted when they were first put in harness, it must be allowed, and nearly kicked the coach to pieces. But Blackwood by degrees got them well under command, and had the full advantage of all their wit, humour, and scholarship, without running over any more unfortunates, or provoking any more actions. He drove them with a firm but light hand, and his success was in proportion to his skill.

But this end was not achieved all at once, and we shall see that Murray, who had taken a seat, alias a share, in the original concern, requested at an early stage of the proceedings to be set down, distrusting both the horses and the charioteer. In justice to both the great publishers we must be allowed to say that Murray's advice, though sometimes delivered in a tone of superiority which perhaps postponed its recognition, was nevertheless sound, as the event proved, and that Blackwood, on the other hand, when the immediate irritation had subsided, had the good sense to see the wisdom of it. Our readers will not expect us to repeat in any detail what has been told so often as the piquant circumstances attending the birth of 'Maga.' But no notice of the House of Blackwood would be complete without some brief description of them.

In the year 1817, though Toryism was the dominant creed in Edinburgh, the Whigs of that metropolis had rather turned the tables on their old antagonists by the great ability with which the 'Edinburgh Review' was conducted. From an

imperial point of view the 'Quarterly' was quite its equal. With such political contributors as it then boasted, it could not well be otherwise. But though a most effective instrument for the exposure of Whig principles, a periodical published in London, and edited by an Englishman, was not equally well fitted for an attack upon the Scottish Whigs. It was felt that some organ with more local colouring, some dashing *sabreur* that could beard the lion in his den, was the want of the day in Edinburgh. Those who can remember the tone of English Liberals during the quarter of a century that followed the repeal of the Corn Laws; the intolerable self-righteousness; the priggish superciliousness; the impertinent assumption that every one who differed from them must be either a fool or a knave; which distinguished especially the Peelite section of the Liberal Party, will easily understand the feelings of the Edinburgh Tories.

Imagine their delight then when the avenger suddenly appeared and the gallows began to be erected! By this time Blackwood had his 'parlour,' in Prince's Street, afterwards developed into the 'old saloon' of George Street, where men of letters, young advocates interested in literature, and clever intellectual men of all kinds used to assemble to discuss news in general and the books of the day in particular. Such an idea as Blackwood's, dropped among such a company as this, was like a spark to a powder barrel. Lockhart has left us an account of these meetings in 'Peter's Letters,' and he, with his dark handsome Spanish face and tall thin figure, and Wilson of the tawny mane, were two of the best known figures there. Both were Oxford men and both distinguished. Wilson had lost all his money, and Lockhart never had any; and they were now trying their luck at the Scotch Bar, where they got more fun than fees. Blackwood had already made a bad start with the 'Edinburgh Monthly Magazine,' edited by two poor creatures, Cleghorn and Pringle, who would have turned it into a kind of 'Family Herald.' He soon tossed this speculation to the winds, and at once threw himself on Lockhart and Wilson, who, if we may be pardoned such a piece of slang, 'had the Whigs on toast,' and more than fulfilled all his most ambitious dreams.

The first number of 'Blackwood' was published, or rather exploded, in October 1817. It contained the famous Chaldee MSS.; and the tumult which it raised is without any parallel in literary history, unless the publication of the 'Dunciad' be thought to supply one. Every paragraph contained a special hit at some particular person well known in Edinburgh society.

Constable,

Constable, Jeffrey, Mackenzie, Tytler, Playfair, and very many more, were all ridiculed in a style, which was after all not so very ill-natured, but which they chose to consider extremely impertinent in these young upstarts. The whole hive was in commotion, still further inflamed by the first article on the 'Cockney School of Poetry,' which appeared in the same number. What Murray thought of it may be read in the nineteenth chapter of his 'Life,' by Mr. Smiles; nor, when we compare it with Blackwood's own letter on the subject, is it easy to believe that he did not agree with Murray. But it was only by degrees that he gained sufficient authority over his unruly team to check them in their wild career. In spite of Murray's remonstrances, the same style of writing was continued for some months; and though suppressed or modified in certain numbers in conformity with Murray's wishes, it kept breaking out afresh, till at length, in 1819, he withdrew his name from the titlepage, received back his thousand pounds, and left the young villains to their own devices.

All alike in turn—proprietor, editor, and contributors—began practically to recognize that Murray had been right in principle, and gradually the aggressive personality to which he so strongly objected dropped out of the Magazine altogether. But, at the same time, it must be remembered that it was this very quality to which it owed its early success and large circulation. Everybody rushed to read it. And it may be questioned whether, if Murray's counsels had prevailed from the first and his views carried out to the letter, the result, from a publisher's point of view, would have been equally satisfactory. What lifted 'Maga' into such sudden popularity was its novelty, its audacity, and its contempt for literary conventionalities. Such outbreaks, whatever we may think of their good taste, when combined with real wit and humour, attracted the public. To have abandoned them at the beginning would have been to cut the rope on which hung success. It was enough that when they had fought their way to fame, the little band were willing, as Murray had desired, 'to purge and live cleanly like gentlemen.'

In all the little differences between the two firms—and there were never any great ones—Mrs. Oliphant is at no pains to conceal where the shoe pinched. She repeats several times that the 'domineering' tone of Murray's letters were such as no high-spirited man could be expected to endure. She says that Murray treated his partner too much *de haut en bas*—and so forth. Now the justice or injustice of these assertions depends, not entirely but to a great extent, on what we assume

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to have been William Blackwood's position in Edinburgh at that time. If it is correctly described by Lockhart, Murray's only mistake was in not discerning, through the unpretending exterior, which was all that Blackwood presented to him, the 'unsuspected abilities' and latent force of character which had not been recognized even by the world of Edinburgh. Mrs. Oliphant rather overlooks this consideration. She forgets that she is passing judgment with a knowledge of Blackwood's real character which Murray did not possess, and with the light thrown on it by subsequent events which Murray could not foresee. As Constable, says Lockhart, owed his first introduction to the upper world of literature and society to his 'Edinburgh Review,' so did Blackwood owe his to the magazine, which had not been in existence two years, and had not had time to make its full impression, when Murray left it. The only conclusion we can arrive at with regard to this correspondence is that neither of the two was much to blame for the friction created by it. We are willing to allow that among the earlier letters addressed by Murray to Blackwood there are some that he perhaps would not have written had he known him better: and from this admission another one necessarily follows, namely, that it was not unnatural for Blackwood, being the man he really was, to feel mortified at times by the style in which he was addressed. But if Murray was a little too didactic, it may be allowed perhaps, on the other hand, that Blackwood was rather too sensitive.

The time came when Blackwood's acknowledged position as the head of the publishing trade in Edinburgh and his reception in general society made such mistakes impossible for the future, and on quitting this part of our subject we can only repeat our regret that Mrs. Oliphant should have felt it her duty to recall them from the past into so much prominence and importance. There are some points in the history of the Blackwood firm which she was plainly called upon to notice. The relations between Blackwood and Scott in regard to 'Tales of My Landlord' are one such. Lockhart merely says that 'in spite of the friendly relations which always subsisted between the author and Mr. Murray, circumstances ere long occurred which carried the publication of the work into the hands of Messrs. Constable.' It will be observed that Lockhart does not ascribe the rupture to Blackwood's proposal which drew forth the 'Black Hussars' letter from Sir Walter. The circumstances which 'ere long occurred' must have been those already mentioned in this article, the announcement by Constable of a fifth edition before the fourth was sold out. And to this breach of faith, by which
Murray

Murray as well as Blackwood was a sufferer, whoever was answerable for it, Mrs. Oliphant, representing the Blackwoods, was bound to call attention. But the inclination, too frequently visible in her pages, to put Mr. Murray in the wrong whenever any trifling question arises between the London publisher and Princes Street, is often untraceable to anything which appears in the narrative, and seems to be purely spontaneous. It springs perhaps from a partiality which we cannot wholly condemn, and is characteristic of a sex in which impulse is stronger than reason. Enough has now been said of it.

From the withdrawal of Murray in 1819 to the death of William Blackwood in 1834, is the period in which 'Maga' may be said to have come to years of discretion. She had sown her wild oats: and if Murray had held on a little longer he would have had no reason for retiring. Both the critical and political departments were now conducted with due regard to literary comity without the sacrifice of any of their former vigour. The Magazine was a Tory insurrection 'all along the line' against the Whig dictatorship. But it was on a question of literature that the antagonists first fairly crossed swords. Wilson drew his blade in defence of Wordsworth, and, as Jeffrey had pushed his contention too far, came off victorious. On the merits of the Cockney school, as Lockhart nicknamed it, there was no great difference of opinion between the rival critics. But neither on the Cockney school nor the Lake school did they start from exactly the same point of view. Neither Lockhart nor Wilson took much notice of the principal objection urged by Jeffrey against both, an objection which touched perhaps what was, after all, their most serious defect. We shall explain our meaning most easily by quoting a passage from the pen of a critic who could never have been suspected of any Conservative proclivities. 'In the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the reaction against the poetry of good sense set in, it was not thought enough to depart from the style of Pope unless his metre was rejected also. The return to nature, in the poetical as in the political revolution, was attempted by throwing off law. The aspiration to reach a "higher melody" by means of lawless rhythms, has led us back to the barbarous versification of the seventeenth century, and much is written as poetry which can only deserve to be so called, because it is not prose.' These are the words of Mark Pattison in the Introduction to his edition of 'Pope's Essay on Man.' What the 'Edinburgh Review' complained of was what Pattison complains of here: and what it was enforcing was the necessity of cultivating form—"the condition," says Mr. Pattison, 'of all art.' Jeffrey
put

put the neglect of form in the front of his indictment. 'The Lakers,' he says, a term objected to by the 'Quarterly,' 'are labouring to bring back our poetry to the fantastic oddity and puling childishness of Withers, Quarles, and Marvel. . . . The profuse and irrepressible wordiness which deluges all the blank verse of this school of poetry, and lubricates and weakens the whole structure of their style.' The Lake school and the Cockney school had much in common in this respect: and Lockhart notes 'the loose nerveless versification and cockney rhymes' of Keats. The 'Quarterly' called attention to his 'dreaming swooning style of versification.' But this is not made by either the head and front of the offence. Nor does Wilson care to deal with the point in his defence of Wordsworth. The 'Blackwood' critics seem rather to have proceeded on the maxim that a good horse cannot be a bad colour. And they choose rather to consider what is poetry, and what are fit subjects for the poet, than the metrical canons by which he was bound to regulate himself. But Jeffrey was wrestling with a real literary abuse; and rendered a service to English poetry which ought not to be undervalued. He condemned what seemed to him metrical lawlessness: Blackwood rescued from obloquy the poetry which lay beneath it. On the other hand, though by the articles on the Cockney school we are continually reminded that sarcasm is not criticism, and that literary merit cannot be decided by appeals to morality, Blackwood's protest was by no means uncalled for, and in the long run had a healthy effect.

We do not know whether Lockhart's description of the Magazine in 'Peter's Letters' is to be taken seriously or not, but whether or no it points out a real defect, which must strike every one on reading the earlier numbers, and that is, the want of consistency apparent in them. One article too often contradicts another, but in the confusion and excitement of starting this is perhaps excusable. It was not uncommon for the writers in 'Blackwood' to sit in judgment on themselves, chiefly, we suppose, for the joke's sake. And thus we find Peter quoting with grave approval an article on 'The Periodical Criticism of England,' laying down rules for reviewers, of which the writer of the article, none other than Lockhart himself, was one of the most conspicuous violators. He complains that critical justice was administered too much on the principle which a century before had regulated Scottish civil justice, 'Show me the man, and I'll show you the law.' Books were judged, not by their style and matter, but by the political principles of the author. This, we should
be

be afraid, was specially true of Scotland, where party feeling raged at that time with a violence unknown in England. Lockhart had not returned from Oxford with any very strong political predilections, but every man in Edinburgh was obliged to take a side, and Lockhart, having chosen his, espoused it with as much zeal as any of his compeers. His attack on the Cockneys is clearly dictated as much by party feeling as by any other motive. Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and their set, were violent Radicals; and though the poets of this school deserved all that Lockhart said of them, he would not have said it as he did had they been less notorious offenders, and probably not at all had they been Tories.

The last memorable article which appeared in '*Maga*' during William Blackwood's lifetime, was Wilson's '*Review of Tennyson's Early Poems*,' containing some admirable fooling, but on the whole, we think, not unjust to the poet. Wilson singled out for special admiration the beautiful '*Ode to Memory*,' which we have always thought a remarkable illustration of the genuineness of Tennyson's love of Nature. To this article we are surprised to see that Mrs. Oliphant makes no reference. The well-known '*Quarterly*' article on Tennyson, which appeared in the following year, was in Lockhart's wittiest style, if not equally fair. The influence of this joint protest has certainly been visible in English poetry during the last half century; and, to judge from his later style, Tennyson himself did not disdain to profit by it.

Blackwood's three chief supporters, and most dangerous contributors for the first few years, were Lockhart, Wilson, and Maginn. Hogg suggested the '*Chaldee MSS.*' and wrote a rough draft of it. But there was little of his handiwork left in it after it had passed through the hands of the two accomplished artists who were the reputed joint editors of '*Maga*.' Of all three, it may be said that their lives are now public property. But from Mrs. Oliphant's pages we get a better idea of the real Lockhart and the real Wilson than we do from any other source except the '*Life of Scott*.' Lockhart's heart was apparently in literature. Though connected all his life with the two chief organs of high Toryism in the kingdom, he seems to have had little sympathy with it. From a singular letter written by Lockhart to a brother of Archdeacon Williams soon after the birth of '*Maga*,' we select the following passage. John is the future Archdeacon, and it should be added that in the beginning of the letter Lockhart pronounces Croker's article in '*Maga*' '*bad*':—

'I know

'I know you are a Whig, but you are not a Democratical one, therefore all good Britons must in main points agree with you. Christianity is a subject which you know none but boys and fools will make light of in print, therefore I am sure that anything John could write would of course do. But, I confess, if you like to write on politics, I hope you will write something off the line of the "Edinburgh Review;" for admirable as it is, I think it is now a little stale—still more off the line of the blundering and bigoted pedantry of the "Quarterly" and its crew. I am sure you loathe Croker and Southey's politics as much as myself.'

Only seven years afterwards we find Lockhart editing the 'Quarterly,' and begging Croker to contribute. We are not surprised at the publication of this letter by Mrs. Oliphant, because in her 'Literary History of England,' published in 1882, she has done herself the greatest injustice by a description of Gifford, which almost suggests—we say so with great hesitation—that she was looking in the glass when she wrote it. Such a description of the eminent man of letters whom both Byron and Scott thought worthy of their highest admiration, can only be excused on the ground that Mrs. Oliphant was brought up as a child in all the traditions of Scotch Liberalism, and that some odour of it clung to her through life.

Whatever Lockhart's opinion may have been in 1818, he had to swallow Croker and Southey at one mouthful when he took the 'Quarterly.' What his objections to them were we can only guess. The politics of the 'Quarterly' were inspired by Canning, who has never, we believe, been accused of either pedantry or bigotry. The truth perhaps is that Lockhart, who, when he wrote the above letter, was only in his twenty-fourth year, had given himself up so entirely to the spirit of fun and frolic that no kind of writing which was exclusively serious and argumentative, and unseasoned with his favourite sauce, would have been highly esteemed by him. But that he should have professed 'to loathe Croker's politics' is what we confess we can hardly understand in a member of the Tory circle at Edinburgh, making all allowance for the love of novelty and the impatience of gravity by which he may have been instigated. Is it possible that eighty years ago he could have had any prevision of the new Toryism, while the statesman who was destined to introduce it was still in jackets? The letter would have been intelligible twenty or thirty years later. But written in 1818 it requires an interpreter.

Lockhart was an excellent editor, and possessed indeed almost all the qualities which fitted him to be Mr. Murray's
confidential

confidential assistant, and most intimate and valued friend. But his own peculiar literary talents may, for all that, have found a more congenial field in 'Blackwood'; and he continued to compose 'Noctes' long after he was seated in Albemarle Street. We quote a letter to Blackwood written in 1829, when he had been editor of the 'Quarterly' for four years, which is almost as curious as the letter just referred to:—

'The Doctor and I have dined again at the Salopian, and made out the plan, which shall be filled up fitly and sent off by mail on Thursday next. I hope this will do. We are to give you our "Mr. Theodore" as an interlocutor and improvisatore.

'But wait until Southey's new book has been properly puffed in the "Quarterly," and then for a grand "Noctes" indeed. I mean to call up the shade of George Buchanan and introduce him to Hogg, who (Hogg) shall enlighten George, after the fashion of the Laureate enlightening Sir Thomas More, as to the history of the last two or three centuries, and the present state of politics and literature. I think Hogg explaining the steam-engine to Buchanan will answer.'

Lockhart's last letter to John Blackwood, we cannot refrain from quoting:—

'Many letters passed, and there was much and constant communication between the younger Blackwoods and their father's old friend in after-years, which will be referred to from time to time. But we may take from these after-days a little note addressed to John Blackwood, which rounds off this story with an affecting touch of old kindness. It was written at the very end of Lockhart's life in the year 1853:—

'"DEAR B.—If you think the enclosed worth a page at any time, they are at the service of 'Maga,' from her very old servant, now released from all service.
J. G. L."

'That gay and careless yet powerful service had lasted, with intermissions, for more than thirty-five years, the length of a generation. The Blackwood of old was dead, and most of the cheerful companions: the lively, brilliant, restless spirit was broken with sorrow and trouble. Not very many months after he was indeed to be wholly relieved from all service. It is with a tender remembrance of Lockhart that we thus close the record, by his last affectionate expression of feeling to the old "Maga" of the days that were no more.'

William Blackwood moved from Princes Street to George Street in 1829, and in the year following he set up his carriage and pair. He had fought his way to fame and wealth, and was now a member of the best Edinburgh society. 'Maga,' as Lockhart says, had done for him what the 'Edinburgh Review' had done for Constable; and more than that, had done for Scotland what the 'Quarterly' had done for England.

England. A good and upright man, in whom intellect, character, and judgment were equally combined, had now fulfilled his mission, and prepared an inheritance for his children, of which we hope for many generations they may continue to be proud. He died in 1834, surrounded by his family, at the early age of fifty-seven. But he had done his work, and educated his sons not merely to maintain, but to extend and adorn the position which he had won.

Of William Blackwood's capacity as an editor, a good idea may be gathered from a letter addressed to Lockhart, apparently in 1829 (Vol. i. p. 245), on the subject of a review which he had written of 'Bramletye House,' in ridicule of 'The Cockney Historical Romance.' Blackwood was delighted with it, and praised all its beauties unaffectedly, but he was obliged to return it nevertheless on account of the misrepresentations to which it would probably have given rise. The whole letter is well worth reading, and is an excellent specimen of what such epistles ought to be.

The two brothers who carried on the business after their father's death, were Alexander and Robert. A younger brother, John, was learning his trade in London, and two were in India, William Blackwood and Archie, the former a captain in a regiment of native infantry. The two elder brothers represented the firm till 1845, when, on the death of Alexander, John, of whom more anon, was recalled from London. But two years afterwards Robert's health broke down. William came back from India to take his place, and John and William conducted the publishing house and the Magazine till 1861, when John, by his brother William's death, was left sole manager. 'Maga' had never really had an editor in the ordinary sense of the word. The publishers and proprietors had always been their own editors, and so it continued to be. In 1832 an attempt had been made to write down Blackwood by the establishment of 'Tait's Magazine' in the Liberal interest; it is needless to say that the attempt was an egregious failure, *impar congressus Achilli*, but it produced one copy of very good satiric verses, which are not unworthy of the comic muse who smiled upon the birth of Lockhart. This, however, was merely a flash in the pan, and the Magazine thenceforth reigned without a rival in its own sphere down to the present day.

John Blackwood, who joined the Edinburgh establishment in 1845, was born in 1818, and in 1838 was placed with Messrs. Whittaker, in Ave Maria Lane, to learn the business. His position was that of a 'collector,' whose work involves walking

walking all day long through the streets with a heavy bag to carry. However, what he complains of chiefly is his dinner at 'Williams's Boiled Beef House'—probably the well-known boiled beef house in the Old Bailey, which lasted into the third quarter of the century, and where what you did get was the best of its kind. Young John, however, was just fresh from the Paris restaurants, and very naturally found the cuisine of the Old Bailey rather too coarse for him.

In the year 1840 the Edinburgh house started a branch in London, at the head of which John or Johnnie, as he is always called, took his place. This arrangement continued till 1845, when, as we have said, John was recalled to Edinburgh, which he never left again. Many new and famous names now crowd upon us. Of some of the earlier contributors Hogg, Maginn, Mackenzie, we have said little or nothing because there was nothing new to say, and they must now make room for others, of whose connexion with 'Blackwood' less is known, though equally famous themselves. If we may borrow a word from the wine trade, the firm have always been credited with a very good palate for literature—yet, in two or three instances during the later years of their history, it was at fault. They refused Thackeray's 'Irish Sketch Book,' and 'The Great Hoggarty Diamond,' and rejected some other proposals of his which would have brought grist to the mill. We have a letter from Thackeray to Alexander Blackwood, of the 29th of January, 1840, in which he suggests a series of papers on topics of the day, something in the style of 'Our London Letter' as now published by the best provincial journals. But Alexander did not bite, and Thackeray troubled him no more. Other mistakes were the acceptance of Douglas Jerrold as a contributor, who, whatever his merits, was out of his element in 'Maga.' All first-class periodicals have a peculiar *ἦθος* with which a contributor must be in harmony if he is to succeed. Now Douglas Jerrold was neither morally nor intellectually of the Blackwood type. So too the Blackwoods were to some extent wrong about Samuel Warren. 'Ten Thousand a Year' was much overrated by them; and for John Blackwood's extravagant opinion of the 'Lily and the Bee' Mrs. Oliphant can find no excuse. Yet he was a born critic; and his remarks on 'Amos Barton,' when it was first sent to him by G. H. Lewis, are admirable, hitting George Eliot's weak point on the head at a single glance:—

'This first specimen, "Amos Barton," is unquestionably very pleasant reading. Perhaps the author falls into the error of trying too much to explain the characters of his actors by description
instead

instead of allowing them to evolve in the action of the story; but the descriptions are very humorous and good. The death of Milly is powerfully done, and affected me much. I am not sure whether he does not spoil it a little by specifying so minutely the different children and their names.

'The wind-up is perhaps the lamest part of the story; and there, too, I think the defect is caused by the specifications as to the fortunes of parties of whom the reader has no previous knowledge, and cannot, consequently, feel much interest.'

His observations on the 'Mill on the Floss' are equally sound. The catastrophe, he says, does not spring out of any previous circumstances, it is grafted on from the outside; and the style in which both Tom and Maggie are got rid of must have grated on thousands of readers possessed of no very critical faculty.

De Quincey wrote a good deal in 'Blackwood' for a time, and we have in these volumes numerous characteristic touches. The besetting sin of De Quincey was egotism. It was always what had happened to himself, what had occurred to his own mind, what he deemed advisable for other people, that was uppermost with him: and though William Blackwood's editorial instincts told him that De Quincey was too valuable a contributor to be lightly parted with, his patience was sometimes tried beyond endurance. De Quincey was fond of giving free play to his own humour, in the confident belief that it must necessarily be appreciated. But this was not always the case. On one occasion he wrote to William Blackwood to tell him that with two exceptions 'a more dreary collection of dullness and royal stupidity never did this world see gathered together than the December number exhibits.' 'I see how it is,' he continues, 'in future I must write the whole number myself,' and concludes with assuring his publisher that he is resolved to stand by him and 'to save the Magazine from the fate which its stupidity merits.' How much of this was jest and how much earnest it is difficult to say, and perhaps De Quincey could hardly have said himself. But in a mind like William Blackwood's, as different from De Quincey's as Richard's sword from Saladin's scimitar, there was no corner for doubt. 'When I apply to you,' he said, 'to be the Atlas of my Magazine, it will be time enough for you to undertake the burden: and in the meantime I must beg leave to say that if you cannot send me anything better than "The English Lakes," it will be quite unnecessary for you to give yourself any further trouble about the Magazine.' Blackwood evidently was not a safe man to joke with. And we can imagine De Quincey's feelings when he read this brief response

response to his own too presumptuous offer. For combined terseness and tartness it has few rivals.

Among the later contributors to the Magazine Professor Aytoun, General Hamley, and Lord Lytton are conspicuous. Short tales, finished in one number, soon became a special feature in it, and are so still, and of these Aytoun and Hamley were the two most brilliant writers. The 'Glenmutchkin Railway,' 'The Dreepdaily Boroughs,' 'How I became a Yeoman,' are admirable specimens of a kind of humour of which it may almost be said that Blackwood has enjoyed a monopoly. Nevertheless, in our opinion, Hamley's humour is the more delicate of the two. To call 'A Legend of Gibraltar' and 'Lazaro's Legacy' merely 'clever stories of barrack life,' as Mrs. Oliphant does, is to do them scant justice. They are little gems of their kind, and neither Dickens nor Thackeray nor George Eliot have ever drawn a more delightful character than my Grandfather the Major.

We mention these names because we see that some demand has been made for the later 'Annals of the House of Blackwood,' the earlier ones being sufficiently well known already. As it was necessary for the 'Quarterly Review' to dwell at some little length on the latter, we have left ourselves less space than we could have wished for the successors of the famous brotherhood who founded the dynasty. Coleridge was not a contributor to the Magazine. But Mrs. Oliphant has done well to publish his letters to 'Blackwood,' among which there are some of great interest. In one dated 1832 he says 'that "Blackwood's Magazine" is an unprecedented phenomenon in the world of letters, and forms the golden—alas! the only remaining—link between the periodical press and the enduring literature of Great Britain.' We have already referred to Warren; and 'Tom Cringle's Log' and 'The Cruise of the Midge' both appeared in 'Blackwood' about the same time as 'The Diary of a late Physician. In 1853 John Blackwood made the acquaintance of Laurence Oliphant, who became a regular contributor of articles, tales, and novels, the best remembered of which is probably 'Piccadilly,' published in 1865. Turning to fiction proper, we have still Mrs. Oliphant herself upon our list, and Hamley, with 'Lady Lee's Widowhood,' and Bulwer, with the Caxton series, for each of which he received 3000*l*.

'All these and more come flocking'

as we call up the past. But we cannot, alas! find room for them all: nor yet for others whose writings did not appear in the Magazine,

Magazine, but whom Blackwood introduced to the public. We must, however, mention Miss Ferrier, whose two novels, 'Marriage' and 'Inheritance,' were accepted by him in terms of high praise; and the readiness with which Blackwood, then at the outset of his career, detected the merits of the Scottish Miss Austen, as she has been, in our opinion, rather incorrectly called, speaks strongly for his critical discernment. But Mrs. Oliphant's two volumes are really a history of 'Maga.' To call them anything else would be a misnomer, and we offer no apology for dwelling almost exclusively on its fortunes.

We have said that 'Blackwood's' short tales soon became a speciality, and were regularly looked for in every number that appeared. But a more peculiar, and indeed unique characteristic of the Magazine were the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' which no other periodical that we know of has attempted to imitate. Indeed the combination of talents which produced it is so rare that we have no expectation of seeing anything like it again. The imaginary conversations which, from time to time have made efforts to obtain a hold on the public are colourless and tasteless by the side of the 'Noctes.' The origin and conduct of these are now a thrice-told tale. They fall into their place as part of the great critical crusade which 'Blackwood's Magazine' inaugurated, and which undoubtedly made its fortune. Of this we have already said as much as, at the present time, when the subject has been threshed and winnowed, it seems necessary to say; while of the amusing and interesting personal element in the 'Noctes' we can tell the public nothing which has not been told a hundred times, unless it be the one suggestion that we really owe the 'Noctes' to William Blackwood himself, and not to either Wilson or Lockhart.

It was not all at once, that is, in the earlier numbers of 'Blackwood,' as we have already said, that the political article assumed the prominence which it was shortly to attain. But it gradually grew to be the one to which the editor gave his special attention: and it was the spirited attacks on Whiggism, both in Church and State, for which 'Blackwood' soon became famous, that secured its popularity with the clergy and gentry, who, especially in England, were for many years its principal supporters. On this subject, however, Mrs. Oliphant has little to tell us. In 1827, when the split in the Tory Party occurred, William Blackwood represents the Magazine as the recognized organ of the High Tories. In 1831 'Maga' has remained 'staunch and true to the good old cause.' Among the political contributors down to 1860 were Wilson, Lockhart, De Quincey, Alison, Aytoun, and many other able writers less known

known to fame. The political papers which appeared between 1827 and 1830 are particularly vigorous and well written, though, as we think, and as Sir Walter Scott thought, on the wrong side: extremely bitter against Canning, and equally hostile to Peel and the Duke of Wellington two years afterwards. But Lockhart, at all events, did not approve of the rebellion against the Duke of Wellington consequent on the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act. In December, 1830, he writes to Blackwood from London:—

‘Thus we are brought to the brink of a crisis by the act of the ultra Tories in turning out the Duke. Of this there can be no doubt: he feels it, and they, I *believe*, repent it almost to a man. They did not foresee the terrible risks of this reform as a Cabinet proposition. They gratified their just resentment at the deep hazard of everything. Such is my view of the case, such is Southey’s, such is Sadler’s, such is Lord Chandos’s. We are among the breakers; let us see how much we can save.’

We find in the ‘Noctes’:—

‘King Arthur rules in England,
In Ireland rules King Dan,
King George of Windsor Castle,
Dethrone them if you can.’

One of them, at all events, soon did that for himself. Our authoress remarks:—

‘It is well sometimes to see the dismal prognostications with which even wise men of that period regard the changes under which even the oldest among us have grown up, in complete unconsciousness of any shipwreck. We too in our turn are often tempted to indulge in the vaticinations of alarm and woe, which it is an encouragement to the general mind to believe may turn out quite as excessive.’

We do not know where Mrs. Oliphant could have lived all her life if she was ‘unconscious of any shipwreck.’ But we should not have noticed such a remark from a lady writer except for the fact that it has become a common way of talking with a certain class of optimists who think that no harm has been done to this country by Liberalism, because the sky has not fallen. Religion, education, property, industry, agriculture, commerce, and, above all, Parliament itself have all suffered from the high democratic tides which have prevailed since the sea wall was broken down.

During Sir Robert Peel’s administration Blackwood snuffed the coming catastrophe; and in 1846 the political article was highly praised by Lord John Manners. Robert Blackwood

recommends that they should stand by the Corn Laws but not attack Peel. Fourteen years later Disraeli said to John Blackwood what fully justifies all that we have here quoted—namely, that his political articles were excellent, and that the Magazine in fact was ‘the only organ the Conservative Party had.’ It does not do to pry too curiously into remarks of this kind. There are sayings of policy as well as judgments of policy. But in 1860 Disraeli’s connexion with the party was perhaps at the lowest ebb. And the *arrière pensée* of the above dictum is not very difficult to trace for those who remember the period. But there is no doubt that ‘Blackwood’ has been distinguished by very powerful political writing, which has rendered great service, especially in Scotland, to the Conservative cause. It is a mistake to suppose that an honest, able, and uncompromising support of what sometimes may be thought extreme views, has no beneficial effect on a political party. Even those who cannot go to the same lengths are led to think more deeply by seeing the attraction which definite theories possess for men of undoubted intellect: and they may perhaps cling all the more steadily to the moderate course which they have adopted, by knowing that there are heights beyond it on which men of genius have established themselves.

Towards the end of the second volume we find a good deal of interesting matter about the state of the Conservative party from 1846 to 1860, in which the name of Samuel Phillips, so long connected with the ‘Times,’ very frequently occurs. Early in the first-mentioned year the Protectionists seem to have thought that, if they could not ultimately defeat Sir Robert Peel, they could prolong the battle over the Corn Laws for another two years, in which interval many things might happen. Had Lord Stanley remained in the House of Commons, there is no saying what might have followed. But in 1846 the Protectionists were left without any leader of sufficient authority to give them a fair chance. Of Lord George Bentinck little was known in Parliament. He was not an experienced statesman to whom men had been accustomed to look up. Considering the circumstances he performed his part to admiration. But a different kind of man was wanted to stand up against the Peelite brigade. Mr. Disraeli, men thought, did not carry sufficient weight. He had shown himself an admirable skirmisher; but his capacity for leading and commanding was yet to be recognized. There are many entries to this effect in Mrs. Oliphant’s pages. But it is ancient history now. And it is sufficient to have glanced at it in passing.

ART. XI.—*Annual Report of the London County Council, for the Year ended 31st March, 1897.*

THE London County Council has arrived at a critical stage of its existence. With the elections for the fourth Council approaching, it may be said that it is no longer the object either of the exaggerated laudation of one set of politicians, or of the open hostility of another. When the Council was established by the Bill of 1888, the Liberal party was in a curious condition. Disorganized by the Home Rule Bill and the decisive election of 1886, it had for a time lost its bearings as well as its leaders, and was feeling wildly after new principles and a new 'cry.' The established tenets of the party, which, if mistaken, constituted a respectable body of political doctrine, had gone overboard in the general shipwreck. No one knew what was and what was not the test of Liberalism as it stood for the moment; indeed the very name of the party had been temporarily lost, and a new title—that of 'Gladstonian'—which meant chiefly a vague belief in a leader, whose own political creed had never been reduced to a system—had been substituted.

In this confusion, a small body of resolute men conceived the project of forcing to the front the ideas of Municipal Socialism or 'Collectivism,' which just then were much in favour with the younger members of the Radical section. Never formally accepted by the 'official' Liberals, and never really understood by the mass even of Liberal voters, these Collectivist theories received a dubious authorization from some of the regular leaders, and attained a transient popularity among the rank and file. When the Local Government Act of 1888 brought the London County Council into existence the Municipal Socialists saw their opportunity. While the Conservatives were inclined to regard the local affairs of the metropolis as altogether outside the region of party politics (as indeed they should be), the advanced Radicals plunged boldly into the new constituencies with a programme that was permeated with 'Collectivism.' It is not surprising that the voters were captivated. The difference in the attitude of the Radicals and the Conservatives for the moment entirely favoured the former. They christened themselves for the purposes of the contest by the appellation of Progressives, and the very name had a ringing, exultant sound with which the chilling title of Moderates, adopted by their opponents, could not compare.

To the Moderates the County Council was what it was intended to be by the legislators who created it: a popularly elected

elected substitute for the Metropolitan Board of Works, designed to link together the various local authorities of the metropolis, and entrusted with the functions which the older body had discharged, with such additional powers and duties as increased population had rendered necessary. To the Progressives the Council was to be a sort of earthly Providence, which was to brighten the life of every citizen of the metropolis, abolish poverty and want, provide the poorer classes with a large number of advantages at the expense of the wealthier ratepayers, and alter the relations of rich and poor by taxing the former for the benefit of the latter. No wonder that this alluring programme, explained with a great deal of eloquence by a cohort of speakers, many of whom were thorough enthusiasts, had its effect on voters not yet familiar with the duties of the newly-created Authority. The first Council was 'captured' by the Radicals, and its history, as well as that of its successors, was largely a record of the attempts of the Progressives to make it attain some of the comprehensive objects at which they aimed, while the Moderates were endeavouring to confine its energies within the more restricted limits laid down by Parliament.

In the third Council, which expires this spring, matters have been different. The violence of the Progressives had provoked a re-action. By March, 1895, many of the working-class voters and the small tradesmen had begun to see that the most tangible result of the activity of this party was likely to be a great rise in the rates; and the election of the year left the parties evenly divided, though the Progressives still maintained their majority by means of the aldermen. Their advantage has been accentuated by a certain want of cohesion among their opponents. But except in one or two matters, to which we shall refer presently, the position of the Progressives has not been strong enough to render it prudent for them to make any attempt to carry their more extreme ideas into operation. The result, if beneficial in some ways, has had this disadvantage, that it has somewhat lowered the interest of both parties in the approaching contest. The fighting zeal of the earlier elections seems to have died away, and left behind a little of that distressing apathy which has long been the bane of local politics in the metropolis. The Council is recognized as a respectable institution which does its work neither brilliantly well, nor conspicuously ill, and therefore calls for no excessive amount of notice.

It would be a pity if this temper should prevail largely, particularly among the Conservative electors, who would vote
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Moderate if they voted at all. The Council has settled down into a routine of administrative work, and even the Progressives have recognized that there are certain limitations to its powers and duties which cannot be overstepped. But it must be recollected that the Council is a 'little Parliament,' in so far as the majority of members is able to appoint the Executive. The administrative work is carried on by a number of departments, presided over by Committees of the Councillors and Aldermen; and the majority in the Chamber can, if it pleases, obtain a majority on every Committee, and so retain in its own hands the complete control of administration. Moreover, the Parliamentary Committee can make representations to the Imperial Legislature for the enactment of fresh Acts of Parliament, dealing with the functions and position of the Council, or for the modification of those already in existence, and so to some extent shape and influence the course of Imperial legislation in metropolitan affairs. For all these and other reasons it is eminently desirable that the intelligent electors of the metropolis should do their best to understand the questions which are likely to arise in connexion with the new Council, and should, above all, not permit the verdict of the constituencies to go by default and abstention.

The County Council, as we have said, has, to a large extent, outlived its unpopularity, and justified its existence by a considerable amount of good work accomplished. There is now no desire in any influential quarter to undo the legislation by which it was created, or to curtail and diminish its powers to such an extent as to revolutionize its present character. The feeling on the subject was strong among many Conservatives under the first two Councils in their indignation at the evident intention of the Progressives to convert the Council into something much more powerful than anything originally contemplated. It was not merely the dominant party that was attacked in many influential newspapers, but the institution, as a whole, was regarded with bitterness. The sentiment has greatly abated of recent years. The Conservative party, according to the view of its regular leaders, is not opposed to the County Council, or anxious to emasculate it. This we say with a perfect recollection of the words which Lord Salisbury used on this subject in his speech to the National Union of Conservative Associations at the Albert Hall last November. The Prime Minister did, it is true, criticize the constitution of the London County Council as being framed on too large a scale. The] statesmen who were responsible for the creation of this body, and perhaps the inhabitants of the metropolis

polis, as well, had fallen victims to the complaint to which modern terminology has given the name, of megalomania—'the passion for big things simply because they are big.'

Lord Salisbury's language on that occasion was adversely, and, in our opinion, justly criticized. For our own part we agree with those who think that the Premier would have been well-advised if he had spoken with less contempt of the work of the Council, and omitted the sneer at its members for 'the time and labour which they bestow fruitlessly upon the public good,' a most unhappy phrase when the Whips of the Moderate party were doing their best to induce young Conservatives of position and ability to come forward as candidates for municipal office at the next elections. But the inference, drawn from the Premier's words, that Her Majesty's Government intend to introduce legislation next Session, animated by hostility to the very existence of the County Council, is unjustifiable. The Prime Minister states merely that in his view, and presumably that of his colleagues, future legislation on London local government should be in the direction of supplementing the Council by a number of smaller municipalities, which would take over some of the duties now performed by the central body. In this sense the opinion has been expressed by the larger portion of the authorities who have studied the completion of the work of London government.

From the time when the problem of organizing into some administrative whole the province of houses roughly known as London, first came to be seriously considered, two general solutions of the question presented themselves. They may be described broadly as the method of unification and the method of division. On the one hand it was thought that London, like other large cities, might be placed under the control of a single governing body; on the other, it was felt that separate administrative authorities should be provided for the various localities which had a common designation or some other sense of local relationship. What should be the size of these areas, what the character of their local government, are points which have been debated ever since the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, and they still remain open for settlement in the ensuing or some future Session of the Imperial Legislature. Had London been dealt with in the Act of 1835, in the same fashion as provincial municipalities, the question would not have arisen. Following the analogy of Liverpool, Bristol, and other large towns, the City, which was the only 'London' recognized by the law as it then stood, would have been extended so as to cover Hackney, St. Pancras, the Tower Hamlets, Finsbury,

Finsbury, Marylebone, Chelsea, Lambeth, and the other ancient villages and suburban districts, which were not too much separated from one another to be considered parts of one great town.

In spite of the superficial simplicity of this expedient it did not commend itself to the statesmen of the earlier part of the century. London was excepted from the operation of the Municipal Corporations Act, and left for separate treatment. The exception is vindicated in the Report of the Royal Commission on London Government which sat in 1853-54. This Commission—a small but competent one, which included Sir George Cornewall Lewis—thought the right solution of the problem of London government would be to confer the powers and position of municipalities on the districts of the metropolis which lay outside the old City limits, and to lay out their areas on the basis of the then existing seven Parliamentary boroughs. It was due to its suggestion that the Metropolitan Board of Works was created, as a sort of connecting link between the various local councils, and a means of performing certain joint duties, affecting the whole metropolis, which could not well be carried out by the separate municipalities. It is to be observed, however, that in the Commissioners' view the municipal bodies were essential to the structure of London Local Government as formulated by them. The Board of Works was useful and necessary; but it was only the external integument covering the municipalities, which were the bones and the vital organs. Indeed the very existence of the Board depended on the municipalities; for it was to be 'composed of a very limited number of members deputed to it from the Council of each metropolitan municipal body.' If the counsel of this Commission had been followed, development of local government in the metropolis would have followed simple lines, and the Government would not now be compelled to face the problem which they will attempt to solve this year.

Unfortunately, the Parliament of 1855 acted only on a small part of the recommendations of the Royal Commission. The Metropolis Local Management Act created the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the existing vestries and district boards; but it made no provision for municipalities. The result was that the Board of Works, being the only visible public body representing in any sense the joint interests of the whole metropolis, gradually acquired an importance due neither to its duties nor its character, and came to be regarded in many quarters as a species of incipient governing council for the whole area of London.

London. In consequence, the movement for the reform of metropolitan administration ran off the natural and healthy lines laid down by the Commissioners of 1853, and instead of seeking to develop true local feeling, by enlarging local responsibilities and giving increased dignity and power to local bodies, it revolved round the idea of treating the whole vast area as one unit of government. True municipalism, which is essentially a matter of contiguity and comparatively close association on the part of the electorate, was thrust on one side in favour of a centralization, that was peculiarly inappropriate in an enormous group of isolated districts, largely without common interests and traditions, and separated from one another, in some cases, by distances which had to be measured by miles.

The idea of turning the Metropolitan Board into an elective municipality or Great Council for the whole of London, long prevailed, and found expression in several official statements and attempts at legislation, notably in Sir William Harcourt's London Government Bill of 1884. Had this Bill become law, the consequences would have been almost revolutionary. A representative body, elected by the direct vote of the mass of electors, the majority of them ignorant of public affairs, and many of them extremely poor, would have held control over the richest and the most important urban area in the world. The parallel would not have been that of such comparatively insignificant centres as Liverpool or Birmingham; nor do even the Council of the Seine and the Municipality of Greater New York deal with interests of anything like proportionate magnitude, or place so many millions of human beings or so many tens of millions of property at the mercy of a democratically-elective body, unchecked either by State supervision, or by the existence of strong and efficient local administration. The leader of the dominant party in the Municipality of London, as thus constituted, might have become more powerful than many Prime Ministers and some monarchs.

Fortunately, this Liberal Bill encountered too much opposition to render it possible to proceed with it, and the risks of a gigantic Tammany, in the heart of the British Empire, were removed. Four years later, when next the problem of London government was taken up by a Ministry, it was with saner views. Yet the influence of the single municipality idea was visible, even in the more moderate and statesmanlike County Councils Act which the Unionist Government carried through in 1888. But for the familiarity which this conception had acquired in the minds of the public, it is possible that the reform of London government would have begun from below
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instead of above, and that the new institutions would have been constructed more scientifically by building up the cells and compartments which compose the whole structure, instead of hastily covering up all the complex organisms by dropping upon them the mantle of a County Council. In point of fact the Act, besides leaving the real local administration untouched, except in certain particulars, did not remove, but to some extent increased, the complication of metropolitan government, by adding yet another 'London' to the ten existing areas and jurisdictions known by that term, and by creating a new governing authority which overlapped several of the others, and occasionally conflicted with them.

The Act of 1888 left, for future legislation, the question of remodelling the internal organization of London, under the central body, a step which has always been recognized as essential to the complete reform of metropolitan local government. The view of many Conservative supporters of Mr. Ritchie's Act undoubtedly was that this statute was to be regarded as merely preliminary. The County Council had been constituted to step into the place of the old Metropolitan Board, which had largely outgrown its usefulness, and had permitted itself to be connected with some unpleasant scandals. But the essence of the new system would be found in the transformation of the vestries and district boards into administrative units more worthy of the wealthy and populous communities, whose affairs they were supposed to manage and occasionally believed to mismanage. The creation of local municipalities or some other form of important representative bodies for the various districts of the metropolis, was distinctly contemplated by the framers of the Act of 1888, and only omitted so that the scheme—which after all merely dealt with London incidentally—might not be loaded too heavily at the outset. But the supplementary legislation has not yet been accomplished. Parliament, however, has had the benefit of another Report on the whole subject, prepared by a Royal Commission in 1893-94, authorized to enquire into 'The Proper Conditions under which the Amalgamation of the City and the County of London can be effected,' it being assumed by the Liberal Administration which appointed them that this amalgamation was necessary and desirable.

With this reference before them, the Commission issued a Report, which was in some respects retrogressive. They went back to the old idea of a single municipality for all London. They recommended that the term 'City of London' should include the whole area now under the jurisdiction of the
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the London Council, and while a subordinate administration should be maintained for the 'Old City,' the Council was to be superseded in its general functions by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. At the same time they were of opinion that the existing division of power between the Central Authority and the Local Bodies should be considered, with a view to seeing how far any of these functions 'can be exercised by the Local Authorities without loss of efficiency,' and they say, 'We venture to repeat that we think it important, for the sake of the dignity and influence of the Local Bodies, whose status should be enhanced as much as possible, . . . that no duties should be thrown upon the Central Body that can be equally well performed by the Local Authority.' In this latter recommendation we are in complete agreement with the Commissioners; but their conclusions are not in accordance with their own statements of fact and policy. If, as they say, 'the strength, authority, and dignity of municipal institutions are essential to the proper performance of the duties of local government,' then surely this dignity and strength ought to belong to the body which in each locality discharges the real functions of municipal government, rather than to the Central Body, whether called a Corporation or not, which merely regulates the few important matters of general concern which affect all the districts of London. 'The proposal,' says the London Municipal Society in a well-written leaflet, in which they criticize the suggestions of the Commission, 'that the Central Body should be called a Corporation, and have a merely ornamental Lord Mayor at its head, who should have nothing to do with the work or responsibilities of the Corporation, but simply be appointed in order that he may spend a certain large sum of money in giving dinners and entertainments, while the persons who perform what, even under present arrangements, the Commissioners describe as duties "of the greatest possible importance, including practically the local sanitary administration of London," are to have no real corporate strength or authority, and only as much of its dignity as consists in calling themselves Councillors, and styling their Chairman a Mayor, appears to be unreasonable, and a direct insult to those whose excellent services in the local government of London the Commissioners have themselves acknowledged.'

We must repeat that the real municipal work of London must and should be done by the local Councils, and it is to them that the dignity and status of Municipal Corporations should be given. The true solution of the problem of London government lies in the institution of a number of Municipal Corporations,

Corporations, of which the City of London would still remain the first, while the others should be local areas of sufficient size, importance, and local self-consciousness, to be worthy to rank alongside that historic municipality. It is for Her Majesty's Government, when the question comes before them for practical settlement, to decide what should be the size of these areas.

Probably the best solution of the question would be to follow generally, but with considerable modifications, the lines of the present Vestries and District Councils. Where a vestry is practically coterminous with a well-marked local area, and is of sufficient size to stand alone, it might be turned into a Corporation. But the process cannot be carried out uniformly throughout the metropolis. Several of the smaller vestries will require to be grouped; others will need considerable alteration of their boundaries to avoid interminable confusion in the future. It would be necessary to reduce the whole arrangement to a system, and while, as we have said, some of the parishes might be turned into corporations as they stand, others would have to be merged, or subdivided, or otherwise modified. The ideal to aim at would be as far as possible to simplify matters by creating one unit for all purposes. The best kind of London municipality would be that in which the limits of the Parish, the Corporation, the Board of Guardians, the Parliamentary and County Council constituencies, and in our opinion also, the School Board, were identical. At present these jurisdictions cross and clash, and a good deal of redistribution will be required to reduce them to uniformity and harmony.

This redistribution is the first step to be taken in the reform and completion of London Government, and it should be part of a general scheme of legislation intended to apply to the whole metropolitan county. A grave, and perhaps irretrievable, error will be made if the municipalization of the London parishes is permitted to begin piecemeal. It has been suggested that the process might be made in that permissive fashion which is so dear to timid statesmen. There are probably some parishes which would not care to be burdened with the dignities of corporate life. Let these remain as they are, while others, if they wished, could invest themselves with the more honourable status. It has been hinted that the next legislation on the subject might take the form of an Enabling Act, whereby the right would be conferred on such parishes as desired it to have themselves incorporated, and provided with full municipal privileges and powers. The proposal is understood to have received some support in influential quarters; but
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it has many and grave drawbacks. It would have the defect, noticed above, of perpetuating the anomalies and inconveniences of the present boundaries and areas; it would render systematic rearrangement at any future time impossible; and while, of course, it would leave the present City Corporation untouched, it would make it extremely difficult to deal with certain necessary amalgamations of powers and duties between the City and the central authority, which even the staunchest supporters of civic rights admit to be desirable. The chances are that certain parishes only would desire to take advantage of the Enabling Act for some time, and these would be those wealthier and more public-spirited districts, in which a strong local feeling already exists, or has been fostered by the action of educated and independent ratepayers. These would no doubt petition for charters; but, in the meanwhile, the 'strength, authority, and dignity,' which Mr. Courtney's Commission believe to be inherent in municipal institutions, would be wanting to some of those parishes where perhaps they would be most urgently required. Moreover, this municipalization by instalments would forbid any general transfer of powers from the central to the local bodies, and any further equalization of rights, duties, and burdens as between the rich and poor, and the large and small, parishes and unions of the metropolis.

We have dwelt at some length on this question of London government, because it is for the moment the most important problem in metropolitan politics in the near future. Moreover, it is the one which really tests and sifts the principles of the two parties. The Moderates are anxious to foster that real municipal public life, which is impossible unless the areas of government are of manageable size. The Progressives, though they make rather less parade of that crude Collectivism which was put forward so prominently on the platform in the earlier elections, are still Socialistic. To them the governing body of London, by whatever name it may be called, stands in the position which 'the State' assumes in the eyes of their Continental teachers. It must be large enough and strong enough to accumulate many varied powers and duties in its own hands; and it must exercise extensive functions, which are not merely civic, but also ethical, social, and political. It should be an engine for redressing the balance of fortune, and confiscating the 'unearned increment' of the ground landlords, by the method of Betterment; it should be the provider and dispenser of Water, and probably also of Light, Electricity, and Locomotion, to the inhabitants of Greater, and even Greatest, London; and it should fix the rate of wages on what it considers an equitable

equitable scale, by being itself an employer of labour, remunerated (at the ratepayers' expense) on the 'fair' terms which would commend themselves to philanthropic amateurs.

These doctrines are not merely pious opinions with the Progressive Councillors. A vast amount of time and money has been consumed in the endeavour to carry them into practice. Take the case of 'Betterment.' That inequitable attempt to re-adjust the incidence of rating, which it was not the Council's business to alter, has wasted the energies of the Council in angry controversy and the money of the ratepayers in the promotion of ineffectual Bills which even a Liberal House of Commons has been compelled to reject. Meanwhile, necessary public improvements have been delayed or abandoned because the Progressive majority declined to proceed with them unless they were allowed to experimentalize with their favourite fad. The first two County Councils insisted on incorporating Betterment, or rather that particular application of the principle which they favoured, in all their Bills. The Strand Improvement Bill of 1890 contained clauses intended to give effect to this application, and these were rejected by a Select Committee of the House of Commons of which Sir Henry Fowler was chairman. The Council promptly dropped the Bill. Similar was the fate of the much-discussed Cromwell Road Bridge Bill of 1892. Shorn of its Betterment clauses by the House of Commons, the Bill was abandoned by the Council, in spite of the protest of the Moderates. The whole question of Betterment was enquired into and reported upon by a Select Committee of the House of Lords in 1894. When the Tower Bridge Southern Approach Bill came before the Peers in 1897, some amendments, based upon the recommendation of the Select Committee, were inserted in the Betterment Clauses. As it happens, precisely the same amendments were inserted by the Lords in a Betterment Bill promoted by the Corporation of Manchester, and were accepted by the Corporation, which then proceeded to carry out its improvements. But the London County Council was much too high-spirited for this tame submission. Baulked of its precise form of Betterment, it abandoned the Bill altogether, and allowed the Tower Bridge Southern Approach to continue unimproved. On this transaction, Lord Farrer, himself a Progressive Alderman, and a person not usually averse to 'advanced' ideas in politics, said, 'it was unfortunate that the Council should now set itself in distinct opposition to the House of Lords in a matter in which he believed the Lords were right and the Council wrong.' But on this question, as on many others, the existing Council, with
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its strong Moderate element, has been able to do a great deal better than its predecessors. The Tower Bridge Bill was again introduced; and finally a compromise was arrived at between the two parties, and it was resolved that the Betterment clause of the Manchester Corporation Act should be accepted, with some modifications. The Bill in this form ultimately passed through both Houses of Parliament, and the works were taken in hand. The result is a victory for the Moderates, who forced the Progressives to abandon their irreconcilable attitude and enabled the Council to proceed with the execution of necessary Public Improvements. But how long would this chastened and sensible attitude continue if the Progressives found themselves in power again, after the elections, with an irresistible majority?

A worse, though less mischievous, example of the mode in which the Progressive party on the Council attempted to realize their ideals at the cost of the ratepayers, is the celebrated Works Department. The Progressive majority, when they started that Department, in November, 1892, did not institute it mainly for business reasons, nor was it managed mainly on business methods. They were anxious, on many grounds, to have under their direct control and in their pay a great army of workmen. Their opponents believed that their motives were altogether discreditable. They attribute to them the desire to assist, through this labour army, the political aims of the Radical Trade Union leaders, and to have at their own command a great body of highly paid and specially favoured working men, who would vote for them and their policy. In candour, we may admit that they had some loftier views and objects. The determination to insist on a fair-wages clause in their contracts had caused much trouble with the contractors; the Progressives hoped to show that it was possible to get work done satisfactorily, while maintaining a rate of wages which should be regarded as a standard for the private employers of the metropolis. The Council, in fact, was to be the model employer, and its example was to operate in permanently raising the status of labour and maintaining satisfactory conditions of employment. The intention was amiable, but good-nature, especially the good-nature of unskilled amateurs, is a poor guide to success in practical business.

We need not go over the history of the Works Department. Luckily, the experiment was not tried on a very large scale at the outset, and it was 'found out' soon enough to prevent serious mischief. But the Department was a dismal and sordid little failure, which habitually got its estimates wrong, and
ludicrously

ludicrously miscalculated the cost of its 'jobs,' until it was found that some of its officials had falsified the accounts, in order to gloss over their own incapacity or that of their chiefs. The ratepayers have had to pay for inferior joinery, for unseasoned wood, for carpenters' work 'rough in the extreme,' and for paint which was so inferior that it had to be scraped off and replaced. They had to pay over 17,000*l.* for a job which was estimated at 14,400*l.*; 718*l.* for one of which the estimate was 375*l.*; and 28,000*l.* for one which the Works Department imagined it could execute for 21,633*l.* Such were some of the fruits of the high-flying attempt to idealize the very unimaginative enterprise of building lunatic asylums and fire-stations. The members of the Works Department may or may not have been model employers, but they have certainly not shown themselves model men of business, capable of getting honest work done at a fair price.

This question of the excessive cost of the Works Department, and the occasional tendency to extravagance manifested by the Council, brings us to another item which should be included in any programme of Metropolitan Reform—we mean that of an efficient control over the expenditure of the central as well as the local governing bodies. Effective steps have recently been taken in this direction. The Moderates have always maintained that the London County Council should establish an effective control of its expenditure, similar to that maintained by the Treasury over the expenditure of the State. The Progressives, on the contrary, during the period of their predominance, were willing to leave each Committee to frame its own estimates, and spend as much of the Council's money as it could get. Men who were making a new heaven and a new earth could not be particular about expense. But in 1896, again under Moderate pressure, an important change was made, and in March of last year the following resolutions were carried: (1) Resolved that no Committee should incur any liability exceeding 50*l.* without the express sanction of the Council; (2) that no proposal for expenditure on capital account should be voted on until an estimate of the liability involved had been submitted by the Finance Committee; and (3) that the Finance Committee should submit their Budget to the Council at the beginning of each financial year, so that the Council might have an opportunity of considering, and, if necessary, of reducing, the expenditure for the ensuing year of any one of the spending Committees. The fact that these resolutions were passed and acted on, in spite of an obstructive amendment by a section of the Progressives, is one of the many
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hopeful signs the present Council has given that it understands its primary duty to lie in businesslike administration, not social experiment; and it offers a prospect that some further steps may be taken in the same direction.

It is worth while remembering that in London the Authority whose business it is to demand local taxation, and the Authority whose business it is to raise the money, are not, as is the case with Parliamentary taxation for national purposes, one and the same; they are separate and distinct. When money is required by any of the Imperial administrative departments for a national object—the Army, the Navy, Education, or the Civil Service—the ultimate responsibility for each and every demand rests with the whole Government, and that Government is responsible to Parliament, while Parliament itself is, from time to time, brought to the bar of the public opinion of the country. No charge is more unpopular than that of increased taxation, where the purpose is not obvious and popular, no offence more likely to result in the fall of a Ministry. Thus the responsibility of Parliament, and of its executive committee, the Cabinet, to the country, is direct and immediate. But beyond this, in every Government, one of its most powerful and trusted members, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has the special duty of guarding the Treasury in its function of watching over the expenditure of his fellow ministers, and of checking it when it becomes excessive. We have, then, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is responsible to his colleagues in the Cabinet; the Cabinet, which is responsible to Parliament; and Parliament, which is directly responsible to the electors at large. Such are the checks on national expenditure. Whether they are adequate, or whether they are the best possible, is not now the question. They are, at least, substantial, and have on the whole served their purpose in protecting the country from extravagant and wasteful finance.

But no corresponding checks exist in the case of Local Taxation. It is worth while remembering that originally, the parish was the unit of administration. It provided for its own needs, the chief of them being the care of its poor. The overseers, themselves ratepayers, and feeling the burden of rates, both imposed the needful amount and raised it. The money was spent within the circle—a narrow one—which they controlled. Thus there was every inducement to economy; and if, in some cases, the use of a poor-rate was abused, and the rate became unduly high, its controllers at all events could, and did, see that it was devoted to their own objects, and was spent among their own people. There was a tempting ease in
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managing this method of raising money. The overseers made their estimate, and assessed the rate, and their own officer levied it. But the facilities offered by this system led to the adoption of the same machinery in raising funds for many purposes other than the poor-rate; till at length, whenever a fresh object was to be attained, or an old object, involving increased expenditure, promoted, it has become the practice to create a special Board for the purpose, invested with power to obtain money by simply issuing its precept to the parishes, which have to raise the required sum without question. The superior Board or Council fixes the amount; the duty of levying the tax passes to the vestries. They have had no voice in the settlement of policy; they cannot criticize, and cannot object. They have no duty but to obey in silence, and to raise the sum required.

One cannot doubt that it is owing, in large measure, to this too facile command of money, and the separation between the responsibility of fixing and that of raising the rates, that the demands of the Central Boards have grown so rapidly. The Metropolitan Board of Works was content with the modest sum of 94,513*l.* in 1856, the first year of its existence; in 1861 it found that it needed 275,166*l.*; its successor the County Council in the current year will raise, by rates, well over two millions sterling. The demands of the Metropolitan Asylums Board rose from 173,202*l.* in 1872 to 625,122*l.* in 1896. In twenty years the expenditure of the School Board multiplied five-fold, rising from 398,867*l.* in 1876 to 1,800,000*l.* in 1896. The Metropolitan Asylums Board has to get the approval of the Local Government Board before it can purchase land, or undertake the building of a new hospital; otherwise its finance is not subject to official control. And the London County Council and the London School Board are subject to no external official criticism or supervision. They have only to issue their precepts, and get the officers of other bodies to collect the money they require.

It seems to us that one essential for the proper and economical government of London in the future is the institution of a strong and independent central financial control—a true ‘Treasury,’ which could check expenditure and call upon the spending authorities to justify their estimates. We do not here venture to suggest the exact details by which this most desirable object could be attained; but we are strongly of opinion that some such provision should be made part of any London Reform Bill which the Executive Government may propose. It is possible that something might be done in

increasing the powers of the Local Government Board, or perhaps constituting a special 'London' section of that department, charged specially with watching over, criticizing, and to a certain extent controlling London expenditure. But it may be found that the Finance Committee of the County Council would form the nucleus of an efficient control. Representatives might be added to it from the School Board, the Asylums Board, and the City Corporation (and the other corporations when formed), and the Vestries, and it might have the power to check the accounts of the various Committees; to be required to authorize any proposal for expenditure beyond a limited amount; and to have the budgets of the School Board as well as the County Council submitted to it. But, after all, the Committee is part of the Council. What we desire is a controlling and criticizing body, which to some extent at least is external to the Council, and independent of it.

We have indicated some of the points on which reform of London government seems desirable. If it is said that they are not very large or very striking, we admit fully that this is the case. We do not believe that there is any occasion at present to do anything revolutionary or violent either in the way of destruction or reconstruction. If we have found something to criticize unfavourably in the proceedings of the London County Council in the past, we should be the last to deny that it has placed to its credit a vast amount of useful work, that its administration has on the whole been animated by honesty and public-spirited zeal, and that its members have devoted themselves to their duties with an industry and thoroughness which are in the highest degree praiseworthy. The *personnel* of the Council has been kept at a creditably high level. The self-advertising agitators and local busybodies have not been absent; but they have been outweighed by the number of councillors and aldermen of excellent character and position. Many men of high public reputation, and some of real eminence, have found the work of the Council sufficiently attractive to compensate them for the heavy demands it makes on their time and leisure. Without pay or reward, and without any of that traditional glamour which still surrounds membership in the Imperial Assembly of the nation, statesmen, economists, distinguished civil servants, and rising young politicians belonging to both Houses of Parliament, have spent many hours weekly over the prosaic and unexciting business of the Council's Committees. It is in the highest degree desirable that this excellent standard of membership should be maintained, and that no reform of local

local government shall so weaken the Council as to deprive it of all its interest for men of education and standing.

What would happen if a great Progressive majority should be returned to restore the era of hasty experiment and visionary schemes, we do not know. But the last three years have given evidence that the Council is attaining to that soberer sense which is proper to maturity. With the Moderates in power, or with parties almost evenly balanced, there is every reason to hope that the regular administration of the Council, and its attitude towards such great questions as London Water Supply and Street Locomotion, will be marked by judgment and self-control. The County Council must remain large enough, in all senses, to attract the interest of the electors and the services of good men. To turn it back into a sort of superior Metropolitan Board of Works, with its hole-and-corner methods and its absolutely undistinguished membership, would be an inexcusable blunder. Whatever it ought to have been at first, it has now come to play a part in London life which cannot be spared. The old Corporation of the City, which is to be preserved, the new Corporations which are to be created, will leave abundant room for the County Council to act. There is no other body, elected by popular suffrage, which deals with so many matters of importance to all Londoners. No legislation could be tolerable which deprived it of this position, or aimed at reducing it to mere mediocrity and insignificance. It ought to remain an assembly of weight and dignity, capable of doing serious work, and finding scope for the voluntary energies and legitimate ambitions of men whom their fellow-citizens regard with interest and respect.

ART. XII.—*The 'Liberator.'* 1855-97.

IN October last, at a special meeting of the 'Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control,' a presentation was made to Mr. Carvell Williams in recognition of his having completed fifty years of service to the Society. Few similar acknowledgments, we should imagine, have ever been more thoroughly earned. If the late Mr. Edward Miall was the chief founder and for many years the chief inspirer of the Liberation Society, Mr. Carvell Williams appears, ever since he became officially connected with it, which was only three years after its foundation, to have been the chief organizer and director of its operations. And for a long period he 'organized victory.' During the first five-and-twenty years of its existence there were few objects to which the Liberationists seriously addressed themselves which were not either actually secured or materially advanced. And if for a considerable time past the rate of progress has very perceptibly slackened; if the outlook from a Liberationist point of view at the beginning of 1898 is distinctly less cheerful than it was in 1868, in 1878, or even in 1888, no one can allege that the fact is in any degree due to a falling off in the energy and resource with which the Anti-State Church propaganda has been directed from headquarters. Our purpose in the present article is, so far as the limited space at our command will allow, to review the course of the Liberationist movement in such fashion as to illustrate clearly and fairly the strength and weakness of the forces working for it and against it, and the reasons why, during the latter half of its existence, the former must be held to have declined and the latter to have gained in effective power.

However remote our own point of view may be from that occupied by the founders of the Anti-State Church Association in 1844, we readily acknowledge that those who took part in that enterprise went about the making of history in a spirit of sufficient gravity and earnestness. In setting themselves to 'liberate' the Church of England from the burden of its endowments, with what they always maintain to be their unavoidably corrupting and paralyzing consequences in State control, Mr. Miall and many of his early friends and colleagues verily thought that they were doing God service. No one who has the slightest acquaintance with English religious history will suggest that the venerable and learned Dr. Pye-Smith emerged from his peaceful and honoured sphere of work as tutor of the College for the training of Independent ministers at Homerton, to appear on the platform of a new and highly controversial

controversial movement, without being completely possessed by the conviction that the interests of religion demanded such an effort from him. And in our opinion there can be no doubt that a considerable proportion, probably the majority, of the leaders of the Disestablishment movement at its outset were sincerely animated by similar beliefs.

They held firmly to a principle. It was founded, indeed, as we hold, on one of those arbitrary concentrations of reverence on individual passages of Scripture which was the Puritan counterpart of the excessive reverence paid in the Roman Church to departed saints. The saying of Christ to the woman of Samaria that those who worshipped the Father must worship Him in spirit and in truth, was dwelt upon with such intensity of gaze that there was read into it the meaning that worship could not be spiritual unless it were shorn of almost every kind of liturgical form and æsthetic vehicle and accompaniment. It is only within the last five-and-twenty years or so that the influence of that strangely perverted interpretation has been at all rapidly dying out among the descendants of the Puritans. In the early forties it still held general sway, and the habit of mind out of which it had grown was still widely prevalent. Almost suddenly, there was a concentration of thought in certain Dissenting circles, in the same intense fashion, and with like one-sidedness in results, upon another saying of Christ. Standing before His judge, the Divine Accused had said, 'My Kingdom is not of this world. Else,' he added, 'would My servants fight.' To Dr. Pye-Smith, to Dr. Binney, to Mr. Edward Miall, and many another deeply religious Nonconformist it seemed to come as a revelation that, read in the light of that saying, the New Testament must be taken as absolutely prohibiting any connexion between Church and State, and that all or most of the evils which were then rampant in the Church of England, and all the hardships and injustices which Nonconformists had suffered through laws made in support of the Church Establishment, had followed naturally from the public neglect in this country of a clear indication of the will of the Founder of our religion.

It does not appear to have troubled them that, speaking generally, the Fathers of English Nonconformity in the seventeenth century discovered no such purport in the words to which their descendants in the middle of the nineteenth century felt called to attach overriding importance. The two thousand brave and faithful, though, as we believe, mistaken men, who gave up their churches and their homes on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, made that great sacrifice not because they thought it

it wrong for Christian ministers to have their means of livelihood secured to them by the State, but because the National Church, with which, after a brief interval, the State had again allied itself, refused to break with Catholic tradition. If she would have made that rupture, they, with a perfectly good conscience, would have held their places as clergy of the 'Establishment.' A generation later, the Dissenters, as a body, would have re-entered the Church, if they could have had the Prayer Book revised in an ultra-Protestant sense. The attempts at Comprehension under William of Orange failed necessarily, as we think, though most sadly; but their failure was not due to any development among the Dissenters of a theoretical belief in the iniquity of any connexion between Church and State. Such a belief, at any rate as a motive to collective action in this country, is a discovery of the second quarter of the nineteenth century. None the less, however, was that belief, we are assured, quite genuinely held for several years by a considerable, though limited, number of devout and energetic men.

Thus held by them, it served to give a certain loftiness of front, a certain nobility of inspiration, and also a certain effectiveness of cohesion to a movement, which had naturally gathered strength after the Reform Bill of 1832, for the removal of the numerous practical grievances under which Nonconformists, as such, still laboured. Unquestionably it is mainly accountable for the not inconsiderable elevation of tone which characterized much of the proceedings at the prolonged conference which issued in the foundation of the Anti-State Church Association in 1844. Unquestionably also it accounted for much of the warmth of interest manifested in the Liberationist movement by deeply religious Nonconformists of the type of the late Mr. Samuel Morley and the late Sir Edward Baines, and through much, if not all, of the latter part of his life by the late Mr. Spurgeon, though, as we shall presently point out, a recoil from the logical results of the foundation principle of the movement showed itself at a critical period in the case of the two influential laymen just named. It will be acknowledged by every candid Churchman that at the period in question, whatever could or could not be said *a priori* in defence of the Church Establishment of this country, there were many circumstances which lent plausibility to the view that in practice it had not worked well either for religion or for the State. As to the latter, many of the wisest and most far-seeing of its citizens deemed that it was reeling on the verge of a tremendous catastrophe, brought on by precisely that kind of alienation between classes which the influences of Christianity, if effectively brought

brought to bear, might have been expected to prevent. As to the Church, it is a moderate statement of the facts to say that, while spiritual earnestness on Evangelical lines was derided by Society, devotion to that revival of Catholic thought and practice which is due to the Tractarians was looked upon with profound suspicion, and frequently with strong aversion, by the bulk of the people of all classes. At the same time a very large number of the clergy were thoroughly worldly. They had gone 'into the Church,' and they remained in it purely for professional reasons, with no high ideals before them, with the slightest modicum of interest in the welfare, spiritual, moral, or physical, of the masses of the people, and with many of the prejudices of the highly placed families to which they largely belonged. The idea of administering ecclesiastical patronage as a solemn trust, of which the fulfilment or non-fulfilment bore directly upon the present and eternal welfare of the souls understood to be cared for, was rare even among the Bishops, and probably hardly presented itself at all to the mind of average politicians or average possessors of advowsons.

Facts such as these, which were openly admitted and deplored by devoted sons of the Church of England, afforded only too copious and effective material for illustration to the arguments of those who had convinced themselves that there was something fundamentally defective in the principles of the ecclesiastical polity of their country. Strong faith, clear sight, and a firm grasp of the difference between essence and accident, were needed to enable any Christian man in those dark days to assure himself that a revolution in Church affairs, or in those of State, could leave them in a condition more profoundly unsatisfactory than that in which it had found them. It was not strange that many of those Nonconformist Christians, whose faith indeed was strong enough, but whose outlook was necessarily limited as the result of the unjust system of legislation by which it had been sought to buttress the Church Establishment, fixed their hopes for the religious regeneration of their country on that Establishment's destruction.

We shall presently draw attention to another circumstance that during the first five-and-twenty years of the Liberation Society's existence seemed to give even to its principal aim an air of feasibility, which, considering its magnitude, was undoubtedly surprising to many of those engaged in it. 'The discovery was soon made, however,' as the sober and interesting little 'Jubilee Retrospect,' published by the Liberation Society in 1894, frankly acknowledged, that 'to gain the ear of the British public and advance the Society's object, more was
necessary

necessary than the mere advocacy of abstract principles.' Within a few years of its foundation, accordingly, we find that the Society's activity was largely diverted from the endeavour to spread the transcendental anti-State Church gospel, and concentrated upon the removal of grievances and disabilities under which Dissenters, as such, still laboured. It is right, indeed, to recognize that the success of the Liberation Society in securing adhesion to its fundamental theory among Nonconformists was unmistakably illustrated by one of its early achievements. There existed what was known as the English *Regium Donum*, a small annual grant to necessitous Nonconformist ministers and their widows, which had become a Parliamentary vote. Naturally enough it was made the subject of taunts by the opponents of the Liberation Society. The Society's efforts to secure the withdrawal of the grant in the interest of Nonconformist consistency were opposed by the supporters of the Anglican Establishment, but in 1852 the money, some 1600*l.* a year, was struck out from the votes, and has never been restored. This could hardly have happened if the general body of Nonconformists had been hostile to the movement for the sacrifice of the grant. But in the main, as has been said, the labours of the Liberation Society were for a long period directed to the removal of Nonconformist grievances, of which only too many still survived. Most conspicuous among them was that of Church rates, compulsorily exacted from members of all religious denominations.

In theory, it is difficult to discern any vital difference between the exaction of Church rates from Nonconformists, in a country maintaining a Church Establishment, and the exaction, still practised, without question, upon Quakers, of an income-tax avowedly varying in amount with the recognized needs of warlike services of which the Quakers conscientiously disapprove. The claim of an individual taxpayer or ratepayer to refuse payment of an impost because he objects to its probable, or certain, application, is in essence incompatible with any theory of orderly government, whether resting on popular franchise, or on the traditional authority of a family or a class. But, as it is tiresome, though necessary, to repeat, we are not a logical people, and in practice the exaction from large numbers of citizens, whose religious convictions obliged them to contribute to the support of chapels and ministers of their own, of money for the maintenance of churches which they did not think it desirable, and sometimes even thought it distinctly wrong, to attend, was always open to serious objection, and as soon as it encountered organized resistance was doomed.

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The Reform Bill of 1832 greatly increased the political strength of Dissent by increasing the representation of places and classes, among which its adherents had always been numerous, and in 1837 the Melbourne Ministry introduced and almost succeeded in carrying in the House of Commons a measure abolishing compulsory Church rates. A great and natural rally was made by friends of the Church against the Government proposals on this subject, and their further prosecution was abandoned in that Parliament as hopeless. There are few Churchmen who would not now acknowledge that frank concession instead of blank resistance would have been the wiser policy on the part of the Church, and that in her interests the struggle, which was prolonged in Parliament and in the country for more than thirty years, against the abolition of compulsory Church rates was almost altogether to be regretted. The prosecution and extension of the area of that struggle was for many years the principal business of the Liberation Society. Ten or twelve years before the foundation of the Society the attempt to enforce the payment of Church rates had been abandoned as worse than useless in several of the manufacturing towns of the North and the Midlands and some of the metropolitan parishes. Encouraged by the success of the opposition conducted in those places, the Liberation Society undertook to organize a like opposition in other parts of the country. A sense of the injustice of the impost was no doubt actively nursed in many quarters where, without such fostering care, it might long have remained latent. The law on the subject was minutely studied, and it was soon found that clergy and churchwardens, who had made no such study of it, frequently failed to observe the formalities necessary to make the levying of a rate legal. Measures were therefore taken on an extensive scale, not only to stimulate among Nonconformists in the smaller towns and rural districts a consciousness of the duty of opposing an unrighteous exaction, but also to diffuse among them a knowledge of the traps and pitfalls into which unwary parsons might tumble in their endeavours to secure the customary contributions from their parishioners for the maintenance of the fabric and furniture of the Church. Ample scope was thus offered for the indulgence of those sporting instincts which are possessed by almost all Englishmen, even of Puritan lineage, and the pastime of parson-baiting was still further encouraged by the knowledge that the opposition leaders, in all cases in which the incumbent's attempt to levy a rate was defeated on the ground of irregularity, would obtain their full meed of recognition in the journal of the Liberation Society as well,

well, doubtless, as in the local Liberal press. Where necessary, funds were provided by the Society, or by some of its well-to-do friends, for fighting points of law, and at last, in 1853, a great triumph was won by the obtaining of a decision from the House of Lords that Church rates were only compulsorily leviable by a vote of the majority of the vestry.

This judicial establishment of the principle now called Local Option, in regard to Church rates, ought to have opened the eyes of all intelligent Churchmen to the necessity of relying in future entirely upon voluntary gifts for the ecclesiastical purposes in behalf of which rates had hitherto been levied. Many of them indeed did recognize that the element of compulsion ought to be abolished, and before 1860 Bills with that object more than once passed the House of Commons by large majorities. Public opinion, however, had not declared itself so decisively as to secure the acquiescence of the House of Lords, and in the following Parliament a Compulsory Church Rate Abolition Bill was lost on the third reading, even in the Lower House, by the casting vote of the Speaker. But the issue of the struggle was no longer in doubt. Its postponement merely served to produce needless embitterment of feeling between Churchmen and Nonconformists in many parishes.

Compulsory Church rates were finally abolished by a Bill brought in by Mr. Gladstone in 1868, twenty-four years after the foundation of the Liberation Society. Nine years earlier that triumph had been practically assured, and another not less important had been actually won. The colleges and the bachelor's degrees of Oxford and Cambridge had been thrown open to Nonconformists. Indeed, so considerable did the rate of the movement's progress appear to some of its leaders to have been that at the Triennial Conference in 1859, and even earlier, cautions were uttered as to the dangers of the advanced position which had been reached, and Nonconformists were urged by Mr. Miall and others not to be betrayed into overconfidence or slackness of effort by the rapidity with which reforms in which they were interested had been pushed forward. It is indeed impossible to survey the course of the Liberationist Movement without being struck by the self-restraint and sobriety which have prevailed at its headquarters, the absence of any signs of intoxication at periods when exultation might very naturally have run to excess, and the equal absence of symptoms of discouragement when the cause appeared to be suffering substantial reverses.

At the 1859 Conference just mentioned, the question was raised, not unnaturally, by some earnest members, whether, in the

the struggle, however righteous, for the removal of this and that Nonconformist grievance, the leaders of the movement were not to some extent allowing its great original object to slip out of sight, and whether it was not incumbent on them to bear testimony in Parliament to the fundamental principle of the need for a dissolution of the unholy alliance between Church and State. Mr. Miall, however, who had moved a resolution three years before in favour of the Disestablishment of the Church of Ireland in the House of Commons and been heavily defeated, replied that that House was not a debating society, and the matter was pressed no farther. No one was more fully possessed than he by the one-sided vision which had come to him and other Nonconformists some twenty years before, but he knew that the time to press its acceptance upon the British Legislature was not yet.

Much sooner than he can then have supposed at all likely, the movement was taken out of his hands, and, as it appeared, (though, as we think, only on the surface of things) was pressed forward with astounding vigour and success by the statesman who, after Lord Palmerston's death, was plainly seen to be the most powerful personality in England. If the Liberationist leaders ever lost their heads, which they did not, they might surely have been excused for doing so, when, after the dissolution of 1868, the country returned a House of Commons with a majority of a hundred in favour of the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Irish Church, and when that majority triumphantly carried through, and by its momentum drove also through the House of Lords, a measure conceived largely on the lines of the proposals by Mr. Miall which had been almost contemptuously cast out by the House of Commons in 1856. The motives for the inception of that measure were doubtless of a very different character from those which had inspired the inception of the Liberation Society. It was not suggested by Mr. Gladstone or any of his Ministerial colleagues that no State Establishment of religion could anywhere be defensible, but only that the Establishment of Anglicanism in Ireland had been so conspicuous a failure from every point of view that it ought to be brought to an end. But still, Mr. Gladstone was disestablishing and disendowing a Church, and however remote the arguments by which he supported that policy were from those which principally occupied the minds of the early Liberationists, the fact itself, so they might not unnaturally hold, was more significant to the tendencies of the times than any of the reasoning employed by Ministerial apologists.

Its significance, moreover, was reinforced by two weighty considerations.

considerations. In the first place, there was the undoubted fact that the resistance organized by the Nonconformist section of the Liberal party had secured the abandonment of the proposals put forward by the most illustrious surviving statesman of a former generation as to the application of the Irish Church endowments. Lord Russell, it will be remembered, strongly favoured and publicly advocated a division of the property till then exclusively enjoyed by the Anglican Church in Ireland among the principal religious bodies in that country, giving the Roman Catholics, in accordance with their numbers, the lion's share, and dividing the rest between the Anglicans and the Presbyterians. The English Nonconformists, however, had set themselves so strenuously against any such division, and had insisted so resolutely on the secularization of all the endowments which were not required for the compensation of vested interests, that the latter line of policy was definitely embodied in the Ministerial Bill. That was no unimportant symptom.

In the second place, and even more important, was the fact that, whether by accident or by some hidden nexus between different strains of contemporary thought, it undoubtedly happened that the principle at the root of Liberationism was in close harmony with the still dominating principles in Radical political philosophy. We refer to the principles of *laissez-faire* and individualism. Those principles, not indeed in the hard, clear-cut form in which Bentham had left them, but with humanizing qualifications and additions, had received great currency from the lucid advocacy of John Stuart Mill, than whom, probably, no thinker had more influence on young men who were completing their academic education in the sixth and seventh decades of the century. When they looked at these facts in the political life and thought of their country, when they saw the daughter states of England beyond the seas one by one adopting the principles of absolute equality among all religious denominations, when the emancipators of Italy proclaimed the doctrine of a 'Free Church in a Free State,' it was no wonder the Liberationist leaders felt that the flowing tide was with them. And indeed we should say that, whatever the future may have in store, the high-water mark of confidence and enthusiasm in the first half century of the Anti-State Church movement in this country was reached in the years 1868-70.

The tone of the Liberation Society's Triennial Conference in 1868, held before the General Election of that year, was full of buoyant anticipation of the coming triumph. The Conservatives were ironically thanked for the establishment of Household Suffrage in the boroughs, a measure which, it seemed

seemed to be thought, had secured, like the Reform Bill of 1832, a large accession to the political strength of the Non-conformists. On this point Mr. Spurgeon, who had a considerable knowledge of the working classes, uttered a warning word. Having regard to the influences to which the new voters had been subjected, he avowed himself less sanguine than some of the speakers at the Conference that Lord Derby's 'leap in the dark' would prove to have landed the country on the edge of ecclesiastical revolution. All the more earnestly, in a tone of which there was already less to be heard at Liberationist meetings, the eloquent pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle quoted the saying, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' and urged that Nonconformist ministers should appeal to their people to, 'go to the poll, and record their votes, in the name of Christ and His cause.'

The same speaker, as to whose complete sincerity it would, in our judgment, be no less foolish than indecorous to suggest a doubt, called for three cheers, which the Conference, uprising, enthusiastically gave, for the statesman who had been referred to in an earlier speech as the 'great and illustrious Gladstone.' Thus was sealed one of the strangest and in some respects the most incongruous of modern political alliances, which, though occasionally strained almost to breaking point, and subject therefore to very considerable variations in its effective value, held good in the main until Mr. Gladstone's retirement from public life. Its first and a very striking result was that great majority already referred to in the Parliament of 1868, by which in the following year the Irish Church Bill was triumphantly carried through.

It was a famous victory. But even at the moment when it was practically secured, an incident occurred which, to those who looked below the surface, may well have served both to lessen the significance of the success immediately in prospect as a stage in the long warfare undertaken, a quarter of a century before, by the Liberation Society, and to warn them that for the further prosecution of that warfare their resources were beginning to decline. In the first number of the 'Liberator' for 1869, there was published a correspondence between Mr. Samuel Morley, then M.P. for Bristol, and the Treasurer of the Liberation Society, relating to the former gentleman's retirement from the Executive Committee of the Society. Mr. Morley, it may be said, though an attractive personality, and a philanthropist of eminence, was not a politician of considerable importance. Quite true, but it was none the less a significant circumstance that he felt bound not at that time to sever his connexion with
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the Liberation Society, but to withdraw from any constructive responsibility for its policy. For his reason for doing so was that, while heartily supporting the Irish Disestablishment Bill, and cordially in harmony with the Society in its English work, so far as it merely aimed at 'indoctrinating the public mind with sound views in regard to the separate functions of Church and State,' he was not prepared to hold himself committed to the policy of secularizing the endowments of the Church of England, and in any case thought that the initiative towards any great change in the position of that Church should come from within. The reply of the Executive Committee of the Society, couched in the tone of grave courtesy which generally characterized its official communications, disclaimed any intention of pressing the question of Disestablishment in England, at any rate while the Irish Bill was occupying the attention of Parliament; disclaimed also any desire to provide a cut-and-dried programme for the allocation of its endowments; but did not disclaim, for it was part of the essence of its programme, the intention to apply those endowments to secular uses, and distinctly maintained that it would not be right to leave the initiative in regard to the whole subject to interested and therefore biassed persons. It was, of course, well seen at the Liberation Society's headquarters that Mr. Morley's reasons for withdrawing from association with the conduct of its policy were only too sufficient. They struck at its fundamental theory.

This point is made clear by a resolution passed at the inaugural Conference of the Liberation Society, which was at first called the Anti-State Church Association, in 1844, setting forth its fundamental principles. It ran thus:—

'That this Society be based upon the following principles:—That in matters of religion, man is responsible to God alone; that all legislation by secular governments in affairs of religion is an encroachment upon the rights of man, and an invasion of the prerogatives of God; and that the application by law of the resources of the State to the maintenance of any form of religious worship and instruction is contrary to reason, hostile to liberty, and directly opposed to the Word of God.'

Now Mr. Samuel Morley did not, in the letter under consideration, deny, as we should do, that the old endowments enjoyed by the Church of England were part of 'the resources of the State.' He spoke of them as 'national property held in trust,' and acknowledged that 'it may seem a necessary condition of the ultimate separation of the Church and the State that the property should be secularized.' Yet he felt constrained to declare that he was 'not prepared to pledge himself to accept

no settlement which does not involve secularization.' Nothing could be more frank or more honourable than this refusal of Mr. Morley's to be further identified with the active propagation of a principle, the apparently logical consequences of which he felt that he could not conscientiously face. To the Executive of the Liberation Society, Mr. Morley's recoil from the idea of the secularization of property hitherto applied to religious uses in England must have been the more painfully significant, by reason of the fact that he was one of the most conspicuous examples of that 'Christian willinghood,' on which they were never tired of urging that the cause of true religion might safely be left to depend. Few, we believe, if any, wealthy Nonconformists have ever given more liberally, or with more catholic sympathies than Mr. Morley to work carried on for the spiritual and moral elevation of the labouring classes. If, nevertheless, he felt, as he plainly did, that in the diversion to secular uses of ancient funds still applied to the maintenance of religious worship there lay a real danger of the de-Christianization and degradation of large numbers of the least fortunate of his fellow countrymen, the fact must have been fraught with deep discouragement to the Liberationist leaders. Unless they were very much less acute than we take them to have been, they must have recognized that the defection, even if only partial, of Mr. Samuel Morley, on the grounds on which he justified it, was symptomatic of a decline in the definitely religious forces behind their movement, and of a possibly early accession to the forces of that type making against them.

Wisely, they seem to have said very little about it. In the 'Liberator' the correspondence between Mr. Morley and the Executive of the Society was 'left to the judgment of our readers.' But when, a few months later, a not essentially dissimilar position was taken up by Bishops in the House of Lords with regard to the application of the endowments of the Irish Church, they received much harder measure. Few things, in our opinion, stand more clearly to the credit of the Christianity and the wisdom of Bishops as legislators than the support which many of them gave, when the Irish Church Bill was before the House of Lords, to the proposals carried there—but, unhappily, rejected by the Commons—for the application of a portion of the surplus revenues of the Disestablished Church in Ireland to the maintenance of the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian clergy. On the other hand, there are few uglier features of the records, which it has been our business lately to examine, than the examples they afford of allegations of material motives, and of disloyalty to sworn obligations, freely flung by leading Nonconformists

formists at the Bishops, on account of their preference of a moderate endowment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland to the reservation of the whole of the surplus funds of their own Church for purposes of miscellaneous secular charity. Language conceived in an even worse spirit and taste was, it is true, employed in the same connexion by ultra-Protestant Anglican journals; but that fact afforded no excuse for the bitterness shown by the Liberationists towards the prelates who had favoured the devotion of a part of the resources which had been in the hands of their Church in Ireland to the support of other forms of orthodox Christianity than their own.

It is, however, not altogether surprising that, about the period now under consideration, an element of acerbity should have begun to show itself in the conduct of the Liberationist movement. Most of the real grievances of Nonconformists, as such, had been, or were plainly soon about to be, redressed. In bringing about that result the Liberation Society had taken an influential and an honourable part. All too slowly, as we are quite ready to acknowledge, but still surely, the sense of fairness, which is a deeply-rooted British instinct, had been stirred to recognize the indefensible character of the exaction of Church rates from Nonconformists; of the requirement that, on being elected to municipal office, they should be 'muzzled' by a promise not to injure the Established Church; and of the exclusion of their sons from the full advantages of the great school, college, and University foundations of the country. The legal inability of bereaved Nonconformists to claim the services of their own ministers at the burial of their dead in village churchyards, lasted, the more is the pity, for another ten years. But, though a genuine hardship in certain cases, it was never, we believe, very widely felt as such. After the disestablishment of the Irish Church, therefore, the future policy of the Liberation Society had to be determined in view of the fact that material for the detailed kind of campaign which they had waged up to that point did not exist. The Executive Committee decided that the wise policy was the bold policy, of directing future efforts towards the realization of their original aim—the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England.

In adopting and announcing that decision, the authorities of the Liberation Society were in presence of more than one set of discouraging circumstances. To begin with, they must have discerned that, in promoting the abolition, actual or assured, of the main grievances of Nonconformists they had, in fact, been assisting, not at the capture, as the phrase went, of outworks, but at the blasting away of points of vantage from which they
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had been hitherto able to direct their fire with considerable effect upon the citadel of the Established Church. They therefore needed a large augmentation of the religious enthusiasm of their forces for the abstract principles which were emblazoned on their banners, together with, if it might be granted them, a development of political thought on other lines in their favour. But, as we have pointed out, the action of Mr. Samuel Morley had already shown them that a further realization of what their main doctrines involved was beginning to diminish instead of increasing the confidence and ardour with which those doctrines had once been espoused by religious men. And, while the influence of the political philosophy of the early Radicals was still by no means spent, there had sprung up in the public mind a new sense of duty on the part of the community to its more helpless members, which was destined profoundly, though gradually, to modify the whole national outlook, and in its first applications to disunite the Nonconformists in particular.

We refer, of course, to the question of National Education as raised by Mr. Forster's Bill in 1870. Nonconformists had long been divided in opinion as to the propriety of State interference with the education of the people, but the division was not of great importance so long as no general demand for such interference on a large scale had arisen. But when it became clear, after the Irish legislation of Mr. Gladstone's first Government was out of the way, that he and his colleagues deemed that they had a commission to solve the problem of primary education, there ensued a deep and serious breach within the ranks of the Nonconformists at large, and the adherents of the Liberation Society in particular. The more generally, though by no means universally, received view among them had been that the State ought not to touch education at all, because, while education without religion was unworthy of the name, any action on the State's part for 'the maintenance of any form of religious worship and instruction' was, in accordance with the 'fundamental principle' already quoted, 'contrary to reason, hostile to liberty, and directly opposed to the Word of God.' Education, therefore, was to be left to voluntary effort. This was a perfectly intelligible, and indeed, for the religious Liberationist of the old school, the only logical view. But in practice it had now become untenable. Voluntary effort, especially that of Churchmen, had done a great deal, but multitudes of the children of the people were nevertheless growing up in absolute ignorance, and the nation was understood to have decided that that condition of things must not continue. Nonconformists thereupon became divided into

two main sections of opinion—those who held that it was vital that national education should be genuinely religious, and those who held that the one essential point was to avoid any ‘violation of the principle of religious equality.’

We have no intention of going here into any detailed examination of the heated controversies over the Education Bill of 1870. But it is to be understood that in the form in which that very important measure became law it had the cordial support of the first section of Nonconformist opinion and the hearty ill-will of the second. The former, which included such men as Mr. Samuel Morley and Sir Edward Baines, welcomed the Act because it stimulated and utilized voluntary effort, and tended to secure, both by that means, and as they believed by the provisions in regard to Board Schools also, that genuine religious teaching should be given in all, or almost all, primary schools. They cared, in a word, more that the children should imbibe the elements of Christianity than that they should not imbibe them through Anglican or other denominational channels. The other section of Nonconformists so profoundly disliked the Bill because of the reinforcement which it gave to denominational, and particularly Church of England, influences in the instruction of the people, that they would probably have distinctly preferred to accept all the risks of postponing educational legislation for several years rather than deal with the problem on what they regarded as such unsound lines.

Almost repulsive as this position may seem, we must in fairness acknowledge that those who held it were able to defend themselves on the ground of greater consistency with their own past than could be claimed for the Nonconformist supporters of Mr. Forster. The latter, indeed, frankly acknowledged that they had changed their minds on the question of the duty of the State in regard to popular education. But we are not sure how many of them ever recognized that the change was really an abandonment of the fundamental principle of Liberationism, which forbids the maintenance of any form of religious teaching by the State as ‘contrary to reason, hostile to liberty, and directly opposed to the Word of God.’ It was truly a ‘splendid inconsistency’ which enabled those who for a quarter of a century had been pledged to that grim bunch of theoretical negations to give their support to the establishment by Parliament of a system of School Boards which were to maintain out of the rates, with the aid of Government grants, schools wherein it was expected and avowedly intended that the essentials of Christianity should be taught.

So far as Parliamentary divisions and public meetings afforded

afforded any indication, those Nonconformists who hated the Education Act greatly preponderated over those who supported it. Yet the latter were by no means an inconsiderable section in numbers, and in representative weight they counted for much. The issue for July 13, 1870, of the 'Nonconformist' newspaper, so long conducted by Mr. Edward Miall, contains a melancholy article on the 'Triumph of Reaction,' in which we read the following highly significant admission :—

'With the senior members for Leeds and Bristol (Mr. Baines and Mr. S. Morley) and the member for Hackney (Mr., afterwards Sir Charles Reed) and' (the italics are ours) '*more members than we like to name*, who in a critical emergency followed them into the lobby, encouraging the Government on the one hand to promote religious education in primary schools, and, with the able and sturdy members for Merthyr Tydvil, Stroud (Messrs. H. Richards and A. B. Winterbotham), and some other boroughs fighting to keep their principles clear from insidious entanglements, the triumph of the Vice-President of the Council became easy. We were weak, because we were divided.'

So they were, right down to the roots, and the division was never healed. The Liberation Society naturally remained in the hands of those Nonconformists who resented Mr. Forster's education policy. But the movement which it conducted was not the same in its inspiration, or in its *personnel*, as that which had made apparently such rapid progress from 1844 down to 1870. It is not only that some respected names formerly prominent in the lists of those present at the Annual Meetings and Triennial Conferences of the Society appear seldom, or never, after 1870. That, it may be said, mattered little. New names, perhaps more entitled to be called distinguished than any of those which dropped out, are to be found among the speakers. At the 1874 Triennial Conference, held immediately after the General Election of that year, and characterized by that buoyancy of temper which, as already remarked, the Society has commonly displayed in times of adversity, there was a 'galaxy of talent' in the way of oratory never before equalled at any of their gatherings. Speeches were secured from Mr. John Morley, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Lyulph Stanley, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson. No one will say that, with such attractions, there had been any falling-off in the interest of the Society's proceedings. But will any one say which of the names just mentioned stood for that intensity of religious conviction among Nonconformists, laity and ministry alike, which was the distinguishing and dignifying note of the movement in its earlier years?

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We do not suggest that from the time of the education split the Liberationist movement has altogether lost the support of deeply religious Nonconformists. The contrary is certainly the fact, and appears plainly on the face of the records. But we do say, without hesitation, that the centre of gravity of the Society was greatly shifted at the period in question, and has never been restored to its former position. The reason is simple enough, though perhaps it may not have been often pointed out. It was no mere question of a quarrel which might have been forgotten. The Education Act controversy revealed to a considerable number of religious Nonconformists two things. First, that, as has been said, they cared more that a child should be brought up a Christian than that it should run no risk of growing up an Anglican. Secondly, they came to recognize, at the same crisis, the fact that they could not pretend to themselves that it would be justifiable to rely upon the voluntary zeal of the religious denominations of the country to provide genuinely Christian teaching for all the children of the people. Mr. Miall, we doubt not quite sincerely, maintained that they could. But they knew better, and having to choose between the imminent risk of heathenism for large numbers of the rising generation, and the teaching of religion by persons supported by the State, they accepted the latter alternative. Of course, it followed that if voluntary liberality could not safely be relied on to provide religious teaching in day schools for the children of the working classes, it could still less be relied on to provide all over the country the requisites for public worship and Christian teaching now supplied through the endowments of the Church of England. How, then, could those who supported the Education Act, largely because they saw the necessity of its provision for religious teaching in primary schools, continue to advocate the withdrawal of an existing provision, not drawn moreover from either rates or taxes, for the maintenance of religious worship and teaching in many of the poorest parts of the country? There is only one answer to that question, and, in our opinion, it was the consciousness, even if half-latent, of that fact which to a large extent cut off the springs of the religious support previously given to the Liberationist movement, and forced its leaders, with or without their goodwill, to rely for the success of their future campaign on the aid of men, who, however excellent and eminent in other ways, were not, and are not, in any sense present-day representatives of Puritanism.

For the same reason, they have found it necessary to give their propaganda, if not entirely, yet for the most part, a highly forensic

forensic and worldly colour. At the 1874 Conference, already referred to, it was decided to raise a special fund of 100,000*l.* in five years, for the purpose of educating the electorate in the direction of the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England. Mr. Alfred Illingworth, who moved the resolution which was adopted on this subject, and enforced it by promising 5000*l.* apiece from himself and two other Bradford families, dwelt with frankness on the necessity of putting forward the material side of the question. The ultimate fall of the 'Establishment' he intimated was certain,

'but it belonged to them (the Nonconformists) to say in what way it should fall. In other words, it belonged to them to take care that the mistakes in regard to the financial settlement of the Irish Church were not repeated in the case of the English Church. He believed they could appeal with great success to the working classes on these questions, especially in pointing out to them that there were enormous revenues, national in their character, which were now used by a sect, and abused by a sect, but which funds the nation might reclaim and use with great advantage for national purposes. One of the great hindrances to the spread of education and the adoption of daily (? elementary) schools was expense; and what more natural than to suggest that the surplus funds of the Establishment should be used for erecting in every district Board Schools.' [A beautifully ingenious suggestion, no doubt.] 'He believed that when other arguments failed, that suggestion of a proper and useful appropriation of the surplus funds would tell among the working classes.'

Having paid the piper so handsomely, it was to be expected that Mr. Illingworth and his friends would call the tune. It is not, indeed, always easy to affix a date to the leaflets and tracts which the Liberation Society proceeded to circulate, literally by the million. But we should judge that such a leaflet as that entitled 'A Question that concerns Everybody' must have been peculiarly gratifying to the main supporters of what may be called the Bradford propaganda of 1874. The question that concerned everybody, as indeed it does, was, of course, that of the separation of Church from State, which it was carefully pointed out in the first paragraph 'touched the pocket as well as the conscience.' Will it be believed that in two octavo pages it was shown that if you were 'anxious for the spread of religion,' 'loved justice and fair play,' were a 'reformer' in politics, '*wished for a reduction in taxation*' (the italics are ours), and were either a Churchman or a Dissenter, Disestablishment with Disendowment provided the one royal road to the fulfilment of your aspirations? Again, in answer
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to the interrogatory title, 'What shall be done with the Tithes?' it was asked, 'What could be better than a national scheme whereby the tithes might be appropriated *pro rata*, in easement of local burdens?' and it was pointed out that while every ratepayer in the country would benefit from this application, it would be of especial service to the hard-pressed farmer. It will possibly be noticed that the schemes indicated in the two leaflets just quoted would tend, if launched together, to promote an unbecoming rivalry between taxpayers and ratepayers. We infer from that fact that they were issued in different years, or for circulation in different parts of the country. But if due care were taken, as it was sure to be, at headquarters in regard to distribution, the two leaflets might advantageously supplement one another as appeals through the 'pocket' to different classes of voters.

This kind of appeal to the pocket is in sharp discord with the tone in which Mr. Miall spoke, when in 1858, at a meeting of the Liberation Society, he declared that it did not wish to overcome the supporters of the Established Church 'except by convincing the public mind that its (the Society's) sentiments and opinions were in accordance with the will of God.' Some awkward sense of this discord may perhaps be traced at the close of one of the most recent tracts of the Liberation Society offering 'Popular Information about Tithes.' After giving a list of the objects to which the Welsh Disestablishment Bill of 1895 proposed to apply the tithes, such as cottage hospitals, trained nurses for the sick poor, labourers' dwellings and allotments, technical and higher education, and any other purpose of local or general utility for which provision is *not* made by Statute out of public rates, the tract adds that 'all these purposes are in the large and true sense religious. They are more in harmony with the teaching and life of the Divine Founder of the Church than many of the purposes to which the money is now applied.' We recognize that the inducements offered to working-class voters to support the movement for the withdrawal of the Church's endowments are based on a less frankly sordid principle than that put forward in 'A Question that concerns Everybody,' but we cannot admire the taste of the allusion by which it is attempted to recommend the secularization of the tithes to religiously-minded people.

This, however, is but a solitary example of the fact that a propaganda which once rested upon a religious principle, and was effectively supported by references to grave practical grievances outside the Established Church and grave abuses within, has become an elaborate system of special pleading,
destitute

destitute of any true loftiness of appeal, and, unfortunately, distinguished by inability to understand the positions it attacks. The present-day compilers of Liberationist literature ought to know that the view maintained by their opponents on the Tithe question is that the State found the parochial clergy in customary possession of the tithes, under an ecclesiastical sanction, and protected them in that possession; that this protection differs in no essential respect from that given to the property of other corporations of more recent growth; and that the withdrawal of the endowments of the Church, without any attempt to prove that they were being applied to obsolete or publicly injurious purposes, would be an absolutely new precedent, menacing all property. They ought to know that the aim of the High Churchmen whose educational policy they deride has been, so far as School Board teachers were concerned, to secure that they shall teach, not Anglicanism, but the fundamental doctrines of Christianity as understood by all the largest Nonconformist bodies, at least until the other day. Recent tracts and leaflets, however, exhibit, we do not say a wilful, but certainly a remarkable, blindness on both these points, and a total failure to deal with them.

But perhaps most noteworthy of all, and in their literature most pervading, is the absolute indifference of the Liberationists to the consideration which, as we have pointed out, must be held to have weighed decisively with many of those who were their best supporters thirty years ago. Never have we come across any attempt to grapple with, or even any clear recognition of, the fact that, while in the case of Nonconformist bodies the supply of the means of public worship and spiritual sustenance has in the main been regulated by the demand, the Established Church has maintained and still maintains a supply having reference not to human demands but to human needs, which in this respect, as has been well pointed out, tend to vary inversely to one another. It is this free and assured provision for man's most vital, though often least realized, requirements, which the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England would sweep away. Yet, in the presence of an issue so vast and wide-reaching, we have literature dwelling on the great inequalities, no doubt in themselves to be regretted, of the stipends of the clergy, and suggesting that that 'scandal' would be removed, as indeed it would, by taking away the incomes of *all* clerical offices after the death of the present holders. What dull and cruel trifling this seems! And not much more serious or worthy in the same connexion appears the piling together of allegations of social grievances, and of such hardships as the
inability

inability of Nonconformists to obtain masterships in public schools, and the absence of 'religious equality in workhouses.' Is it possible that a movement conducted in this temper, with this abundant lack both of religious inspiration and of sense of proportion, this deification of equality—never, happily, an English idol—will exercise a powerful influence on the voters of England in the future? Let us glance at recent events. Once more in the early part of the present decade the Liberationists had good cause to deem that all was going well with them. The fruit of thirty years' well organized and persistent anti-clerical agitation in Wales, together with the greatly enhanced power secured by sectional interests in what now calls itself the Liberal party, had brought about the introduction, by a responsible Government, of a Bill for the Disestablishment of the Church in the four Welsh dioceses. More than that, a well-subsidized propagandism in the rural districts of the English counties had been carried on so prosperously as to convince the Liberationist authorities in 1894 that the agricultural labourers were with them 'to a man.' Yes; and within a twelvemonth the party which had undertaken the capture of the weakest outpost of the English Church Establishment was shattered as no party has been shattered since the first Reform Bill. No doubt the other destructive projects of the Gladstonians without Mr. Gladstone had something to do with the *débâcle* of 1895. But no one who witnessed the rally of the forces which gathered in defence of the Church in that year will question that the feeling aroused by the attack on the Church in Wales played a large part in bringing about the discomfiture of its assailants.

Nor, without that evidence of the fact, would any candid observer fail to recognize that each decade which has passed since the foundation of the Liberation Society, has witnessed a steady, and the later ones a rapid, growth in the hold possessed by the Church of England on the hearts of the English people. Grievances—thanks, we admit, largely to the Liberation Society's earlier work—have been in the main abolished. Indeed, they have largely changed hands. That is so in regard to the marriage laws from the Church point of view, and also, notwithstanding the partial relief given by last year's Act, in regard to the preferential aid drawn from public resources by undenominational schools. But it is not only true that no sensible man can seriously maintain that, whatever inequalities may attach to the maintenance of the Church as an establishment, any substantial injustice is now caused thereby. Besides that, there has been a development within the Church of zeal, of devotion, and of spiritual life, together with an adaptability
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to the ever-changing needs created by our vast population, which have commanded the respect and admiration of persons of all faiths and of none. This is not the place to sketch the Anglican revival of the later half of the nineteenth century, but there can be no doubt that future writers will regard it as one of the most impressive series of events in the whole course of the religious history of the world. And unquestionably it has profoundly and most favourably influenced the English people, among whom it has been, and happily still is, enacting itself.

Do we say, then, that all is well, and that the position of our Church is assured? By no means. The Church is not only far more zealous, but far purer than she was in 1844. Yet many evils and abuses remain as a reproach and a weakness. In their efforts to remove them earnest Churchmen in Parliament have often met with little help, sometimes with undisguised reluctance, and even opposition, on the part of those who have been willing enough to point to them as illustrating the fontal evil of the connexion between Church and State. Of this temper the obstruction offered in 1892 by a small knot, chiefly of Welsh Nonconformist members, to the measure for extruding disreputable incumbents—an obstruction which called forth the justly flaming indignation of Mr. Gladstone—is perhaps the worst case on record. But the regulation, so greatly needed, of Church patronage, and other important reforms, have been at different periods seriously hindered, when there was never any time to spare, by the unfriendly attitude of Liberationists. We are glad to recognise that some of the best Nonconformists, notably such men as Sir Henry Fowler and Mr. J. E. Ellis, have cordially aided the efforts of Churchmen to promote Church reforms and that the number of those who would oppose such measures, as taking away arguments for disestablishment, is small and diminishing. But it is, of course, only by the zeal of Churchmen, manifested outside Parliament quite as much as within its walls, that the obstacles in the path of useful ecclesiastical legislation can be effectually removed. It would be idle to pretend that such zeal is nearly as widely diffused as it ought to be. On the other hand, there are devoted and eminent sons of the Church, who are so profoundly possessed by the need for reform on many points and the shame of delay, that they are almost, if not altogether, persuaded to rush for the purchase of full liberty of action for the Church at all costs. On such minds, on those whom they directly sway, and over a much wider circle, a very unfavourable influence could not fail to be produced if the

present Parliament were to expire without helping the Church to become clearer of ancient evils and freer for the effective discharge of her great mission than she was in 1895. In that event, it is quite conceivable that the movement for Disestablishment, obtaining from within the Church that stimulus of religious fervour which it once possessed but has mainly lost, outside her pale, might gather sudden and dangerous strength. The Radical party would leap at any indications that a considerable number of justly influential Churchmen would be found on the side of a destruction, rather than a reform, of the present national position of the Church. Politicians in opposition have been studying the tactical virtues of concentration, but are still much at a loss in which direction to concentrate. No more welcome or effective lead could be given them than such a failure on the part of the present Parliament to assist reasonable measures of Church Reform as would make sick the hearts of earnest Church Reformers.

If, however, without further procrastination, a good beginning be made—and it is a subject to which the present Government may be expected to give the most earnest attention—we, at least, shall regard without anxiety, though not without regret, the propaganda of the Society whose history we have traced.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman.* By Wilfrid Ward. London, 1897.
2. *The Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey.* By H. P. Liddon, D.D., &c. Edited and prepared for publication by the Rev. J. O. Johnston, the Rev. R. J. Wilson, and the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt. Vol. IV. London, 1897.

IF Edward Gibbon were now alive, and, looking back to the century that is fast running out, were asked to describe it in a sentence, he might startle us by calling it 'The Age of Great Churchmen.' For he was too deeply read in European history not to have learnt how misleading it is to distinguish between events as secular and ecclesiastical; how strong has been the influence of religious disputes on the course of civilization, the development of science, and the revolutions of parties; how much of human thought is wrapped up in controversies seemingly technical or antiquarian; and how the fortunes of the Western world are still dependent on vicissitudes of belief and scepticism, the object of which is Christianity as it has come down from the Hebrew and Roman past. By the side of statesmen Gibbon would have set the bishops, preachers, disputants who rivalled them in renown, whose names were as often on the lips of multitudes, or were tossed to and fro in the columns of newspapers. To him it would not appear wonderful that we are yet discussing the Tractarian Movement, the school of Tübingen, Schleiermacher and Strauss, Newman and Renan, Pusey, Wiseman, Döllinger, Manning, Lamennais; and, despite his grave ironies and solemn sneer, what an interest would attach to the chapter, as surely exact as it was brilliant and suggestive, in which this singular Church historian would paint the details, and sum up the issues, of the Christian Revival, Vol. 187.—No. 374.

a Revival not foreseen in 1798—the low-water mark, at Oxford no less than at Rome, of learning and religion—but inevitable, unless ‘Enlightenment’ was to have its way. Now, ‘Enlightenment’ was Voltaire with a torch in his hand which the wild-eyed Rousseau had thrust upon him, as much to his horror as to his astonishment; and all the institutions of old time were on fire. Alarm had reached its height; every sincere Christian was a sleeper awakened; and the ancient, comfort-loving, orders of the Church, who had slumbered upon silken pillows, found their ease invaded by *sansculottes*, or turned into a crime by ‘rebellious needlemen’—nay, a scandal to the pious, hitherto employed in decking their couch with cloth of gold, and putting feathers beneath their warm shoulders. No sooner did the French come in sight than this enchanted sleep was broken by the sound of their bugles; and, though coalitions might scatter them at Leipzig or Waterloo, and Pius VII. return, and mere political reaction set in with Metternich, abroad as at home a new movement was beginning, of which it is not altogether impossible to seize the main outlines. As a general idea, it has had many spokesmen, from De Maistre and Chateaubriand to the foremost ecclesiastics who are leading to-day, whether in England or on the Continent. Divided as these may be in many points of doctrine, their agreement in others is profound. Alike they insist upon a turning back to the spirit of the first centuries, when the Church was a distinct society, self-governed, supreme in her own dominion, unworldly, and an acknowledged brotherhood, in which the poor held, as Bossuet preaches, an eminent dignity. They recognize the State, but decline its interference in all that is spiritual; on principle, they are enemies to the Erastian dogma; nor do they look with any regard upon the great reformers, Luther, Knox, or Calvin, in whose theologies they detect a formalism which has stifled the free movement of the Christian life, while taking from it the colour of pleasant things, and reducing to a bare secularity the ten thousand particulars of daily business.

There was another Movement, unlike this in origin, and, as not a few have maintained, hostile to it in principle,—the large effort which Germans, chiefly, were expending on a criticism of sacred documents, on the true account of the rise and fortunes of creeds, on the contents of divinity, the philosophy of miracles, and the scope of Revelation. If we take the year 1778 as a convenient landmark, when Lessing was putting forth the famous ‘Fragments,’ we shall perceive that German Liberalism, or the *Aufklärung*, had got twenty years’ start of the Catholic Revival. On the other hand, its roots were not so deep.

Rome

Rome could point away in the far distance to a Middle Age that bowed beneath its Theocracy, and the outward form of which was hierarchical, in the State no less than the Church. But Oxford remembered the year 1636, in which it was moulded by Archbishop Laud on a pattern at once loyal and antique. If the old faith was to be revived, precedents were not wanting. Liberalism united in one monstrous shape the unbelief that had laughed at the Bible with the anarchy that had pulled down altars and thrones. To resist it was to restore, among Englishmen, the principles upheld by a long succession of divines, who though forgotten since the Nonjurors, were still unrefuted and the old genuine teachers of Church of England doctrine; but, from the Roman point of view this, however excellent as a beginning, did not suffice. The Laudian was caught between two fires; he occupied the battle-ground upon which armies from the North and the South were marching to combat. He stood in a *Via Media* by the nature of the case; and both parties sought to dislodge him. It was a complicated action, fought out upon a narrow stage, that has made the Tractarians so much more interesting to us than any religious leaders who were more consistent or more simple. How did they lie in relation to Rome? How, after all, to Berlin and Tübingen? The first question was decided in 1845, when Newman went, and Pusey stayed. The second has still to be wrought out; and if '*Lux Mundi*' should prove, as '*Tract Ninety*' has done, though with less tumult and public disquietude, to be the touchstone of another difference in opinion, historians may at last declare, in a saying which has been attributed to Cardinal Newman, that this was the end of the Tractarian Movement. By sifting out its component parts, and assigning them to their several places, it would have resolved the issues of science and authority which were raised in the year 1833.

Two biographies have lately claimed the attention of the world—we mean those of Dr. Pusey and of Cardinal Wiseman,—in which no little light has been thrown upon these picturesque and vital questions. We are, perhaps, equally indebted to the late Canon Liddon and to Mr. Wilfrid Ward, although not quite on the same grounds, for the volumes to which they have set their names. Canon Liddon, whose memory will ever be held in benediction as a rare and striking instance of spiritual power, expressing itself through the medium of a rhetoric at once nervous and refined, was such a disciple of Dr. Pusey's as that in his chief he could perceive only as spots on the sun those imperfections that cleave to the best of men. He has

painted much of this immense picture on his knees,—a difficult attitude, in which the lights are apt to be mistaken here and there, or the perspective brought down below the average line of observation. None would, of course, imagine that a less tender handling on his part of a master so venerated, was even desirable; yet, on various points, we must be willing to hear a different, and perhaps a cooler estimate, or to suppose that the relative importance both of persons and events was not entirely such as it seemed to Canon Liddon. In the end there will be no ungenerous denial of the learning, holiness, zeal, and self-sacrifice which were Pusey's high characteristics, or of the success that waited upon him during those days of disaster and rebuke when he rallied the forces, which Newman's historic surrender had thrown into the utmost disarray.

Not in vain had the party been nicknamed Puseyite. Such it was, even under the fascination of a mightier spirit, and of a philosophy to which this devout student of languages or of manuscripts could lay no claim. His remarkable contribution to the story of the last fifty years is that, like the great Fabius, '*cunctando restituit rem.*' More, perhaps, than Keble, wide as Keble's influence was, did the large and massive weight of Pusey's example and teaching give time for the Church of England to recover from that stunning blow, under which she had reeled. Thanks to this stubborn captain, though not to him alone, when the panic of 1845 had subsided, the old High Church Movement, not Roman but Laudian, was seen to be proceeding on its way. Newman had enquired in 1837 whether—

'what is called Anglo-Catholicism, the religion of Andrewes, Laud, Hammond, Butler, and Wilson, is capable of being professed, acted on, and maintained on a large sphere of action, and through a sufficient period; or whether it be a mere modification or transition-state either of Romanism or of popular Protestantism, according as we view it.'

Less than thirty years afterwards, in 1863, Mr. Mark Pattison wrote:—

'The Church of England is Anglicanized. Not that every young clergyman goes to his cure imbued with the tenets of Archdeacon Denison. Far from it. The extreme Puseyites, if we may use the term, form an inner nucleus, inconsiderable in numbers, of the whole High Church party. But Anglican feeling and sentiment is now the feeling and sentiment generally diffused over the face of the Established Church.'

Continued

And

And Newman, again, addressing Pusey in 1866, says:—

‘You, more than any one else alive, have been the present and untiring agent by whom a great work has been effected in it; and, far more than is usual, you have received in your lifetime, as well as merited, the confidence of your brethren. You cannot speak merely for yourself. . . . There is no one anywhere—among ourselves, in your own body, or, as I suppose, in the Greek Church—who can affect so vast a circle of men, so virtuous, so able, so learned, so zealous, as come, more or less, under your influence.’

When Pusey died, full of years and achievements, he had won the position which Hooker might have held, had he been a Canon of Christ Church in the nineteenth century; and by thousands he was regarded with trust and affection, as if there were combined in this one director of souls the austere piety of Wilson and the gracious charm of Jeremy Taylor.

But Canon Liddon has left us rather the materials of a biography than the work itself, which, to be permanent or classic, must give, within brief compass, the man as he was known, and his place in the scale of history. Mr. Wilfrid Ward, recognizing these laws of literature, has, we think, come closer to their fulfilment. His volumes, indeed, are too long; but they admit of being shortened without dislocating the parts or destroying the proportion. They are written in a candid spirit, under the critical eyes of many who were well acquainted with the circumstances in review, to the accurate account of which they have lent a hand with ungrudging generosity. The style is admirably suited to the subject; the information is complete; and Mr. Ward does justice to his large-hearted hero. His book has achieved a very unusual success, and has deserved it.

Between Nicholas Wiseman and Edward Bouverie Pusey the likeness in unlikeness cannot be disputed by those who will compare them in temper, accomplishments, and conduct. Both were sanguine, sensitive, affectionate, devout, and simple; neither had any turn for speculation, or was capable of entering into the depths of European philosophy, or searched beyond the system in which they were respectively brought up for its mental foundations. In the strictest sense, both were Dogmatists, and, despite Pascal, reason in them was quite content. Pusey had learned, while yet a young man, from Schleiermacher, to resent the intrusion of speculative principles into what he deemed the religious sphere. But in no case would he have made a philosopher; it was not in him. Wiseman, too, though he once told Dr. W. G. Ward of an intention that had crossed his

his mind, to 'look into the crabbed and abstruse system of scholasticism,' never grappled with those mediæval giants, but left them in their vast lodges, among the ruins of the past. To both these men Kant and Hegel were as unknown or unintelligible as they would have found Duns Scotus or Alexander Hales. They did not approach the problem of existence on the steep mountain path of Pure Reason. The Church as a standing visible fact was their philosophy, their first principle and the sufficient ground of all things. But lest this outward frame should be to them, by its very grandeur and huge proportions, the motive of a dry legalism or Jewish pride, both cultivated the life of the spirit; they were not Pharisees, because they were mystics, feeling a Presence in the rites to which they clung so passionately, and in the daily practices of their Church, that was given them in direct communion—the miracle for the sake of which doctrines, sacraments, and devotions were to be held inviolable. It is under this stern yet subduing aspect that the story whether of the Anglican or the Roman reveals a tragic solemnity, and redeems them from the pettiness incidental to arguments about jurisdiction, courts of appeal, and the significance of ceremonies. By their religion of the heart they have a touch of greatness.

Both, again, were scholars but not critics—men of indomitable industry, well versed in German, the language of learning, and in Hebrew and Arabic, the Eastern sources of Scripture, Christian or Mohammedan. They were capable of knowing as much as any Ewald, or Gesenius, or Freytag; more, perhaps, in the way of sheer reading, than the Kuenens, Wellhausens, and other late Orientalists, who now have the ear of Europe on subjects to which Pusey and Wiseman contributed a fund of information in their day. But the plane of judgment, or scale of values, is not the same. Criticism will, no doubt, examine carefully the witness of the Roman student, which it already appreciates, to the sources of the 'Vetus Italia' and the Syriac Peshito. From Pusey it has not acquired material of a worth so definite. And in neither instance has the labour of years met with much approval, either as regards the Old Testament, in which revolutionary principles have been suffered to run such lengths, or the New, where conservative opinions have lately won back many miles of disputed territory. The scholarship of 1830 in Oxford, as at the Roman Sapienza, had not to bear it up a theory of historical evolution, or an acquaintance with the psychology of literature, such as, even should it abound in wild surmises and untenable *aperçus*—and how many German professors have not dealt in both!—
does

does yet compel the world to give ear, and opens new lines of enquiry, while overspreading the ancient ways with dust and lava.

And now to their lives, which were consumed in a long and dolorous, but finally triumphant effort, to build up again what had been laid waste, and to restore the energy of institutions seemingly so feeble that the hand of the spoiler was already upon them. With the new century, the champion of Oxford was born at his father's ancient place, Pusey, near Faringdon. Two years later, Wiseman opened his eyes on the world, at Seville. In the veins of both these children a foreign blood was mingled with the old English. Pusey came of Walloons, Germans, and other confused genealogies on the edge of France. Wiseman, descended from a Bishop of Dromore, who in turn was the great-grandson of Sir John Wiseman, Auditor of the Exchequer in the reign of Henry VIII., had Celtic or Norman ancestors, not recorded in his pedigree, but of whom his features and many of his lighter mental traits were avouchment enough. From the Bouveries, we may suppose with Canon Liddon, Pusey derived his sanguine temper, his thirst for enterprise, and his religious sincerity. His love of learning finds a parallel in Sir John Marsham. He much resembled Lady Folkestone, whose grandson he was, and who came down herself from Sir Cloudeley Shovel, — a woman equally firm and benevolent, as her portrait, attributed to Gainsborough, shows her at Pusey. And from his mother's family, the Sherards, he may have inherited some obscure feeling of the part which they had played, as a John Marsham had likewise done, on behalf of the King and against the Puritans, during the Great Rebellion.

Wiseman, of course, had only the associations of Spanish Catholicism around him at Seville. He was taken to Ireland when three years old; but he remembered Blanco White, who had been the spiritual director of some of his near kinsfolk, and to whom the 'Life of Pusey' assigns a large but probably not exaggerated influence in bringing about the rise of a school of Liberalism at Oxford. The Spanish colouring of Wiseman's thought and expression is undeniable. He never learned to write a simple English style. His taste for outward show and ornament was amusingly displayed when he chose, being a Cardinal at Westminster, to go about in a carriage as gorgeous and unwieldy as his brethren of the Sacred College kept up in the streets of Rome. This swelling and pompous manner did far more than any ecclesiastical pretensions which he might advance, to justify in the eyes of the crowd resistance

to

to 'Papal Aggression' in 1850. But it was manner only. Had he been brought up among English lads at a public school, Wiseman would have lost this foreign tinge, and have passed a less melancholy boyhood than at Ushaw, where he spent several dreary years, 'lone and un murmuring,' till he was sixteen. At that age, he and four others were sent to Rome, and began their career at the English College of St. Thomas, which had been shut up since the French entered in 1798, but was now restored under the protection of Cardinal Consalvi. This proved to be the decisive event in Wiseman's course of studies, to which it speedily gave a direction, and in his view of life, which might henceforward be gathered up into the single phrase of 'Catholic Rome.'

If the future Cardinal and conqueror of Newman was to learn, by sight and experience, what his Church was like in centres so different as Seville, Ushaw, and the Eternal City, his real antagonist, Pusey, whom he did not conquer, made acquaintance with the phases of the Reformation at home and abroad. His own family was good old Church of England; 'I was educated in the teaching of the Prayer-Book,' he would say; 'but then, behind my mother, though of course I did not know it at the time, was the Catholic Church.' His father distrusted faith without works, and did not like the Evangelicals. Pusey himself had a leaning towards them, which was strengthened on his meeting in Germany with disciples of Spener; and it is not superfluous to remark that some of the devotional exercises which laid him open, afterwards, to a suspicion of Romanizing, were derived not from French or Italian sources, but from German Pietism.

This 'pale thin child, with light flaxen hair and blue eyes,' went through the singularly harsh and equally unspiritual education which was then given to boys, whether at a private school like Mitcham, or at Eton itself. He proceeded to Christ Church, and was already an exact Latin verse-maker, industrious without an effort, and a blameless youth. His opinions were Whig or Liberal; he adored Byron, fell in love at eighteen, travelled in Switzerland, tried hard to convert an infidel friend by correspondence, was resolved to be a clergyman, and almost broke his heart when old Mr. Pusey declined to let him marry the lady of his choice. After ten years' waiting, he did marry her; but the gloom and sadness of the interval made him a changed man. It was such a trial as, of necessity, threw him upon religion for strength and comfort. Byron did not avail; he needed something more unyielding to rest upon than poetical despair and the pride of a noble spirit.

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He could not dream of being Manfred; and the language of Cain or Lucifer was abhorrent to his deepest feelings.

He became Fellow of Oriel in 1823—Fellow, but not tutor, to which his health was unequal; and the clash of intellects in the Oriel common room drove him, not upon clarifying his thoughts, or applying the rules of logic to his style, so much as upon accumulating evidence, which was ever his way of approaching a difficult subject. There is no indication of any one influence shaping his religious views at this time. He learned the value of Newman's friendship; but Newman was not yet an Anglo-Catholic; nor did he become so, until, in endeavouring to make the best of his parish at St. Clement's, he discovered, as many have done before and since, that Evangelical views lead to nothing, that 'Calvinism was not a key to the phenomena of human nature, as they occur in the world.' Pusey, on his side, was eager to do battle with unbelief as he had seen it in his other friend's letters; and he travelled to Germany with this purpose before him. Of German literature he knew not so much as the elements; he was more intent upon sitting at the feet of Eichhorn than upon making a pilgrimage to Weimar. We think of Carlyle in the same year 1825; we open the correspondence of these two men, so well known to later generations; and we feel with Swedenborg how many are the circles in our human world that do not touch.

Meanwhile, at Rome, Wiseman was learning German, Hebrew, Syriac—not to mention other languages,—and drinking in the vision of which he was never to feel weary. When, with mediæval pomp, and after a 'public act,' or defence in form of the whole course of his theology, the young English student was made Doctor of Divinity in the Roman College, Lamennais happened to be among the spectators. It was his first visit to Rome. By-and-by, in the fatal year 1832, he came a second time. Gregory XVI., who, as Cardinal Cappellari, had also been present during Wiseman's display of prowess, now put off seeing the formidable French agitator; and he, no less obstinately, refused to budge until an audience had been granted him. In the long interval, he was often at the Collegio Inglese, with his disciples, Montalembert, Rio, and Lacordaire. He still professed a large confidence in the future of Christendom, 'a more glorious phase awaited the Church,' and it was not far distant. Wiseman asked him how this great change was to be accomplished, and he answered like a prophet: the light streamed upon a new age, he observed, clear and distinct in itself, but between to-day and to-morrow the darkness lay thick and impenetrable. Rather, indeed, the instruments of revolution did

did not exist: 'You must begin,' he said, 'by making them; it is what we are doing in France.' Never did words more pathetically describe the abyss into which he was falling, or point more resolutely to hopes which another generation would endeavour to fulfil. With his rigorous and unreal logic a mind so discursive, so little trained to severe metaphysics, as was the mind of Wiseman, could not be expected to agree except in mere outline. But the restoration of belief, and the new era which awaited the Papacy, were thoughts not so much peculiar to Lamennais as appropriated by him, and thrown into bold and aggressive language that demanded a hearing and could not, once heard, be forgotten. Left to himself, Wiseman, full of a scholar's not ignoble curiosity, delighted with the spectacle of the Roman greatness, a *dilettante* in more than one branch of the decadent Italian art, an antiquarian, a lover of old manuscripts, a musician, improvisatore, scene-painter, and occasional poet, would perhaps have been content to win the fame which a cardinal of the eighteenth century—a Gerdil or a Braschi—might keep in view. The Romantic Movement and the polemics of De Maistre and Lamennais gave his ambition a higher scope. He was eager to take his place in the march towards a Christian Renaissance.

Yet in these years he had passed through a trial at once secret and searching, which left its mark upon him for the rest of his life. Until Mr. Ward published the extracts from his Diaries and Letters that bear ample witness to it, we do not believe that this significant episode was even suspected by his dearest friends. The first fervours of a pilgrimage to the shrines, churches, catacombs, and other sacred spots about the Seven Hills had not indeed changed to dislike or exasperation; but they were yielding before the pressure of critical problems which haunted him day and night. He suffered acutely. The studies in which he was then engaged were not, of course, philosophical. He meditated writing his '*Horæ Syriacæ*,' and he was gathering materials for his well-known '*Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion*.' But his explorations of a debateable ground seem to have left him without landmarks; he fell into deep sadness, was perplexed, lonely, and in broken health. He records hours of lassitude, tears, and desolate feelings; all that we read in the lives of men so unlike one another as Coleridge, Mill, Lamennais, Amiel, appears to have had its corresponding phenomena in Wiseman. He had been appointed Rector of his College at twenty-eight; and there was no one within its walls, or seemingly in Rome, that he could take into his confidence. A

spirit

spirit less devout or not so circumspect would probably have gone further on the path of investigation; but, though very miserable, he put his temptations on one side, never wrote a syllable concerning the more hazardous questions of criticism, —the sources, authorship, inspiration, or inerrancy of Scripture, —and by dint of prayer and patience saw the mirage melt away which had vexed him with its persistent delusions.

Long afterwards, writing in 1858 to a nephew for whom he cherished a strong affection, Wiseman looks back on this period of doubts and storm clouds.

'I think my powers, such as they were,' he says, 'had been trained and formed and logicized by rude exercises and inward severity which no one saw. Such a course of years! Oh, my dearest Willy, may you never experience them! Years of solitude, of dereliction, without an encouraging word from Superior or companion, denounced even, more than once, by unseen enemies; years of shattered nerves, dread often of instant insanity, consumptive weakness . . . of sleepless nights and weary days, and hours of tears which no one ever witnessed. For years and years this went on, till a crisis came in my life and character, and I was drawn into a new condition where all was changed.'

But herein lay a sound discipline, which opened his mind, not indeed fully to comprehend the problems of a yeasty and a seething time, yet to differences of sincere conviction that otherwise might have escaped him.

'Without this training,' continues Wiseman in the same letter, 'I should not have thrown myself into the Puseyite controversy. . . . Yet many of that body, then and since, have told me that I was the only Catholic who understood them.' And he adds, 'Very early I chose the one object of all my studies, to defend and illustrate religion, Christian and Catholic, and I do not think I have ever swerved in purpose from my aim. Whatever variety of motives may have been attributed to me, I do not think that I have ever been unfaithful to this end.'

These words are as sincere as they are touching. A recent historian, Canon Overton, describes the great Roman Cardinal as an 'astute' personage, who chose times and seasons in which to put forth his lectures or to suggest the issue of Papal Bulls. And Dean Church, though a critic of exquisite urbanity, has even ventured to say of him that he was 'not over scrupulous.' The truth is, *pace tanti viri*, that, like Pusey, Wiseman had little or nothing of the diplomatist in his character. He trusted others too easily, was the victim of impressions and first feelings, attached himself to followers who did not share his sentiments, and, in more than one critical juncture, displayed an extraordinary

ordinary want of tact. His motives were transparently simple. He did not ask for high secular influence, or wealth, or the management of States ; with the Richelieus or the Antonellis he had few native affinities. The Church that he served was something of an ideal, hung round with fair associations from of old : and in the Renaissance all his share was that of the artist, the scholar, the pious and perhaps rhetorical ecclesiastic, who said his Hours, kept a good table, wrote a florid Ciceronian style, and pleaded for the union of faith and culture when Lutherans were denouncing Aristotle, and the iconoclast bands of Calvin were shivering to atoms the stained glass of the sanctuary. Unscrupulous Wiseman could not be ; he was willing to 'explain to the uttermost,' and eager, 'dying to get us,' wrote Newman, when the Tractarians had set their faces towards Rome. He made a valiant effort to 'seize the ideas and feelings' of those whom he was trying to interpret ; if he did not always succeed, the explanation may be found in his foreign training, or in the complex theories and large masses of history, with which he dealt on principles hitherto unrealized in any Church since the Reformation.

Wiseman we may look upon as a modern Bellarmine, without the punctilious logic which debated creeds and articles on the squares of a chessboard. Pusey was not altogether unlike Bishop Andrewes, quaint, solemn, patristic, devout. And neither of these voluminous authors has a place in literature, unless the charming though ill-written story of 'Fabiola' should keep alive the Cardinal's memory. But Wiseman put his hand to many more subjects. His acquaintance with Bunsen, who, as Prussian Minister, drew round him at the Embassy on the Campidoglio churchmen of all colours, and entertained pilgrims from the ends of the earth, may have set him upon studying the modern sciences ; but his genius inclined him to languages, philology, and Scripture. When his mental sufferings had been vanquished, he became a figure well known and looked up to in the mixed assemblies, at once fashionable and artistic, which meet in a Roman *palazzo*. His easy powers of conversation gave him an advantage ; and his scholarship brought him correspondents such as the Bishop of Salisbury, Tholuck, Möhler, and Döllinger. He saw the most famous persons who came to Rome at an interesting period, when the Restoration was fast losing its popularity, and all things were moving on to the Three Days of July. As Rector of the English College he had the privilege of frequent interviews with the Pope ; and Gregory XVI. was his personal friend. Everyone knew that he was marked out
for

for high distinction; and when the founders of the Oxford Movement, Hurrell Froude and Newman, called on him in 1833, the stately presence and cordial manner of Monsignor Wiseman told them that a change had come over the fortunes of the English Roman Catholics. From a proscribed and vanishing sect they were to emerge now upon the foreground of the national existence, brought into the light by circumstances the meaning of which their leader believed that he could understand, though it was far beyond them. With strong emphasis he wrote in 1847:—

‘From the day of Newman and Froude’s visit to me, never for an instant did I waver in my conviction that a new era had commenced in England. . . . To this grand object I devoted myself. . . . The favourite studies of former years were abandoned for the pursuit of this aim alone.’

Not immediately, however. And the time was hardly ripe. In 1834 his spiritual troubles ceased, and he was once more enjoying ‘the freshness of childhood’; his probation was over. He delivered his lectures on science and religion in the Lent of 1835, with immense applause. It is the fate of all such apologetics to grow old with the day that gave them birth. But these were admired by Mrs. Somerville and Professor Owen; and at least they did not fall into the mistake of attempting to prove Revelation by the changing systems of men. Their purpose seems rather to have been defensive; they warned against the acceptance of plausible yet unsustained hypotheses; and in the spirit of Pascal or Butler they appealed to human needs and the power of the Gospel, as furnishing an argument which no investigations or discoveries could make null and void.

On this whole subject Dr. Newman, long after he had joined the Roman Church, wrote to Pusey in words of consummate wisdom, which it will not be unseasonable to recite:—

‘As to Geology, I am the worst person to consult possible, and so I think is any co-religionist of mine,—and for this reason—because so little is determined about the Inspiration of Scripture, except in matters of faith and morals. There is an old traditional feeling in favour of many views, which may not in the event prove more tenable than that of the sun going round the earth. I think that in Galileo’s time a shock was given to the Catholic mind which never can be repeated. And then, too, I cannot help thinking a lesson was given to ecclesiastical authorities, which they will never forget; of not *seeming* to mix what in fact they did *not* mix up, questions of theology and questions of science. Then, on the other hand, I have a profound misgiving of geological theories—though I cannot be

sure

sure that facts of considerable importance are not proved. But in the whole scientific world men seem going ahead most recklessly with their usurpation on the domain of religion. . . . I seem to wish that Divine and human science might each be suffered in place to take its own line, the one not interfering with the other. Their circles scarcely intersect each other.'

Well, it will not be maintained that Wiseman did more than protest against the current errors which arose at seeming points of intersection. The task of his life was not to consist in philosophic treatises. A more tangible object lay clear in his view. The Romantic Movement was now flourishing all over Europe. In France, Lacordaire had begun his course as a preacher, and Montalembert as a mediæval historian and an enthusiastic defender of the Church. Among Germans, the school of Munich stood high and prominent. In Belgium there was a Catholic as well as a national uprising. Italy had its devout believers in the Pope and in freedom. England had granted Emancipation, and Oxford was extolling the Church of the Fathers. Manifest it was to the English student in Rome that he, too, had been called. How could he sacrifice to Oriental antiquities an interest which demanded all his effort and would bring in such an ample reward? More than once he had paid a flying visit to this country; but he now resolved on going down into the battle. In 1835 he set out. Travelling by Vienna, Munich, Paris, and Bruges, 'he saw the Catholic champions,' says his biographer, 'whose writings had so moved him, and received letters in the course of his journey from missionaries in Syria and China.' He came straight from Rome, 'and Rome had not lost the sense of the moral triumph which had won the admiration of the world in 1815.' He arrived with a feeling of strength and assured position. 'And,' concludes Mr. Ward, 'his spirit of hopeful enterprise stood in marked contrast to the ideas of Englishmen, Catholic and Protestant alike, as to the status and work of the Catholics in England—the remnant of the long-proscribed English Papists.'

But if, in that memorable year 1835, Wiseman entered the arena by one door, a champion no less thoroughly equipped came in at another. Pusey had returned from his German masters long ago, full fraught with their teaching; and in defence of the piety which he knew to be dwelling in Tholuck, and even in the unstable Schleiermacher, he had broken a cudgel or two with Hugh James Rose, meaning himself to be most orthodox, yet in the sequel not quite at ease touching that first volume upon 'Rationalist Theology.' As Wiseman had

given

given the world excellent tokens of scholarship, so did Pusey compile, with infinite pains, the catalogue of Arabic MSS. in the Bodleian. Then, leaving that in obedience to a higher call, and made Canon of Christ Church, married to the remarkable woman who shared his studies and was even now passing into a dolorous mood of scruples and austerities, he brought to the impetuous and daring enterprises of Newman a vast weight of erudition, a perfect loyalty, and the splendour of his name. For it proved to be the making of the Movement. He had never been unfavourable to it; but now, when the first issue of 'Tracts,' short and stern and arousing, not unlike the opening 'Letters' of Pascal in their aggressiveness, were coming to an end—when the country was attentive, and Froude was dying away from the battlefield—he came to take a place which was at once yielded to him. 'He gave us a name and a position,' says the 'Apologia.' And Mr. Oakeley, who represents another stage of opinion, and never was a Puseyite, strictly so-called, observes that 'while it was Mr. Newman's office to stimulate, and his misfortune to startle, to Dr. Pusey, on the other hand, belonged the work of soothing and the ministry of conciliation. He was the St. Barnabas of the Movement.'

He was also its St. Jerome, if we take into account the stores of learning, the labours of editorship, the historical foundation, all of which were necessary for the success of such immense undertakings as the 'Library of the Fathers,' and the 'Catenas' of English Divines that grew under his guidance during the next quarter of a century. No one else could have governed with the same steady hand a work of time and patience in which there was little visible reward and no hope of glory. Alone neither Fathers nor Catenas would have excited enthusiasm in the country, put adversaries on their mettle, convulsed Oxford, or reformed the pulpit. Unless Newman had preached his 'Parochial Sermons,' the Tractarian doctrines might have sunk again into the dead level from which, as armed men out of the ground, they had suddenly sprung up. But learning was indispensable. Antiquity must be studied, and the Carolinian divines brought forward as witnesses to a position from which, in his most secret mind, Newman was unconsciously drawing away, and which the Roman lecturer at Moorfields was assailing with courtesy but with a contagious earnestness. Of the Anglican triumvirate, Pusey alone, from first to last, never wavered in maintaining the pure Anglican theory, even if in course of time he went beyond its practice. Newman might pass over to the enemy; Keble, for one fleeting moment, might be tempted, not indeed to follow him, but to go
out

out with the Nonjurors; Pusey held to the Church of England as by law established, and he could never imagine that in so doing he was forbidden to act and speak as the old Catholic Saints had acted and spoken, before the division of East and West, in the time of Augustine or of Chrysostom. '*Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna,*' was the motto of his eighty-two years.

He did not stand by himself. But, at first, Wiseman did. Mr. Ward, in a chapter which must have for the historian no slight value as a record of facts, attested by men so well qualified in this department as Lord Acton and Dom Gasquet, tells how the English Roman Catholics, dwindling to a shadow of themselves, lost, in a hundred years, their learning, wealth, energy, and almost the religious principles for which they had undergone ostracism from English life. This picture, touched with an idealizing and tender pencil by Newman in a passage no less subdued than melting of his '*Second Spring,*' brings out the decay which is certain to overtake a minority, who are at once cut off from their fellow citizens and not able or willing to keep up a close intimacy with the sources of their first inspiration. A curious but exact parallel might be drawn, in this respect, between the English Recusants, languid, inert, old-world, falling into decrepitude, and the Jews of Germany or Poland, before emancipation came to either. They shrank from the light, were afraid of making disciples, had forgotten their glorious days, and lived in ignorance of their own heroes, their great literature, and the change that was telling in favour, not indeed of the principles which they held, but of the freedom they had almost ceased to desire. Wiseman was the Catholic Moses Mendelssohn; and his people did not know whether to welcome or suspect him. In the Tractarians they saw merely a fresh kind of Protestant, loud and passionate, whose appropriation of the Fathers scandalized them, and whose efforts, did they prove victorious, would but strengthen a Church that had been cruel towards them in the day of its power. But, truly, the world was an enigma; better let it alone.

That was the one thing Wiseman could not do. He had brought with him from Rome the '*vision splendid*' which haunted religious minds, although it had faded among his own old kinsfolk to a distant and dark tradition. At least, he could tell Englishmen what were the genuine doctrines of his Church. He drew large audiences to the chapel in Moorfields, founded the '*Dublin Review,*' and began to answer Newman, who was then mounting to a popular height from which '*Tract Ninety*' was to hurl him in one decisive moment. Newman took up the challenge—coldly, as men have thought since. But he was
debating

debating as one who dreams, and is half conscious that he dreams. Even in 1839, at the flood tide of his influence, a current was bearing down from the ancient and now little-known regions of history, which would turn it into an ebb and drive him far out to sea. There was a marked difference between the leaders of the school. Pusey held by the Fathers, Hook by the formularies, Keble by his own bringing-up. But what did Newman hold by?

There can be no reasonable doubt, as we think will now be granted, that if the Church of England had possessed a school of divines, or even of canonists, not all of one colour, but all sufficiently versed in their science, and numerous enough to direct public opinion, the battles of those twenty or thirty years, 'where ignorant armies clashed by night,' would have been lightened of their confusion and bewilderment. Oxford in Wesley's time had failed to understand the relations of enthusiasm to an Established Church; and the penalty followed close in the rise of Methodism. Now a problem was challenging attention the exact contrary of that which Wesley had started. For the enthusiasm of Newman and his friends was founded upon an earlier phase of Christian development, but still, as they believed, not upon the Papal aberration from what had been at the beginning. And they did but ask—such, at least, was their contention, though their acts told a different story—to remain in their Church as a distinct school, not so much acknowledged as permitted. These terms, they were saying, Evangelicals had long enjoyed; and the followers of Hales or Chillingworth, nay, it might be whispered, of Hoadley, had never been denied them, difficult though it was to reconcile Broad or Low Churchmen with the Prayer-Book and the Creeds. So much they demanded, and, after years of hard fighting, so much at length was allowed. But ere the day of toleration came, the one supreme genius whom the party brought forth had left them. He gave up his sword to Wiseman; yet signs are not lacking that, without a Wiseman, he must sooner or later have flung it away.

Pusey and Newman were alike consistent. In what, then, did they differ? In this, that while the Canon of Christ Church was developing an institution to which he had ever been loyal, the philosopher of St. Mary's was working out a set of principles to their unknown conclusion. Newman had changed once; he might change again. 'He was their convert originally, not their teacher,' said J. B. Mozley, speaking of the circle of friends at Oriel from whom the young disciple of Whately, still bearing upon him tokens of 'Liberalism,' had learnt his

Church doctrines. And we might gather up no little of the 'Apologia' into those striking sentences in which Mark Pattison defends himself from the accusation of lawless revolt.

'What took place with me,' he says, 'was simple expansion of knowledge and ideas. To my home Puritan religion—almost narrowed to two points, fear of God's wrath and faith in the doctrine of the atonement,—the idea of the Church was a widening of the horizon which stirred up the spirit and filled it with enthusiasm. The notion of the Church soon expanded itself beyond the limits of the Anglican communion and became the wider idea of the Catholic Church. Then Anglicanism fell off from me like an old garment, as Puritanism had done before.'

Pattison went many steps farther in his long journeyings, but here, at all events, is a true account of the way in which a soul may pass through the Church of England yet never be a genuine member. From Whately himself Newman had learned his anti-Erastian views; and other Oxford friends had taught him other doctrines no less Catholic. Keble was his master; Froude his companion in paths of discovery. Much as he admired and revered Pusey, from Pusey he seems to have gained no fresh light. He was drawn to the early ages; but he soon began to discriminate, to compare, to apply; he had an exquisite sense of times and seasons, and a knowledge of perspective such as Pusey never displays. His fine literary discernment, though neither that of a critic nor of a *dilettante*, awakened his mind to the subtle shades of distinction which escape the many, who have painted ecclesiastical periods all in the same tone. Modern Englishmen are profoundly unaware of the lines which divide Monophysites from Eutychians, Donatists from Novatians; or Eusebians, Acacians, Anomœans, and Luciferians from one another. To most of us these are not so much as names; to the Oxford student they were palpitating realities, full of a decisive moral. When Wiseman charged him with being, in strict logic, a Donatist, and he imagined, to his horror, that on grounds of principle, if he were an Anglican, he could not refuse to sail in one boat with the Monophysites, then, after some deliberation and not without tears, he cast himself resolutely overboard.

On such a temperament, alive to considerations which not one in ten thousand could enter into, drawn from ages and states of culture long past, the words of an Augustine, echoed in Wiseman's too sounding phrase, fell with a weight irresistible. It was, if we may adapt Newman's language on a far different occasion, 'the state of the atmosphere,'—it was 'the vibration all round'—it was 'that prepossession' against the system

system which he had been upholding with all his might, that reinforced the arguments of his Roman adversary, and gave them their momentum. Pusey could be an editor of Tertullian, and Keble translate Irenæus, and both hear the thunder of that *securus judicatis* like 'Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved.' There was nothing in their minds answering to the suspicion which, as a ghost or an *umbra* from old time, had once and again stood by Newman's bedside, and pointed towards the Church of Rome. He could reply to the article which had startled Oxford in August 1839; but to his own misgivings no reply was possible.

In order to accelerate the catastrophe which seemed approaching, Wiseman gave up his position at the English College, and was made President of Oscott, not more than fifty miles from the University, within whose circuit events were now going forward with a sequence almost dramatic. Oscott was a little Pylus, planted in the enemy's sight; a refuge that invited fugitives, furnished the ground of parleyings with all who dared to come, and enjoyed the peculiar distinction of serving, until the curtain fell on this tragedy, as a sort of Rome in England. To the old generation there resident, it was a college of studies, and no more; to its versatile Rector it seemed a post of observation, a rendezvous of the most varied influences, and the beginning of a restored Catholicism. He drew round him men like Pugin, the eccentric but richly-endowed architect of the Gothic revival, George Spencer, the worldling who had been converted by the last act of 'Don Giovanni,' and others less celebrated. Among the visitors to Oscott were Daniel O'Connell, Mr. Gladstone, and the Comte de Chambord. To the Roman Catholic Lord Shrewsbury, during the excitement of 1841, Wiseman addressed a letter in which he urges the union of the English Church 'with the Holy See and the Churches of its obedience,' and taking up the method of 'Tract Ninety,' but handling it after his own fashion, proposes that 'no retraction' be demanded, but the Thirty Nine Articles explained so as to reconcile them with the Decrees of the Council of Trent. So elated was he by the appearance of a Romeward movement that he described the most serious hindrances to it as being 'sincere scruples about particular practices, unwillingness to surrender certain forms, the complicated questions of hierarchical arrangements, orders, and clerical discipline.' And that was all!

But what had befallen the staunch old Protestant England, which for three hundred years had fought the battle of the Reformation under its Tudors, Stuarts, and Hanoverians?

Wiseman saw through a singularly distorted glass the proportions, and even the drift, of that unquestionable change that was coming over Englishmen. He measured the country by the Tractarian lines; but these, in the hands of Ward, or other young disciples, made a false cast. The aim of the interpretations given to the Articles by Newman was not to lead his followers to Rome, but to keep them with a safe conscience in the Church where they were born. The Tract was the manifesto of a party willing to be loyal, not making ready to desert. Thus Keble and Pusey defended it; on these grounds in 1865 Pusey republished it; and waiving the right or wrong of particular glosses, in which Newman laid himself bare to assaults that he did not much think of parrying, the position as a whole remains untouched to this day. The acceptance of 'Tract Ninety' by authorities would have carried with it, by no means a union of the Churches, but Wiseman's inevitable defeat. Into his hands, however, the University, the Bishops, and the public journals, played unceasingly during the next four years. They seemed of one accord to insist on leaving no room within the Establishment, not merely for Romanizing clergy of the type which Ward magnified into caricature, but for those who reiterated in simple good faith language that Hooker had sanctioned by his usage and the undivided Church had constantly employed. Luckily for them, Pusey had neither the boldness in speculation that led Newman to publish startling views, nor the excessive sense of deference to Episcopal charges that prompted the dictum, 'A Bishop's lightest word *ex cathedra* is heavy.' It would have been impossible for Pusey to feel what Newman felt—'My own Bishop was my Pope; I knew no other; the successor of the Apostles, the Vicar of Christ.' In the midst of the hubbub which followed on Dr. Hampden's appointment to the See of Hereford in 1847, when Bishop Wilberforce, to the dismay of Anglo-Catholics, had absolved the famous Bampton Lectures from heresy, Pusey wrote:—

'I am not disturbed, because I never attached any weight to the Bishops. It was perhaps the difference between Newman and me; he threw himself upon the Bishops, and they failed him; I threw myself on the English Church and the Fathers as, under God, her support.'

This larger and less anxious principle was more in keeping with the precedents furnished by English law, and better calculated to tide over seasons of uncertainty. In the event, Bishops and Courts have made it manifest that Newman, though utterly deferential, was premature in his movements as
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the author of 'Tract Ninety.' Could he have possessed his soul in patience, the room that he sought would have been granted him. But, as he perceived, without any Bishops' charges, his place, after 1839, was elsewhere.

Pusey's 'Tract Ninety' came in 1843. Preaching on the Holy Eucharist in terms which he had borrowed from the Homilies or had seen in the Greek Fathers, he was delated by Dr. Fausset, condemned without a hearing, and forbidden by the Six Doctors who formed this new Oxford Inquisition from calling in his friends to counsel, or making known the details of a dark transaction, the story of which cannot be read even now without astonishment. In Pusey himself there was, at all times, a touch of Dominie Sampson which is inexpressibly diverting and yet pitiful, so simple, confiding, and helpless he appears among the Heads of Houses, lawyers, bishops, and men of the world to whom he submits his quotations and references to the 'Bibliotheca Patrum.' He was not the man to dispute the authority under which his tormentors proceeded against him. 'Prosecution is not persecution,' he said during the storm which broke out over 'Essays and Reviews'—a dangerous proverb, seeing that all persecution, unless it is mere massacre, appeals to the forms of law, and has been carried out by judges, pursuivants, gaolers, and executioners, who had warrant for their various acts from the Statute Book. There is something painful in the remembrance of those attempts on the part of saintly teachers like Pusey and Keble to sharpen the edge of authority, and bring down the powers that be on men whose doctrines they detested, but who were representatives of historical and long-debated views in Western Christendom. Neither did these invocations of the strong hand prevail. If Hampden, a commonplace disciple of Nominalism, held his chair at Oxford in spite of the Tractarians, these, when their evil moment arrived, could assuredly not complain; as they had done, so was it done to them. But the Six Doctors outraged decency and justice by their contempt for the maxims of the English courts, in which no man is condemned without a hearing. The Heads in 1841 would not stay proceedings against Newman, no, not for a single day, until he had written his explanations of the Tract incriminated. And these violent acts, which the Holy Office itself would have disapproved as hasty, passionate, and unfair, turned out to be the most injudicious that lovers of the old Oxford system could have perpetrated. The Puseyites were neither silenced nor put down; but the Hebdomadal Board was doomed; the Six Doctors ruined their cause; the Liberals and reformers went off

off with the spoils of the years 1841, 1843, and 1845. The Star Chamber could not be set up again. Reaction went to extremes.

'If any Oxford man had gone to sleep in 1846 and had woke up again in 1850,' says Mark Pattison, 'he would have found himself in a totally new world. In 1846 we were in Old Tory Oxford; not somnolent, because it was as fiercely debating as in the days of Henry IV. its eternal Church question. There were Tory majorities in all the colleges; there was unquestioning satisfaction in the tutorial system. . . . In 1850 all this was suddenly changed as if by the wand of a magician.'

That year 1850 will long be remembered for the excitement and the controversy which Cardinal Wiseman set in motion, to his own great surprise. Had he been the politic genius that men thought him, no year would have seemed less timely for a 'Papal Aggression.' It was the very hour when old feelings, exasperated by a continuance of defections from the Church of England, and suspicious of more to come, clamoured for an occasion to vent themselves on Rome and Romanizers. The Gorham Case, which it is pleasant now to think Pusey would never have taken into court, was at an end; but in raising the question of the Royal Supremacy, it had cost the secession of Manning, Wilberforce, Allies, Maskell, and many others. A second exodus had followed that of the '45. To no purpose did Pusey recall the nursing-fathers of the Church in primitive periods; Theodosius and Justinian were not convincing examples; and though he declared that in the Church of his baptism he would live and die—though Keble murmured with a kind of tender fierceness, 'If the Church of England were to fail, it should be found in my parish,'—an angry wave was flowing which carried the multitude off their feet. Such were the omens, unobserved of Wiseman, when he received his Cardinal's red hat, announced the new Hierarchy, and addressed his well-meaning jubilant charge from the Flaminian Gate. In an instant there was a universal uproar.

Of course he had mistaken, not only the issue of the Oxford Movement in its second stage—which was to breathe into the National Church a vigour she had long been forgetting,—but still more the mind of England, now deeply stirred by reforming ideas, and looking towards Germany for knowledge, as the philosophy of modern schools was making itself felt on all sides, in opposition to routine and to much that passed for orthodox principles or traditions. Wiseman, though in touch with so many currents of life, judged them like a great Roman officer, like a Churchman, in whose eyes controversial or diplomatic

matic statements tell all there is to be told. He did not feel with democracy; he knew little of the hold that free thought was gaining in various directions; he wrote English as if it were Italian, pompous and florid; nor did he take any sufficient measure of the depth and intensity of the protest which Englishmen were prepared to make against a renewal, in whatever shape, of the Roman claims. But he had never meant to alarm or offend them. The sudden blast of opposition struck him as he was leaning back in his coach at Vienna, reading the 'Times,' after being feasted by the Emperor; and, from that day, his Journal, which had been kept with much simple satisfaction hitherto, ceased. He was too sensitive, friends thought, to face the rising tempest; he would perhaps not dare to cross the Channel. And a bolder man might have turned back. But, though easily disheartened, and not adapted for the endurance of trouble, on this the most critical occasion of his life he came out well. England had misunderstood him; no aggression was intended; and he thought the Government of the day, as represented by Lord John Russell, had virtually given its approval to the measure that was now bringing on so unexpected a tumult. He arrived in London on Monday, November 11, and a few days afterwards published his 'Appeal to the English People.'

It was a striking success. In two days thirty thousand copies of the pamphlet were sold. On the day when it appeared in the 'Times' not a single issue of that or any other journal containing it could be obtained in the afternoon. 'It did not put an end to the battle,' said one of the Cardinal's household, 'but it created a pause for a full week at least, the silence of attention.' Wiseman explained. In common with all who were not members of the Church of England, he was unable to accept the Royal Supremacy, so far as it affected spiritual causes or the orders and jurisdiction of a Roman Catholic Bishop. But he laid no claim to a 'tangible' or 'territorial' position; all he had in view was the care of those who had submitted themselves of their own free will to him as their spiritual pastor. Such was his contention. With a few it prevailed immediately. But the general excitement lasted on during six months of public meetings, loyal addresses to the Crown, sermons, speeches, and charges, with intermittent showers of stones when the Cardinal's equipage rolled by, and Guy Fawkes festivals at which he was burnt in effigy. There came no Gordon Riots, no fresh penal enactments to mar the benefit of Emancipation; for the Bill which Lord John Russell carried through Parliament was in itself of no large scope, and
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from the day it passed, it was never once put into execution. Words had answered words; but the language of fines and disabilities for exercising a purely religious function was obsolete in the nineteenth century.

Wiseman, however, felt himself estranged from English circles, and an object of suspicion, far more than he had seemed when the Oxford Movement was running at its height. In this banishment he had, if not exactly companions, yet fellow sufferers. The 'Durham Letter,' which was a standard lifted up against Papal Aggression, had pointed significantly to 'clergymen of our own Church, who have subscribed the Thirty Nine Articles,' yet 'have been the most forward in leading their flocks, step by step, to the very verge of the precipice.' Among these Dr. Pusey might well seem the chief offender. He was now far advanced, but on a path of his own, towards a new and difficult conception of the perfect Christian life, as severe as it was unknown to the English divines whom, in doctrine, he still continued faithfully to follow. His inbred Pietism had long since taken upon it the gloomy colours of a discipline so ascetic that, in reading his letters, we are carried back to the lives and austerities of mediæval or Eastern saints. In these things he was as unlike the Roman Cardinal whom all along he was silently resisting, as the most humorous or dramatic of story-tellers could imagine. Both men suffered much from broken health, disturbed sleep, want of sympathy, and a singular shyness which only the efforts of the daring were powerful to vanquish. Wiseman's indisposition forbade him to fast or abstain; and his sense of Roman hospitality justified the rather sumptuous table which he affected. His expenditure was on a large scale; but he took no heed of money, and in matters of business acted with the indolence of an artist or a great prince. How different was the spirit which first drove the Canon of Christ Church to spend his fortune on good works, and then to afflict and deny himself as though he were St. Anthony in the Egyptian desert! It is a strange history, not often found amid the sober chronicles which the names of Herbert and Ken, of Walton and Wilson, adorn.

To this extraordinary deviation from such tender but restrained patterns of holy living, Pusey had been guided by a course of domestic troubles, by the death of his wife and his daughter Lucy, both of whom had learned to practise the austerities in which he believed. He was now introducing the custom of habitual confession and establishing sisterhoods. For his own director in 1846 he had chosen Keble; he confessed to him thrice a year—and drew up a rule of life
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in which we cannot observe without pity and a certain sense of discomfort that he proposed even to refrain from smiling. This, Keble remarked, would be a 'penalty on others more than on oneself'; and he could not consent to enjoin the use of 'the discipline,' though Pusey begged him to do so. Various particulars, on which we need not dwell, manifest the rigour of this unusual penitence, carried out unswervingly for the rest of his days. Since 1839, when his wife died, Pusey had given up general society. He never dined abroad; his conversation was severely restricted; jesting and humour, to which at no time was he much given, he now put altogether from him. In the ardour and generosity which marked his dealings with new types of the spiritual life, such as Miss Sellon, he reminds us at once of Saint Cyran and of Nicole; but he was gentle in his management of souls, and he bore troubles meekly. Had there been no such director in the years which came after the Gorham Judgment, it seems probable enough that defections on the right hand and the left, towards Rome or towards enthusiastic fraternities like that of Irving or the Plymouth Brethren, would have been far more numerous.

Yet this new Saint Cyran was 'tainted' in the eyes of many, themselves not 'Cranmerites'—to borrow an expression from the impetuous Mr. Hook—nor Evangelicals, but little attracted by a system which was foreign to Englishmen in its books of devotion, its love of Church symbols long disused or put down, its Eastern fastings, conventual discipline, reiterated and minute confessions of sin to a clergyman, and growing imitation of the Latin Church in public no less than private worship. Mr. Anthony Froude has given utterance in his rhetorical way to the feeling which was prevalent towards Pusey and Puseyism for above thirty years.

'The Anglican regiment,' he says, 'which pretended to be the most effective against the enemy in the whole Protestant army, is precisely the one which has furnished and still furnishes to that enemy the most venomous foes of the English Church and the largest supply of deserters.'

Lord Romilly, in 1849, had stigmatized the same 'peculiar set of persons' as 'more dangerous than open and avowed Roman Catholics.' That admirable Christian Lord Shaftesbury had spoken of the Oxford Professors as being tender or careless in 'exposing the abominations' of unbelief. And when Pusey had founded and endowed St. Saviour's at Leeds, as an act of private penitence, and the clergy whom he sent thither were falling away to Rome, his indignant friend Hook assailed

assailed him with a rudeness and severity which cut him to the quick.

'Is this,' exclaimed his Correspondent, 'conduct that can be justified by any but a Jesuit? Do not mistake me—I do not think you are a Jesuit; but I believe you to be under the influence of Jesuits. Your own representatives here say as much; they seem to admit that you were only the puppet while others pulled the strings.'

Pusey could but murmur in his trouble, 'There must be some dreadful misunderstanding'; he was slow to see into another mind; he never anticipated that principles which to him were those of his own beloved Church might suggest Roman conclusions in the case of others less learned or more logical; and he did not look upon the Reformers as having decided how far he might go with antiquity, or where his imitation of it must be stayed. He was living in the fourth century as revealed to him in books and monuments. But when he began to copy it in the nineteenth, and to interpret its practices from Gaume's '*Manuel des Confesseurs*,' naturally there came an outcry which perplexed but could not daunt him. Hook afterwards felt sorry for his strong language, and described Pusey as 'that saint whom England persecuted.' But no one had struck harder than himself, and his motives were perfectly intelligible. The new school was everywhere spoken against because it led thousands to Rome, and from Rome it borrowed all that was characteristic in its discipline and devotions.

Singular it is to reflect that Wiseman, too, was engaged during the rest of his life, so much shorter than Pusey's, in a kind of revival which the old English Roman Catholics could not away with, and did their utmost to hinder. Some of them were Gallicans of a dry temperament, satisfied with their small routine, and jealous of interference from an authority which they recognized but did not love. Others felt little disposed to welcome the neophytes, who took with them across the border all that restless energy and controversial spirit, that hankering after innovation, that fashion of appealing to Bishops and dignities for support in their enterprises, by which they had justified one half of the Tractarian motto, 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength,' but had signally belied the other half. They were amazingly confident and never quiet. This could not be said of Newman, whose far-glancing vision was combined with deep humility. He had not entered the Roman Church as a reformer. But many of his disciples were bent on reform, not in the direction of toning down what might

might offend their countrymen, but, in this respect at one with Pusey, in the direction of assimilating Northern or Teutonic practices to Southern principles. Wiseman encouraged, restrained, held the balance, and stood above party. Yet he was drawn to the neophytes by their enthusiasm in the common cause; and he went, at last, with Faber, Ward, and Manning, while Newman drew back to the moderate camp, and fell under suspicion as a Broad Catholic. The movement which in 1830 had been intensely loyal to the Pope and not less enamoured of science, freedom, and progress, was breaking up into Liberal and Ultramontane. From the day when Pius IX. set foot in Rome after his flight to Gaeta, until the Council of 1870, this internecine strife went on, gathering in volume and in violence, exasperated by the dangers which threatened the Temporal Power, and not diminished by the 'wild words and overbearing deeds' for which some of the combatants in high place were responsible. In these elements we may find the tragic issue that flung a gloom over Cardinal Wiseman's declining years.

He belonged to the early period of hope and buoyancy, when ancient quarrels had lost their venom, as he thought, and reconciliation was the order of the day. Unlike Pusey, Wiseman had neither prosecuted nor persecuted. He was willing to live and let live. He welcomed any explanation of the Articles which would make it possible to hold them and the Council of Trent at the same time. In principle he anticipated Newman's theory of development, and when it was attacked by Brownson and Perrone—by an American neophyte and a Roman expert,—he sent the author his emphatic approval. Though lying under a weight of obloquy, still he mounted the platform, lectured all over England to mixed but not unfavourable audiences, was amused and not angry when a poet drew him out of proportion and on an imaginary scale as 'Bishop Blougram,' and consistently acted as at once Liberal and Ultramontane. This was to feel with Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Schlegel, and the Italian patriots before 1848, with Manzoni, Rosmini, and Gioberti. Another current was sweeping aside that more tranquil stream; fierce passions, clad in the garb of dogmatic straitness, took up the sword against reconciliation. And when the Cardinal needed all his strength, a depressing malady struck him down. He became a wounded and melancholy man,—we cannot but recall Philoctetes on his Lemnian island,—in the day when his arrows would have decided the battle.

Or perhaps not. Undoubtedly, so orthodox, learned, and famous a member of the Sacred College, acceptable to the Pontiff by his record of memorable deeds done on behalf of Catholicism,

Catholicism, to the French prelates and clergy by his friendship with Dupanloup and Lacordaire, to German students by the erudition which Berlin and Munich were united in extolling, Wiseman, if his voice were not for war, would have exercised a calming influence, greatly to be desired in those years of confused wrangling. It is impossible to picture him as the stern implacable leader which Manning was, without tenderness for those who differed from him on points admitting of elucidation, even if not open to compromise. The scholar could not have failed to sympathize with scholarship, the accomplished traveller and adept in languages with varieties founded on national endowments, the genial man of the world might have known how to meet differences halfway. On the other hand, his indulgent temper had in it something of a holiday weakness, unfitting him for action at a moment when the fiercer man would strike in. His impulses, Newman remarked, were kind but evanescent. He loved parade, ostentation, sunshine all round; there was in him much of the big simple boy, sensitive, sentimental, soon hurt, fond of his own way, who has never been compelled to put his pride in his pocket, and has suffered none of the catastrophes of self-love that teach wisdom. Except for those painful thoughts in Rome, and the sense of solitude which he sets down in letters or diaries at Oscott and York Place, he had not had much to endure. 'Cardinal Wiseman,' said a notice of his death, 'was a man of Herculean frame, but with a voice exceedingly gentle, and almost feminine in the clearness and sweetness of its lower tones.' This engaging accent was the token of a thirst for affection, and implied a tremulous dread of being opposed or even criticized, which made it hard for him to resist importunity. But the same desire of pleasing whereby he was moved to favour a request from one side, was apt to bring about its denial when the other side urged him. A disposition at once amiable and capricious would not have served its owner well had he lived to take part in the conflicts which went on before and after the Council of the Vatican.

Yet we may be sure that his tone would not have been pitched in the strident key of a Louis Veuillot; and he was incapable of insolence or aggression. When he was falling into chronic ill-health, the old boyish friendship he had kept up with Dr. George Errington, led him to ask that this excellently learned but punctilious bishop might be made his coadjutor. The sequel has been told in two narratives, of which Mr. Ward's is plainly the more authentic and precise. In a biography of Wiseman it reads like some domestic tragedy,

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of the obscure and sombre kind on which Balzac would have lavished his colours à l'espagnole, dark but vivid, and pierced by sudden storms and lightnings. In the larger chronicle of religious movements during our time, it has more importance; for it denotes the passing away of the eighteenth century in presence of a centralizing power such as Innocent III. could not have wielded, however much he aimed at it, in the thirteenth. Errington and Manning were both champions of routine; but the Coadjutor went by Canon Law rigidly enforced, the Provost who was soon to be Archbishop looked on personal government as necessary for these times. The Cardinal had never been a martinet; he, too, liked governing in person, and he had quarrelled with his suffragans more than once; but he held a slack rein and drove leisurely. Could the boldest of romancers have ventured on a situation so point devise, so complete and symmetrical in its parts and personages? However, such it was at Westminster, until the Cardinal appealing, his Coadjutor resisting, and Pius IX. being forced upon a decision, Dr. Errington was removed from his office and deprived of the right of succession by what the Pope himself called a *coup d'état*, 'il colpo di Stato di Domeniddio.' This meant Manning's elevation to the leadership when Wiseman should be taken away. What did it portend as regards the two great questions that more and more came pressing to the front—the attitude of Christians towards science or criticism, and the relations of the Churches to one another?

An oversight in drafting an Act of Parliament had, in 1833, established for causes ecclesiastical what had hitherto been wanting, though perhaps not desirable, a Supreme Court of Appeal.

'From making it almost a matter of principle and boast to dispense with a living judge of controversies,' says a fair-minded observer, 'the Church has passed to having a very energetic one. . . . Since the Gorham Case, the work of settling authoritatively, if not the meaning of doctrines and of formularies, at any rate the methods of interpreting and applying them, has been briskly going on, and a law laid down by judges without appeal has been insensibly fastening its hold upon us.'

Anglicans were confident that even the Privy Council, though a lay court, would never see its way to granting a liberty which the tradition of their school must condemn. But they raised their voices against the Gorham Judgment to no purpose; and fourteen years afterwards the abolition of a dull volume called 'Essays and Reviews' betokened the entrance into cultivated society, as into English literature, of that spirit
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of criticism, directed upon the lines of pure scientific research without taking creeds or dogmas into account, which had flourished among Germans for well-nigh a century. 'Essays and Reviews,' though not in any sense a work of genius, coincides almost in point of time with Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and like that famous dissertation, divides the former age from the present. Questions of schism, disputes concerning the Fathers and the Reformers, were now falling into the background. Those more abstruse and difficult controversies which take the Bible for their subject, had almost a generation earlier occupied the mind of Pusey as of Wiseman. They were returning in a more tangible and popular form. But we shall hardly allow, at this distance of time, that due preparation had been made to encounter them. Learning, on either side, was not brought to a focus; and the rare critic, as for example, Newman, who wished to hasten slowly in a matter so momentous, found little or no hearing, while those who joined themselves to the party of research were often as impetuous as they were slightly informed.

Among English Roman Catholics these questions would have been scarcely mooted, had not some fallen under the influence of Döllinger at Munich, while more, like Newman himself, perceived that they were daily looming larger on the horizon at home. One of their magazines, 'The Rambler,' demanded, according to Mr. Ward's account, 'absolute freedom and candour in scientific, historical, and critical investigations, irrespective of results.' This elementary rule of honest reading and writing had been expressly insisted upon by Newman in his lectures at Dublin; and in it 'Wiseman, too, concurred, at least theoretically. It was,' continues Mr. Ward, 'the carrying out of the programme which he had advocated'; and his last public deliverance, at the London 'Academia,' founded under his patronage, abounded in this liberal sense. The Congregation of the Index, he declared, had never put to the ban works dealing with science only; as for the Church, she 'looks on, fearless but cautious, fearless of facts, but most cautious of deductions.' To the course of civilization the Church could give a wise direction; but she did not create its resources, although she was capable of preserving it from decay.

In this large spirit Cardinal Wiseman desired to meet the coming age. Though he suppressed 'The Rambler,' which was thought by Newman also to have exceeded the bounds of moderation, and suffered Manning to dictate his policy in forbidding Roman Catholics to attend at Oxford, he was no friend to the crusade against liberty and progress now set in motion

motion by the 'Univers,' and destined to win such immense proportions in the latter years of Pius IX. He spoke at the Congress of Malines in 1863 with his old confidence; he refused indignantly to take up arms against Montalembert, although at home his Ultramontane friends had thrown themselves into the contest; and when he advised Propaganda to disallow the principles on which a union of Christendom was promoted by the rising school of Anglicans, he gave up no jot or tittle of his 'Letter to Lord Shrewsbury,' which had recommended the same object in his own way. At Rome, during the magnificent ceremonies of 1862, he was by far the most conspicuous of the hundreds of prelates there assembled. He presided over their deliberations, which issued in a vehement defence of the Temporal Power; but he was far from counselling that it should be raised to a definition of the faith. In all these things he approved himself consistent with his invariable gentleness of dealing; but the control was passing into new hands. It is idle to conjecture what his influence might have been in the Vatican Council, where he would surely have sat as one of its presidents. The long disasters, mingled with astonishing triumphs in the spiritual realm, which had marked the reign of Pius IX., were to run their course; but Wiseman was to leave his throne to another, whom he had virtually chosen, yet whose unbending character formed the strangest contrast to his own.

He died on February 15, 1865, at the age of sixty-three, before his time, as many held, though, *felix opportunitate mortis*, he escaped trials and contingencies to which he might have proved unequal. He had accomplished a remarkable work—not wholly by himself, for the season was propitious, and others had given him the inspiring motive—but he found his Roman Catholic brethren asleep in the catacombs, and he brought them up to the light of day. His victory over the Tractarians was complete, thanks to Newman's peculiar sense of historical parallels, to Ward's remorseless logic, and to the precipitancy and unwisdom of Bishops and Universities who had forgotten their own antecedents, nor entered deep enough into the comprehensiveness of a National English Church. The nearest approach to that spirit which dictated Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity' was perhaps made by Dr. Arnold; but even Arnold had no patience with the 'Oxford Malignants'; while they, as represented by Pusey, Keble, and their disciples, committed the strange error of submitting to Hebdomadal Boards and Chancellor's Courts, to the tumult of popular voting, or the 'hard logic and limited view of forensic debate,'

debate,' the delicate and subtle questions which were raised all along the line from Hampden to Jowett. In the long run, it was the Laudian party which suffered most from the legal proceedings they had been eager to set in motion. They lost by secession; they underwent imprisonment; they spent years in litigation. Nor did they succeed in ejecting any one of the schools that existed in the Church before 1836. They, no less than their opponents, were fighting against the historic and indispensable conditions under which the great transaction of Elizabeth had taken place. When this came to be understood, the atmosphere cleared; it was seen that schools of opinion cannot be quelled by judgments emanating from the Privy Council; that a latitude has always been permitted which it would be as unfair to retrench as unwise to assail; and that spiritual things ask to be judged by spiritual methods. To this conclusion Pusey himself was tending as years went on, bringing with them an experience of the fruitless and disedifying lawsuits under which his friends were continually encountering defeat. By the mere threat to surrender his preferments he kept the Athanasian Creed in the Liturgy; is it to be supposed that legal action would have kept it there? All parties, at length, seem to acquiesce in turning from the courts to arguments more becoming the sacred character of that which is in question. Much of its spiritual prerogative has now been conceded to the Church of England; and the Oxford Movement, by relinquishing its first fierce thoughts, has, in this measure, attained the object which it had in view from the beginning.

Pusey himself would fain have compassed a union of the Churches. He wrought valiantly as a peace-maker; but his customary lack of insight led him to address Newman on the subject when Newman was under a cloud, and to invoke the aid of French Bishops who at that moment were detested in the Roman Curia. He failed, as was inevitable. Perhaps it may be said that while the outward and visible union of societies so long divided was the merest dream, a certain give and take, in devotions, in philosophy, in criticism, has been going forward which tends towards a unity of mind and a sympathy of imagination, apart from which all treaties of reconciliation would be hollow indeed. There is a change for the better since the forces of unbelief have pitched their camp in the sight of Christians, and called upon them to forget their differences in the presence of a common enemy. If we endeavour to sum up the results of a movement in which various conflicting powers took their sides, it may perhaps be asserted that, on the whole, Religion has gained. The Christian host, though

though still parted into squadrons, is not engaged in civil war; its regiments have drawn closer, and the hateful word polemics no longer applies, as it once did, almost exclusively to discussions among divines who were all bound by the Apostles' Creed. A deeper feeling has been drawn forth towards the spiritual elements of religion; and controversy is exchanged for development of life within the borders of each communion. Looking out on the world at large, it would seem as if the Nominalism, Materialism, and Secularism of sixty years ago had been weighed and found wanting. Men are prepared to give the Christian Church fair play, to let it take up the reins of spiritual government once more and guide civilization to higher issues. In this unexpected revolution, now visible throughout Europe as well as among the English races, Keble, Newman, Pusey, Wilberforce, Wiseman, Manning, Lightfoot, and others whom we do not name, have contributed their several parts. It has been, Gibbon would say, an age of great Churchmen—this second half of the nineteenth century. The new time opens with a prospect inviting enough to demand all the efforts and enthusiasm of Christians towards realizing their ideals. True it always will be that 'scientia inflat, caritas edificat.' Yet the conquests of learning survive, and the Church is all the stronger for them. A wider knowledge has led on to a more humane and at the same time a less anthropomorphic view of religious dogma. The modern Christian, if he understands his own age, will exercise his intellect, live detached from worldliness, aim at social improvement, and not shrink from the shadow of reform. That is a consummation which would not have appeared as a defeat of their dearest hopes either to Pusey or to Wiseman. It was the end they both had in view, and they differed less than they agreed in the choice of means to accomplish it.

ART. II.—1. *Industrial Democracy*. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Two Vols. London, 1897.

2. *Aristocracy and Evolution*. By W. H. Mallock. London, 1898.

THE winter of 1897-98 has been an eventful period in the history of Trade Unionism. The decision of the House of Lords on appeal in the case of *Allen v. Flood*, delivered on the 14th December, and the stand made by the Employers' Federation against the encroachments of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, are events of permanent importance.

The facts in connexion with the legal decision above mentioned are shortly as follows:—

Flood and another were shipwrights employed by a shipbuilding company to do wood-work on a vessel. The company employed more men doing iron-work than shipwrights, and a strong feeling existed against Flood and the other respondents on the ground that they, being shipwrights, had done iron-work for another firm on a previous occasion. Allen, a Trade Union official, informed the managing director that his men did not like working with the two shipwrights, and that if they were continued on the job, the iron men would leave off work, or be called out. The managing director, therefore, dismissed the two men, who brought an action for damages against the Chairman and Secretary of the Trade Union, and also against the appellant, Allen, for having conspired together to induce the company to discharge the plaintiffs. The judge stated that no case had been established of conspiracy, or of coercion or intimidation. The jury found that there was no conspiracy, as the Chairman and Secretary had nothing to do with the matter, and judgment was given for them, with costs; but they found that Allen had maliciously induced the company to discharge the plaintiffs, and against him gave both the plaintiffs 20*l.* as damages. From this finding Allen appealed, and carried the case to the House of Lords. There it was held that the appellant had committed no actionable wrong, and that the respondents had no cause of action against him for their loss of employment. Judgment, therefore, was entered for Allen, with costs, in the House of Lords, in both courts below, and at the trial.

The lawyers decided, as all true Shandean will remember, that the Duchess of Suffolk was not akin to her own son, but 'let the learned say what they will, there must certainly (quoth my Uncle Toby) have been some sort of consanguinity between the Duchess and her son.—The vulgar are of the same opinion (quoth Yorick) to this hour.' So in the present case the shipwrights had no ground of action, but it will be difficult to persuade an impartial observer that they have not suffered a

gross

gross injustice. The incident only brings into relief the well-known fact that many acts, perfectly legal in themselves, may yet be used for purposes most tyrannical and unjust. We cannot conceive anything more humiliating or more distasteful to a just and honourable firm of employers than to be coerced into dismissing blameless and efficient workmen for reasons such as those put forward in the case of *Allen v. Flood*. What is more, we do not believe that any self-respecting body of Englishmen will quietly submit to dictation of this nature. As the law at present stands, interpreted, we have no doubt, quite correctly by the eminent lawyers who formed the majority of the highest court of appeal, there is no legal protection to workmen and their employers in a case of this kind. It becomes therefore absolutely necessary that employers who do not wish to be parties to this form of injustice must take steps to protect themselves. That the employers realize the gravity of the situation we have no reason to doubt. This important decision, though in form a great victory for militant Trade Unionism, will, by the employers, be regarded as an additional argument for extending the principle of Federation which has proved so irresistible in the Engineering dispute.

Apart from this legalization of the boycott, the engineering employers have had what they consider adequate grounds for combining to resist the demand of the Trade Unions. The following are among the complaints put forward by their Association :

A general complaint is made that the Amalgamated Society of Engineers has been captured by a Socialist executive, and that the tactics of the Union are directed to the attainment of an ideal, which, in the opinion of nine men out of ten, is absolutely impracticable. It involves, in fact, a complete destruction of the capitalist system in general, and of the English Engineering trade as its first and particular victim. A majority of the executive of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers are avowed Socialists, and their ideal is not merely to get the best terms possible from the capitalist employer, but to remove him altogether, as a principal obstacle to that reorganization of industry which the Socialist deems necessary. Mr. T. Mann, an influential member of the Independent Labour Party, to which Mr. Barnes, the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, also belongs, has recently issued a manifesto urging the formation of a new Labour Union.

'We realize,' he says, 'that it is impossible to have any real solution of the labour problem until capitalism is superseded by collectivism, and we are fully alive to the necessity for organization

to bring this about. We therefore favour the formation of a Union that shall embrace all sections of workers, whether classed as skilled or unskilled.'

Mr. Mann, Mr. Barnes, and their friends are entitled to hold and express these views; but it is not surprising that the engineer employers think it time to take steps to prevent themselves being 'superseded by collectivism.'

Further, without troubling themselves much about the theory of the subject, the employers had no doubt that many of the regulations which the Unions seek to enforce, though they may be very suitable to collectivism, are not compatible with existing conditions of industry. Some of these are set out in about fifty folio pages, issued by the Federated Engineering and Shipbuilding Employers, under the title of 'Examples of Restriction of Output and Interference with the Working of Machines, with Overtime, and in the Management of Shops.' These instances are in part compiled from the Monthly Reports of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and, indeed, it may be said generally that the facts put forward by the employers are not seriously disputed. We content ourselves therefore with quoting only a few illustrative cases.

1. In the January Report of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the Society takes credit for having, by the strike at Earle's in Hull, 'forced recognition of the principle that machines which supersede hand labour should be manipulated by skilled and full-paid men.'

2. Messrs. Nicholson, of Newark, introduced some new machinery; the Union enforced their own interpretation of the clause, 'that all new machines coming into that department should be worked by our men,' or, if a Unionist was not available, by a man receiving the high pay of a skilled engineer.

'This is a claim,' says a note of the employers, 'to a high rate of remuneration, whether or not such is warranted by the skill required. Employers' efforts are directed to simplifying production, and reducing the cost by means of automatic and improved machines. Many of the improved machines now require no attention for hours, beyond watchfulness that nothing unusual happens.'

3. At Belfast the employment of an unskilled man on a horizontal drilling-machine, which was claimed for a 'turner,' was objected to. A strike, continued for a day, was settled on condition 'that the machine be entirely stopped, pending a settlement.' The Society, it is further added, 'is now preparing a claim to other machines' throughout the whole district.

4. The

4. The May Report of the Society claims a 'vested interest' in all engineering operations for members of the Union. 'We have no objection to it [the machine], but we claim to use it.'

5. At the Edison and Swan Electric Lighting Company objection was taken to the employment of men who had been working from three to four years at a particular class of work, and the firm was obliged to engage that no more of this class of men should be employed. In this dispute the employers seem to have been supported by the Instrument Makers' Union against the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

6. From the June Report the following is cited :—

'Messrs. E. and J. Hall, having recommended labourers to take charge of and supervise refrigerating machinery constructed at their works, I called on the firm. Mr. Hesketh, managing director, considered the work belonged to engine-drivers, or men specially trained. We believe the work belongs to the practical engineer. The case is still under the Committee's consideration.

ALBERT BIGBY.'

7. A dispute having arisen with regard to the two-lathe system in use at Messrs. Scott Bros., of Halifax, two Trade Union officials visited the firm.

'We found,' they report, 'the practice of minding two lathes had been curtailed since our visit two years ago, and the extent to which it was now practised was so limited, and the work to which the running of two machines was confined was such, that we could not advise any drastic action being taken.'

8. The manager of a tramway company, employing some engineers, interviewed by a delegate of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, explained that he imposed fines as the only way, short of dismissal, by which he could enforce discipline. 'He was informed that the process of fining might suit other sections of his workmen, but would not suit our members, as we generally did that ourselves when found necessary.' If he had any complaints they were to be forwarded for investigation to the Union. 'Since my visit he has complained, but I fear they are not substantial, as I have asked him for particulars, which he has not supplied.'

9. At Greenock and Port Glasgow—

'there was some little trouble in one of the shops over a man who refused to join our Society, and perhaps more especially over the emphatic way in which he gave expression to his feelings, the result being that our members left off work; but an hour settled it, and our friend took his departure.'

These instances represent the avowed practice of the Union,
and

and are taken from its own official reports. As might be expected, however, some much more forcible instances are given in letters of employers addressed to the Employers' Federation.

10. At one firm two copying lathes were worked by two members of the Union at 35s. a week each. Since the strike a labourer at 24s. per week, a great advance on his former wages, took charge of the two lathes, and singly turned out more work than the two Unionists did together.

11. The regulations seem occasionally to prevent men from earning higher wages, if their diligence in any way interferes with the views of the Union. Thus, a firm was informed by their men that they had received instructions from the Society not to earn more at piece-work than the equivalent of the standard wage. The effect was to reduce the total output by about thirty per cent.

12. The following instance of the difficulty under which engineer employers have, previous to the recent strike and lock-out, been conducting their business, is worth quoting. A strike of Amalgamated Society of Engineers men took place in a certain London firm, because the manager, resenting the restriction of output, employed non-unionists willing to work after 5 P.M. Delegates called to complain of the tyranny of the manager. The firm supported the manager, and then 'the advice of the delegates was asked as to a man who had taken twelve and a half hours to plane a piece of work which should only have taken three and a half hours.' The work and the man were produced, a discussion between the man and the delegates took place, and as the result this man resigned. A few days after the firm received a notice, signed by 42 members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, demanding 'an apology for the gross misbehaviour to our fellow-member, who has been victimized,' etc., and also a guarantee against 'future tyranny.' This was accompanied by a threat to cease work that night.

These instances must suffice, though they hardly do justice to the employers' case, the strength of which lies in the multiplicity and variety of the demands put forward by the Unions, some of them in their nature trifling, but in the aggregate amounting to a detailed regulation of industry which the employers are not willing to accept. For the future it is now proposed that the delegates of the Unions shall meet the delegates of the Masters' Federation; and individual employers, though willing to consider representations from their own men, will decline to receive the delegates of the Unions. As one of the employers remarks: 'It is not pleasant, when one has to find the money, the tools, and the premises, to have men

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one never saw before, never even heard of, come into our works and say, "Look here, mister, we have made a rule." It is irritating; and for the future such delegates must apply to the Employers' Federation.

The trial of strength, which has ended in the defeat of the Trade Union, did not arise directly from any of these grievances, but was precipitated by a demand, made by the Trade Union, for a forty-eight hours week in London. The employers throughout the country, aware that a struggle was impending on the 'machine question,' and unwilling to allow the Trade Union to attack one section of employers at a time, determined to stand by their London colleagues, who were resisting a demand which they thought unreasonable. It does not appear why this demand was specially made in London. Very recently certain Thames shipbuilders in the east end of London were urgently demanding that the Government should pay them a larger rate for ships and engineering work generally than is paid to the rest of the country, on the ground that labour was dearer in London than on the Clyde and on the Tyne. If this is so, the London employer is less able than any other to grant this special concession. The truth probably is, that this question of forty-eight hours was chosen as the field of hostilities for tactical reasons. The ultimate and avowed aim of the Union officials is the supersession of the capitalist by collectivism; all aggressive action therefore is justifiable, and it is probably waste of time to look for any other reason than that the juncture seemed to the officials a favourable one for striking a blow at an institution which they wish to extirpate without remorse.

A brief history of the dispute may here be given. In August, 1896, some five hundred men employed in Earle's Shipbuilding and Engineering Works at Hull, struck work because, *inter alia*, 'a new vertical four-inch spindle milling and copying machine' was worked by a member of the Machine Workers' Association, although the Amalgamated Society of Engineers claimed the sole right of working such a machine for its own members. The strike began on the 12th of August, and continued till the end of November, when at a conference convened by the Board of Trade, it was settled on the terms that

'the milling machine at Messrs. Earle's, in consideration of its being a four-inch spindle machine, and having a copying arrangement, be worked by a turner or fitter (i.e. a member of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers). This decision, however, not to interfere with present customs in other establishments.'

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The employers consented to this, we are told and can readily believe, for the sake of peace only; and the Trade Union, encouraged by this success, continued to push forward its claim of monopoly on every opportunity. In December of 1896 the Amalgamated Society of Engineers addressed a complaint to the Federation of Employers 'against putting labourers to band-saws,' and formally claimed 'all band-saws as used in engineering shops for our members.' By this time the employers had organized their Federation, and their reply was as follows:—

'The Federation distinctly decline to admit the right of your Society to work any particular class of machines. The machines are the property of the employers, and they are solely responsible for the work turned out by them; they, therefore, will continue to exercise the discretion they have hitherto possessed by appointing the men they consider most suitable to work them.'

In January 1897 the Amalgamated Society of Engineers men at the Sunderland Forge and Engineering Company's Pallion, claimed the exclusive right to work some new boring machines which had recently been erected. This dispute seems to have been patched up in April, but the machine question was only temporarily shelved. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, finding that the employers would not yield so readily as they had done in the Earle Company's strike at Hull, became aware that this demand for a 'right to a trade' was not a question on which they could confidently appeal for the support of the public or of the allied trades. They accordingly made a change of front, the motive of which is described by Mr. Barnes, the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, in the following terms:—

'We have so far out-generaled Colonel Dyer' (the President of the Employers' Federation), 'as to have averted the fight on an unpopular issue, and to have shunted it into a question on which we ought to get, and I believe will get, the support of our fellow workmen.'

Accordingly, so it is suggested, the forty-eight hours per week demand was made on the London employers.

The suggestion that shorter hours should be worked for the same pay is always agreeable, but unfortunately it is not always possible. The employers declared that they could not grant it. They pointed out that they were hampered by the Trade Union tactics mentioned above, that taxes were increasing, that a market which had at one time been almost an English monopoly was fast being invaded by foreign competition. Interesting and detailed reports were given of the economy and efficiency

efficiency of labour-saving machinery used in America, and of the rapidity and ingenuity with which it was worked. The old-world methods of Trade Unionist caste were entirely unsuited to modern requirements. It was idle to talk of a reduction of hours while these antiquated and inefficient methods were retained. In that well-informed journal of the trade, 'The Engineer,' it is remarked on January 28, 1898, 'We can state with certainty that numbers of employers would have granted the eight hours day, if only the men would have left shop management alone.' If the engineering trade of this country is to retain its market, it must get rid of these restrictive and cumbersome methods, and then it may be time to talk of a reduction of hours, but antiquated methods and short hours are quite incompatible. The employers gave statistical illustration of the difficulty in which they found themselves, as follows:—

The exports in machinery and engines have increased from 1886 to 1896 in the following proportions:

From the United Kingdom . . .	50 per cent.
„ the United States . . .	250 „
„ Belgium . . .	300 „
„ Germany . . .	85 „
„ France . . .	34 „
„ Switzerland . . .	40 „
„ Sweden . . .	100 „

The demand for forty-eight hours was made on the London district only, 'the weakest, the least cohesive, the most expensive,'* and consequently the least able to grant this or any other concession. Some of the weaker firms gave way. The 'Labour Gazette,' the official organ of the Board of Trade, August 1897, states that up to July 14 about 160 firms in the London district had conceded the men's demands. In August the same authority more cautiously remarks: 'In London the list of firms who are reported by the Amalgamated Society of Engineers to have conceded the eight hours day has increased during the month from 196 to 218, the additional firms being mainly small.' A later statement put out by the Engineers' Society gives the number at 204. The Labour Department of the Board of Trade employs, as correspondents, a large number of prominent Trade Unionists throughout the country. It is part of their duty to furnish statistical gossip for the monthly journal of the Department. We do not suppose that independent persons have often thought it worth while to check its

* Address by Mr. T. Percival Wilson to the staff of Easton, Anderson, and Goolden, Limited.

figures. These particular statements, however, have been subjected by the employers to the following analysis:—

Not now in existence	2
Not in Directories	18
Given in duplicate	7
In financial difficulties	5 — 32
Not in Engineering Trade—	
Public Bodies	4
Newspapers	4
Brewers and Distillers	7
Contractors	4
General Trades not Engineers	25 — 44
Master Workmen and Employers of under 10 (average 4½ men each	24
Ammunition makers who follow Arsenal practice	5
Experimental Works	2
Granted 8 hours under pressure, but now re- verted to 9 hours	31
Various Engineering firms	66
	<hr/>
	204

The following is an analysis of the 66 Engineering firms included in the list:—

Particulars.

Working 8 hours before the agitation began	4
Country firm with London Office	1
Printing Machine workers	9
Brewers' Engineers' Coppersmiths	9
Ship repairers	12
Engineers, of whom several are specialists, and many are small	31
	<hr/>
	66

On the other hand, some 90 Federated firms and 186 unfederated firms refused the demands of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

To resist the pressure, the principal London employers formed themselves into an Association. Being convinced that this demand for a forty-eight hours week was part of a much larger question, and that the time for decided action had arrived, the Employers' Federation determined to join hands with the London Association, on an understanding which is succinctly summed up in Mr. Wilson's pamphlet:—

'You, in London, are attacked upon the hours question; the machine question has been avowedly shunted on to the hours question.'

question. If you who have not yet been attacked on the machine question will stand by us over that, we who have been attacked on the machine question, but not on the forty-eight hours, will stand by you over that. We agreed to it, and that was how London became a part of this great and powerful Federation.'

Accordingly, when the men employed in certain selected London shops were directed by the Union officials to strike, the Employers' Federation replied by locking out the Trade Unionists employed in its members' works, and, as we all know, this unfortunate and disastrous dispute remained unsettled till the end of January in this year.

An attempt was made by the Board of Trade to arrange the dispute by means of a Conference. Somewhat against their better judgment, and influenced mainly by the pertinacity of Mr. Ritchie, the employers consented to comply with the request of the Board of Trade. No settlement was obtained by this device; but, though the strike was undoubtedly prolonged thereby, the discussion at the Conference threw some valuable light on the controversy by the interchange of opinion which took place.

The tactics of the men's representatives at this Conference are not very easily understood. They agreed, provisionally at all events, to proposals which secured 'freedom to employers in the management of their works.' The full text is set out in the 'Labour Gazette' of January 1898. Employers were to be at liberty to introduce into their works any conditions of labour under which members of the represented Trades Unions had been working in any of the Federated workshops at the commencement of the dispute. Workmen were to be free to belong to a Trade Union or not, as they pleased. Employers might employ Unionists or non-unionists; and, in view of the decision of *Allen v. Flood*, the following sentence, modified to meet some objections of the Trade Unionists, is important:—

'Every workman who elects to work in a Federated workshop shall work peaceably and harmoniously with all fellow employees, whether he or they belong to a Trade Union or not. He shall also be free to leave such employment; but no collective action shall be taken till the matter has been dealt with under the provisions for avoiding disputes. The Federation do not advise their members to object to Union workmen, or to give preference to non-union workmen.'

In view of a further development of the argument, to be noticed presently, the reader is requested to observe that the Unionists retain,

retain, and presumably mean to use, their right to refuse 'to elect' to work with non-unionists.

The right to introduce piece-work was conceded, provided the terms were such as to allow a workman of average efficiency to earn at least the wages at which he is rated. An agreement with regard to conditions of overtime was also concluded. On the rating of workmen, the following conditions were accepted:—Employers shall be free to employ workmen at rates of wages mutually satisfactory—the Unions to fix such terms as they please for their own members. The Unions will not interfere in any way with the wages of workmen outside their own Union. There shall be no limit to the number of apprentices. Employers are to have liberty to 'select, train, and employ those whom they consider best adapted to the various operations carried on in their workshops, and will pay them according to their ability as workmen.' A clause making provision for avoiding disputes was also accepted.

The Conference then broke up, on the refusal of the masters to grant the forty-eight hours week, or even a fifty-one hours week. The men's representatives then submitted the question to a ballot of their members in a somewhat peculiar form.

The members of the Society were invited to vote: (1) In favour of or against acceptance of employers' terms, which, as modified and agreed to provisionally at the Conference, were set out for the men's information.

(2) 'Please vote for or against endorsement of following offer made by men's delegates at Conference. The offer made was provisional acceptance of employers' terms, and return to work on the basis of a fifty-one hours week throughout the Federated area.'

The employers protested against the inclusion of this second question, as it was an alternative which they declined to accept. The result of the ballot was an overwhelming majority against both proposals. Whatever the feeling of the representatives may have been, it is clear that 'freedom of management for employers,' as interpreted in the accepted proposals of the Conference, is altogether unpalatable to those engaged in the practice of Trade Unionism. A few weeks later the men's representatives withdrew the demand for a forty-eight hours week, and asked that work should be at once resumed. The employers, however, who had all along contended that the hours question was by no means the most important issue, declined to open their works unless the terms provisionally accepted by the men's representatives were also accepted by the Unions generally. Upon this, with an inconsistency

sistency which is not altogether explicable, Mr. Barnes and the other leaders of the men turned round and denounced the employers' proposals as 'Union-smashing.' It is difficult to see how conditions, which a few days before had been provisionally acceptable, could now be described as 'Union-smashing.' Circumstances, however, proved too strong for Mr. Barnes and his friends, and the strike was terminated by the surrender of the men.

It is impossible to estimate the loss caused by this unfortunate dispute. The men have sacrificed three millions of wages, and the masters have spent, it is estimated, one and a half millions. This leaves out of account the loss of the public through the delay in the execution of their orders, and the profit of the employers. Even more deplorable, in our opinion, than the material loss involved in such interruptions of trade, is the fruitless expenditure of ingenuity and passion and self-sacrifice, which, directed to more practicable ideals, might add so largely to the happiness and comfort of the labouring class.

It is not easy to avoid the suspicion that the dispute was unduly prolonged by the well-meant but ill-advised interference of the Board of Trade. The countenance which it gave to the Union's claim to machine monopoly in the Earle Company's strike, in the opinion of some well qualified to judge, was the cause of much of the trouble which followed. The late Colonel Dyer, who conducted the controversy with great firmness, frankness, and good humour, remarked that this lamentable dispute was not without its comic aspects; he referred

'to the ludicrous way in which prelates, philanthropists, professors, and politicians rushed into the arena with minds entirely unprejudiced by any previous knowledge of the subject, armed with crude panaceas for all the ills of the trade. They did their very best, their intentions were good, but if they had not attempted to interfere on a subject of which they knew absolutely nothing, it would have been wiser in them, and better for all concerned.'

The late Cardinal Manning, in a letter dated Christmas, 1889, published in the 'Recollections of Aubrey de Vere,' p. 303, puts on record a curious comment on his own action in the Dock Strike. 'And now as to the strike,' he says, 'I can only say that I never thought about it, till I found myself in it; and I believe that our Lord used me as He did Balaam's ass.' *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.* We cannot seriously rely on the precedent put forward with such profound humility and exalted confidence by this distinguished ecclesiastic. We cannot

cannot found a policy on the expectation that the Board of Trade will be filled with the plenary inspiration of Balaam's ass.

We may take it for certain that the provisional agreement accepted at the Conference by the Union representatives did not, in their opinion at all events, imply any surrender of the strenuous attitude which they have thought fit to adopt. What connexion (if any) there is between the tactics of the Trade Union representatives on this occasion and the teaching of the academic apologists for Trade Unionism, we are unable to say, but there appears to have been an attempt to bring about a certain correspondence between theory and practice, and to this aspect of the question we may turn.

There are, in this connexion, three things which require to be distinguished: (1) There is the actual practice of the Trade Unions. Some illustration of this has already been given. It involves a claim of one particular caste to work 'all band-saws,' and descends on occasion to such minute particulars that the engineers of the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, Barrow, struck because 'caulkers,' an inferior caste, were using engineers' tools. The offending weapon in this case was a simple file. It, in some trades, limits apprentices to such an extent, that, *e.g.* in the glass-making trade, not even members' sons can enter the trade without permission of the Union. In this trade it is also stated that the employers have lost the power of dismissing a drunken and incompetent workman, without the approval of the branch committee of the Union. It sanctions also the use of threats against workmen who enable employers to derive the full advantage from improvements in machinery. It enforces its policy by a very real method of persecution and intimidation, which would be the more heartily condemned, just because it is so cunningly devised as to keep within the letter of the law, were it not that the aims and objects of Trade Unionism are invested with a reverence and sanctity which are held to justify means which in themselves are abhorrent to the instincts of civilization. (2) There is also the view of the subject taken by Mr. Barnes and his colleagues at the recent Conference. *Provisionally* they are content to abandon a large proportion of the practices now actually employed by Trade Unionists; but they hold this view so lightly that on slight provocation they turn round and declare that concessions of this kind mean Union-smashing. (3) We have also to consider the attitude of the academic Trade Unionist, from whom possibly the view, so lightly thrown over by Mr. Barnes, was derived. This,

we

we think, is of sufficient importance to call for a more detailed consideration.

In the work named at the head of this article, Mr. and Mrs. Webb set out in great detail the various methods which Trade Unionism has used. These do not materially differ from the general sketch which we have filled in with instances drawn from other sources. They proceed, however, to recommend the abandonment of several of these cherished plans and pretensions. Thus, on p. 810, we find that the policy 'of restricting the entrance to a trade or of recognizing any exclusive right to a particular occupation or service' is set aside. 'The old Trade Union conception of a vested interest in an occupation must be entirely given up.' The 'Device of Restriction of Numbers' also 'will be unreservedly condemned . . . as inconsistent with the democratic instinct in favour of opening up the widest possible opportunity for every citizen.' Similarly also the 'Device of the Restriction of Output' is rejected as a master's and not a workman's policy. All of these devices are the more readily renounced because, it is said, enforcement of them has really proved impracticable. Trade Unionism, according to this theory, must fall back on the enforcement of the 'National Minimum'; and, as this policy is conceived by our authors, it constitutes a very cruel and relentless form of coercion. It is to be carried out by obliging all workers to enter and conform to the rules of a Trade Union. The boycott, as legalized in *Allen v. Flood*, is to be employed for this purpose. The difficulty arising out of the fact that the maximum wage for an engineer is double that which can be obtained by, say, an agricultural labourer, is met by the dictum that behind the Union there is the State, which ultimately by legal enactment can enforce certain minimum conditions, or, as is recommended by our authors in the case of home work, actually prohibit and abolish industries which do not rise to the required level:—

'Meanwhile, democracy may be expected to look on complacently at the fixing, by mutual agreement between the directors of industry and the manual workers, of special rates of wages for special classes. But this use of the method of collective bargaining for the advantage of particular sections—this "freedom of contract" between capitalists and wage-earners—will become increasingly subject to the fundamental condition that the business of the community must not be interfered with.'

When this 'fundamental condition' seems endangered, the democratic state will proceed by compulsory arbitration, that is, by legal enactment.

If liberty of entrance to a trade is not denied, and if democracy is really going to be complacent in view of 'special rates of wages for special classes,' *cadit quæstio*; Free Trade is practically admitted, and there is an end of militant Trade Unionism. This, of course, is not what Mr. and Mrs. Webb mean. The renunciation recommended by our authors is based on their statement that such restrictions are contrary to democratic sentiment, and that their enforcement has proved impracticable. If freedom of contract is allowed, it is obvious that occasionally the lower-paid grades of labour will, when competent, be apt to push into the employments which are better paid. To the Free Trader the fact is not disturbing, for he knows that the expansion of trade, due to an economical organization of industry, will create new and more profitable markets for every class of labour. Thus, in America a more or less complete absence of Trade Union restrictions has permitted the engineering trade to expand in a most remarkable manner, while at the same time it has allowed the workman to earn wages double, and sometimes three times, the rate earned by the same class of workman in this country. This illustrates the difference between free labour and the elaborate system of caste with which, to their own detriment, the Trade Unions of this country are burdening English industry.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb, however, do not believe in Free Trade, and they only recommend the abandonment of some restrictions because, as they think, they can suggest other methods of coercion which are more infallible. Their method of dealing with this difficulty, of the lower castes invading the trades of the higher castes, must be described in their own language. We have no hesitation in saying that it is vastly more chimerical than those schemes which they are now advising Trade Unionists to abandon as impracticable.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb explain their ideal thus. Instead of the impersonal market which under Free Trade automatically regulates the rise and fall of wages—

'the fixing of the conditions on which any industry is to be carried on is thus taken out of the hands of employers and workmen; the settlement will no longer depend exclusively on the strategic position of the parties or of the industry, but will be largely influenced by the doctrine of a living wage. The Trade Union official would then have to prove that the claims of his clients were warranted by the greater intensity of their effort, or by the rareness of their skill in comparison with those of the lowest grade of labour receiving only the national minimum; whilst the case of the associated employers would have to rest on a demonstration, both that

that the conditions demanded were unnecessary, if not prejudicial, to the workmen's efficiency, and that equally competent recruits could be obtained in sufficient numbers without the particular "rent of ability" demanded by the Trade Union over and above the national minimum.'

We cannot say that this seems to us very practicable. Universal Trade Unions confronted with Universal Employers' Federations, pleading in interminable arguments before some glorified Mr. Ritchie about their respective 'rents of ability,' is a conception which we cannot receive with the gravity due to the almost portentous seriousness of the ingenious inventors.

The abandonment of all attempts at coercion, and the frank reliance on the principle of freedom of contract, the only expedients likely to prove permanently acceptable to the instincts of a civilized community, are deliberately rejected by Mr. and Mrs. Webb, though, as we have seen, they are disposed to pay the homage due from the coercionist to the true equity of freedom, by the recommendation of large concessions. This rejection is based on our authors' assertion that Free Trade tends to foster what they call 'parasitic trades.' This proposition brings us face to face with the real issue which underlies all this controversy. It is so important that we venture to dwell on it in some detail. The unsophisticated conscience of a civilized community, as even Mr. and Mrs. Webb's own argument testifies, is in favour of freedom. Nothing but the direst necessity warrants a departure from the rule. According to Mr. and Mrs. Webb, the alleged tendency of Free Trade to foster 'parasitic' conditions of industry constitutes such a necessity, and warrants the introduction of Trade Union and legislative measures of coercion, restriction, and in the last resort prohibition.

It will be readily admitted that wages in many trades are too low. This is a proposition which every one who has occasion to sell his services for wages will enthusiastically accept, but, to sustain their contention, Mr. and Mrs. Webb have to prove something more than this. They have to explain which of these unsatisfactory trades we are to stigmatize as 'parasitic.' They have next to show that their condition is due to Free Trade; and, lastly, they have to show that the evils complained of will be remedied through the supersession of Free Trade by the proposed restriction or prohibition.

Let us take first the case which has already engaged so much of our attention. The argument of the engineers, stated in the phraseology of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, was that the condition of their trade was retrograding; that, in fact, it was in danger

of becoming parasitic, and that it was falling below the national minimum *plus* that additional 'rent of ability' to which they thought themselves entitled. The employers' answer was something to this effect:—

'True, our trade is not advancing as rapidly as it should, and we are consequently not able to improve the pay and general condition of our operatives, as we should inevitably be compelled to do if our markets were expanding at the old rate. If our trade is falling into a parasitic condition, it is because we have to compete under Trade Union regulations of an antiquated and uneconomical character against the ingenuity of American manufacturers, who have a free hand in the management of their own business. Give us the same liberty, and we have no doubt that we can more than hold our own against the world.'

No section of Trade Union opinion seems to be really willing to give the employers this liberty of action. The Trade Unionist proper enforces the workman's claim to a monopoly of his trade. This point is surrendered in theory by Mr. and Mrs. Webb, but they are complacent towards coercive attempts to maintain arbitrary 'rents of ability,' and they strongly advocate the suppression of home work, and generally of all such trades as seem to them to fall below the 'national minimum' as regards the wages and conditions of labour.

Sir John Gorst, speaking on February 9th, at the dinner of the United Club, seems to take the same view. Colonel Dyer, who spoke before him, had, with great temerity, suggested that wages must be governed by the market, but 'trades were only valuable,' said Sir John, 'when they could be carried on with reasonable remuneration to the workmen employed; and when they could only be carried on to the destruction of the health, life, and comfort of the workmen, it was better that they should gradually die out, and be carried on elsewhere under circumstances more profitable.'

It is all very well in an academic treatise on Industrial Democracy to say that the law should prohibit poor people from working for profit in their own homes, or, in genial after-dinner oratory, to talk of allowing decadent trades to die out, or to transplant themselves to the more favourable conditions of the United States. Economic forces, which are obvious and irresistible, are slowly destroying home work; there is no need artificially to hasten the process, or, by sweeping prohibition, to kill also such occasional survivals of home industries as may be economically legitimate. In the case of the engineers, the employers will of course refuse to admit that their trade is necessarily a decadent and parasitic industry.

industry. They will not resort to the tame surrender recommended by Sir John Gorst without an effort. Even if the expansion of trade, which the employers expect from being allowed to use a free hand in improving methods of production, does not afford sufficient guarantee for a proportionate improvement in the condition of the workman—a hypothesis entirely opposed to the well-ascertained facts of industrial history—it is surely absurd to say that the conditions of labour against which the engineers struck are of such a character that they ought to be prohibited by Trade Unionism or legislation. If these conditions are intolerable, it is obvious that the same reasoning will call for a cessation of the greater part of English industry.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb, however, may argue that this particular strike was ill-advised, and their sympathies will probably be with Mr. T. Mann, whose manifesto, already quoted, points out that if Unionism as understood by them is to be effective, the unorganized workers, numbering at least four-fifths of the whole, must be included in one solid aggressive federation. The assumption that the process called by our authors 'collective bargaining' would be more favourable to the labourer when conducted on a gigantic scale than when, as at present, sectional bargains are carried out separately by individual Unions, requires much more proof than Mr. and Mrs. Webb have condescended to give. The opinion and experience of Mr. T. Burt, M.P., a veteran Trade Unionist of the older school, can be cited in support of a contrary view. In one of his recent monthly circulars to the Northumberland miners, he says that—

'One result of the recent struggle will be to modify the views of those Trade Unionists who honestly believe the men's chances of success are necessarily increased by widening the area of the battlefield. It was often said that sectional strikes were sure to fail. Founded on observation and experience, his belief was that, other things being equal, the employers—and not the workmen—were strengthened by widening the area of the conflict.'

For ourselves, we are prepared to go much further than Mr. Burt. This process of collective bargaining seems to us not to be a bargain or a contract at all, but an attempt to bring back the labourer to a condition of *status* from which the progress of civilization has partly emancipated him. It may be true that philanthropy and not feudalism now regulates the status of the national minimum, but in our view the distribution of labour by means of free contract has been in the past, and will be in the future, the labourer's best charter of advancement.

The recent dispute was between Federated Unions and

Federated Employers, and according to Mr. Burt was not a mere sectional strike. Mr. and Mrs. Webb may argue that as compared with legislation and the universal Unionism, which they advocate, the engineers' dispute was a sectional quarrel. They may dissent, therefore, from Sir J. Gorst's view that the engineering trade should migrate to America, and declare that, for the present, at all events, their desire is to leave the additional 'rents of ability' to take care of themselves, and to devote the whole resources of Trade Unionism and legislation to putting an end to all industry that does not reach the 'national minimum.' This national minimum, it may be remarked in passing, is an extremely vague conception. It was one thing yesterday, it is another to-day, and those who do not despair of progress believe that it will be something better to-morrow. The question at issue is: Does the improvement which undoubtedly has come to pass, and the improvement which we expect to see, depend on an arbitrary and aggressive destruction of the lower types, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb argue; or, as we contend, is it the result of the attractive and absorbent power of the higher civilization?

Let us consider, in further elucidation of the question, examples of parasitic trades as they are advanced by Mr. and Mrs. Webb.

On pages 753, 754, the 'nailers' in the Dudley district, the sweated slop-worker, and the girls working at 'ring-spinning,' a process in the cotton trade, are cited as persons suffering from employment in parasitic industries. The Census of 1891 throws some light on the effect of Free Trade (that is, our present modified adoption of that principle) upon the alleged parasitic employments of 'nailing' and 'slop-working.' The number of persons employed in hand nail-making declined during the decade 1881 to 1891 47 per cent. It is, in fact, a rapidly decaying trade. A considerable decline is apparent also in the numbers of seamstresses and shirtmakers, and this is accompanied by an increase in the number of the better-paid 'female machinists.' Mr. and Mrs. Webb quote Lord Farrer's remark that Free Trade 'brings more profit to our manufacturers, and better wages to our workmen,' and they complain that the advocates of Free Trade do not set out the proof of this statement; but the fact, we submit, is patent. Probably the one thing proved by the Royal Commission on Labour is that the average of wages, both nominal and real, has largely advanced during the last fifty years.

In the case of the two trades which we are now considering, it is obvious that they both are survivals of the less efficient and primitive

primitive methods of work which were once universal. They are being destroyed by Free Trade, and they have their origin in a condition of immobility and stagnation which is the very antithesis of free exchange.

The third instance is that of respectable and well-nurtured young women who are willing to work the 'ring-spinning' process at wages from 10s. to 12s. a week. Such earnings, it is argued, are not a full maintenance. Most, if not all of them, have a home with parents or relations, and in this sense, according to our authors, the trade is parasitic, and in some way ought to be prohibited.

This argument, however, takes us a very long way. Is it really the case that the earning of 10s. or 12s. a week should be prohibited? The alternative is not that wages should be raised, but that these girls, and everyone else earning similar low wages, shall not be employed at all. Ought agricultural work during the earlier part of this century to have been prohibited because the wages, not of a girl, but of a man, with possibly a dependent family, were less than 12s.? Again, does the possession of parents and the ordinary ties of kinship tend to reduce the industry of the young to a parasitic condition? Is every workman who has accumulated some savings, and who therefore is not entirely dependent on his wages, necessarily reduced to a servile condition? Can full wages only be earned by persons who are absolutely proletarian? If so, the outlook of civilization is gloomy enough.

The whole idea is, we believe, an idle chimera, and need not alarm us. The market for women's services is, unfortunately, restricted, but it is less restricted than it has been. Voluntarily also, women are narrowing their own market by ceasing to do field work and the rougher forms of manual labour—a step forward which, it will be agreed, is in the main matter for congratulation, and proof that women wage-earners are not the helpless victims of economic forces, as is sometimes alleged. The selfish policy of the Trade Union, and public opinion, have kept them out of some employments which they could follow. They, at least, have nothing to fear from the opening of the markets. Their present disabilities, natural and artificial, have not been caused by Free Trade. The prohibition of the employment of women under conditions which do not meet with the approval of the philanthropist, will not involve their absorption into industry on more favourable terms. The true economy of high wages is a paradox which the history of industry is every day establishing with greater certainty; but it is a beneficent principle which can be nullified when industry

is confined by protective tariffs, by Trade Union restrictions, and by the other devices through which men seek to approach the chimerical ideals of Socialism.

At this point, it may be convenient to notice an experiment in combination which is attracting some attention among Trade Unionists. In some branches of the Birmingham hardware trade a combination of employers and workmen has been established, with a view of regulating prices as against the consumer, and also as against the manufacturer who is disposed to 'cut' prices. This is an elaboration, with a difference, of the sliding-scale system of wages, which at one time was popular in the coal trade. It recognizes that there is a certain community of interest between the capitalist employer and the workman, and it accepts the doctrine that prices are governed by the demand and supply. This arrangement is rejected by Mr. and Mrs. Webb, on the ground that labour must be emancipated altogether from demand and supply. Demand and supply is all very well when a workman is earning high wages; but the principle ceases to be satisfactory when it condemns some classes of workmen to low wages and prejudicial conditions of labour. There is an interesting article on this 'New Trades Combination Movement,' by Mrs. Bosanquet, in the December number of the 'Economic Journal' for 1897. The movement, however, is not new; and though this, as well as the renunciations of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, represents a considerable advance toward a clear formulation of the issues, we cannot think that it affords any permanent solution for labour disputes. It ignores the fact that high wages can only be permanently maintained by economic causes; neither legislation, nor attempts at 'cornering and regrating,' have ever succeeded for long in dominating a market. Mr. and Mrs. Webb's criticism seems to us effective, though we cannot admit the practicability or justice of their own suggested remedy. The only just and impersonal regulation of price is the market. The ideal to which we must slowly work is complete liberty given to the employers' ability for the expansion of industry, and complete liberty for the individual units of labour to follow those trades which offer the best remuneration.

The assumption underlying the Birmingham combination, namely, that high and low prices are in some way the result of high and low wages respectively, is unwarranted. We believe, on the contrary, that the future of industry will combine, and to some extent in the relation of cause and effect, high wages and low prices. We are too much inclined to look for an expansion of our trade solely in foreign and colonial markets. A vastly more important element is the cultivation of our own
home

home trade. For this purpose we may confidently rely on the effect of low prices and high wages for spreading the advantages of civilization through an ever widening circle of our industrial population.

In asking the reader to reject the coercive policy recommended in these volumes on Industrial Democracy, we have not hesitated to proclaim our belief in the sufficiency of the constructive principles on which our present industrial system is inevitably based. In the course of this dispute we have been reminded by the Duke of Argyll of how much depends on a right conception of the laws of social economy, and, in particular, of a true theory of value. We agree further with his Grace in the view set out in his 'Unseen Foundations of Society,' that the lay public has distinct ground of complaint against the professors of political economy for an exposition of the subject which is not particularly helpful. There appears to us to be a growing opinion that the reconstruction of the 'shattered science' of economics is to be looked for rather in the direction followed by Whately, MacLeod, and Mallet than in the eclectic empiricism which is current in the doctrines of the official teachers of the science. The contributions of these three writers are unfortunately only fragmentary or purely theoretical, and the most practical treatment of the subject comes from the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Mallock, who are not economists by profession.

Colonel Dyer was evidently not a very attentive reader of modern economics, and indeed the man who had to manage the Elswick works was not to be blamed if he did not trouble himself about 'marginal utilities' and similar nebulous conceptions. He seemed to think that professors of economics still teach that labour is the sole source of value or wealth. It is not, of course, quite so bad as this; but undoubtedly the fallacy is most successfully refuted in the comparatively neglected work of Mr. MacLeod on the popular essays of the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Mallock. These writers have reminded us how, under conditions of security and freedom of exchange, Ability has been able to organize Labour and indeed the whole of the brute forces of nature, for the service of man. The mobility of labour which enables it to turn away from the ill-requited toil of such primitive industries as agriculture, and to seek the higher-paid callings of modern industry, has made wages an exception to the general rule, that progress in industry means a reduction of prices. The movement of labour, in a free market and under the guidance of ability, has drawn away surplus population from agriculture and distributed it through-
out

out the whole range of modern industry. The result has been a general levelling up of the conditions of labour. The benefit thus achieved has been less marked than it might have been, because fallacies and misconceptions have been industriously disseminated, which prevent men from trusting their fortunes to the influence of the free market. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of a true theory of value, or to overestimate the mischief which is done by entertaining false conceptions on this subject.

If we are anxious to complete the picture, we shall do well to turn not only to the exposition of the economists, but also to the occasional speculations of great captains of industry. In a most suggestive presidential address delivered to the Institution of Civil Engineers in November 1895, Sir Benjamin Baker drew attention to another element which must be added to our conception of the mechanism by which a modern industrial community moves and has its being.

'The popular notion,' he says, 'that some great advance is due to the brilliant inspiration of a particular genius proves, on closer examination, to be wrong, as the advance was merely the result of the operation of the ordinary laws of supply and demand, and the genius himself very probably will have committed himself in writing to a sufficient extent to prove that he really was drifting with the stream rather than piloting the ship.'

Again, 'The men who built the "Santa Maria"—the long sarcophagus in which Columbus sailed to discover America—"the "Royal Harry," and many larger vessels, were quite capable as artificers of constructing, with the same material and implements, clipper ships of 500 to 900 tons, such as astonished the world in the historical race from China to London in 1866.'

The condition which differentiates modern from primitive industry is not merely the presence of ability, still less the presence of brute force, but the gigantic volume of effective demand under the attraction of which the advance of modern industry is drawn forward. An adequate analysis of this significant factor in modern civilization would take far beyond the limits of this article; it is sufficient to indicate that this creative force of demand arises under conditions of security and freedom of contract, and that it is rendered effective by the extraordinary facility of exchange whereby, through a few strokes of the pen, the million-pound force of capital is brought as thoroughly under human control as the so-called horse-power of the steam engine, and electricity. The vast superstructure of commercial credit, an organization automatically and voluntarily evolved,

evolved, and erected on a relatively infinitesimal basis of metal currency, acts as the arterial system of that demand which directs the movements of Ability and Labour.

In his latest work, '*Aristocracy and Evolution*,' Mr. Mallock develops his favourite theory with many new illustrations, and with all his old lucidity and force. He devotes considerable space to a criticism of Mr. H. Spencer's rejection of the 'great man' theory of progress as set out by Carlyle. It appears to us that Mr. Mallock, whose theory of the function of Ability is of course quite distinct from the view of Carlyle, unduly magnifies the difference of opinion between Mr. Spencer and himself. A reconciliation of Mr. Mallock's theory of Ability with the theory of progress propounded by Mr. Spencer is to be found, we think, in a right understanding of the condition to which Sir Benjamin Baker has directed attention. The absence of that condition, *i.e.* effective demand, explains why mediæval men of science wasted their time over the scholastic philosophy and the futilities of alchemy. Its presence to-day supplies the condition under which Ability is imperatively called on to superintend the movements of men and of matter.

This volume of demand is the aggregate of the spending power of the community, and it is fed from the earnings and economies of the humblest. The important consideration is: On what objects will it centre itself, what industries will it foster and quicken?

A curious paradox has been advanced by the late Sir E. Chadwick, that the wages of the poorer classes, even when at their lowest, were generally in excess of their ability to spend them wisely. Without pressing for a literal acceptance of this dogma, we believe that the poor man is the primitive man whose appetites still elude the discipline of civilization. The attainment of independence, the hope of a release from toil, have been ideals too remote to furnish motives strong enough to compete with the more carnal appetites of the primitive man. The gulf which separates the proletariat from the ownership of property is widened by the operation of a poor law and by ideals of promiscuity of property put forward by Socialists. While, therefore, the passive resistance of the proletariat to the discipline required by our present social system is in itself considerable, it may be influenced and overcome by additional facilities and cheapness in the supply of those things which constitute the more elementary conditions of civilization.

For instance, the system of share-owning which Mr. G. Livesey has arranged for the workmen of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, if it could be more widely extended, might

might do something to direct to more profitable use that ill-spent surplus expenditure which Sir E. Chadwick detected in the economies of even the poorest. Again, excessive drinking is largely the result of the lack of unintellectual amusements such as appeal to the duller spirits which are to be found among the poor as well as in every other class. A fall of 25 or 50 per cent. in the cost of bicycles, a result against which the late engineering strike was a stubborn resistance, would make the bicycle a more formidable competitor with the public-house than the comparative remoteness of independence and property, and all they connote, has ever suffered them to be.

The vastness and complexity of the voluntary and automatically working mechanism on which our industrial system revolves, should make the thoughtful pause before embarking on revolutionary or obstructive courses. The subject is large and our space is limited, but we have endeavoured to show that though this is not the best of all possible worlds, its present constitution is inevitable and sufficiently beneficent to be, at least, tolerable. '*Natura non nisi parendo vincitur.*' Those who are privileged to advise the working classes are under a very solemn responsibility. The expansion of industry contains within itself an adequate guarantee for the advancement of labour. Capitalism, as it is sometimes invidiously called, is inevitable; but there is an honourable and commodious place within it for the labourer, if he will abjure on the one hand the false ideals of promiscuity of property, and on the other the despairing inertia which in the past has chained him to a semi-servile dependence on the feudal State. We recognize in the Trade Union movement a passionate rebellion, with the inner meaning of which we heartily sympathize. The same intrepid spirit, which has prompted so many fruitless sallies against the windmills of capitalism, will, we hope, some day be directed to a more hopeful enterprise. The employers, on whose side in the recent contest the opinion of the educated and impartial public has undoubtedly ranged itself, must in the interest of labour as well as of capital be firm in upholding the sacred principles of liberty, but they will not depart, we hope, from the conciliatory and good-humoured toleration which we should be glad to believe has been and will be the spirit of both parties in this unfortunate dispute.

- ART. III.—1. *Lettres inédites de Napoléon I^{er}*. Publiées par Léon Lécestre. Two Vols. Paris, 1897.
 2. *New Letters of Napoleon I.* From the French by Lady M. Loyd. London, 1898.
 3. *Mes Souvenirs sur Napoléon*. Par le Comte Chaptal. Paris, 1893.
 4. *The First Napoleon*. By J. C. Ropes. 12th edition, revised. Boston, 1895.

TO form a correct estimate of Napoleon's character and personality, it is absolutely necessary to study his own writings. In his letters and papers a great man—strive though he may—cannot fail to reveal himself, even when we have not the purely private and personal correspondence which remains to us in the case of Cicero and of Nelson. Here at least there will be none of that party or patriotic bias which cannot but influence his historians and biographers. If all is not told, all will be indicated: there will be hints which even the most partizan of memoir-writers may illustrate. No reputation has been more furiously assailed or more fervently defended than that of Napoleon. He had enemies amongst the Republicans, enemies amongst the Legitimists, enemies amongst those who deserted him, though loaded by him with honours and rewards, and who felt bound to blacken his character in their own defence. He had enemies amongst those whom he conquered and so cruelly oppressed. He has partizans to-day in the Republic, which has returned to his traditions and policy; and devoted admirers amongst those who, dazzled by his greatness as a soldier, would shut their eyes to his political misdeeds. With animosity on the one side and adulation on the other, it is hard to discover the truth about the man.

'To judge Napoleon is to judge the universe,' it has been said, and Napoleon's own words are certainly a colossal subject. The '*Correspondance de Napoléon I^{er}*,' which professed to give all his writings possessing any public interest, fills thirty-two enormous volumes and weighs perhaps two hundredweight. It was published during the Second Empire, at the instance of Napoleon III., between the years 1858 and 1869. Its historical value was, however, greatly diminished by the manner in which it was edited. The Napoleon dynasty had to be tenderly treated, and unpleasant facts as far as possible suppressed. In the earlier volumes, dealing with the period up to 1808, the object of the editors was to 'publish that alone which the Emperor would have made public,' and that which 'revealed to posterity his personality and his system.' In this earlier portion

portion there was not much suppression. But in 1864 a new committee of editors was appointed under the presidency of the notorious 'Plon-plon,' Prince Napoleon. He removed from the committee Marshal Vaillant and Prosper Mérimée, because they laid an inconvenient stress upon candour. He withheld all 'letters of a purely private character,' in addition to the letters which Napoleon himself would have suppressed. He introduced into the correspondence two letters of very doubtful authenticity, dictated from memory by Napoleon at St. Helena. One of these is addressed to Murat, and dated March 29, 1808; the other, to Louis Napoleon, is dated April 3 of the same year. The total number of letters and papers published was 22,067, besides four volumes of the Emperor's writings at St. Helena. To these M. Lécestre has added 1226.

But even as it is, with M. Lécestre's help, we are far from having all the letters and papers which Napoleon wrote or dictated. Forty-two letters were carried off by the orders of Napoleon III., of which, however, five were afterwards admitted into the 'Correspondance,' twenty-two more were copied, and, according to M. Lécestre, fifteen perished without leaving any further indication of their contents than is afforded by their opening and closing words. Here, it should be remarked, he shows some ignorance of Napoleonic literature, else he should know that part at any rate of a letter to Fouché of March 3, 1810, is given in Thiers and Lanfrey. It is very characteristic and may be quoted:—

'Is the King of Holland [Louis Napoleon] mad? Ask him if it is by his orders that his Ministers have acted thus [in fortifying Amsterdam] or on their own inspiration. If it is on their own inspiration tell him I will arrest them and cut off all their heads.'

There are many other letters of which we have some trace but which have either perished or disappeared. Napoleon himself is believed to have regularly destroyed the most compromising documents. When Fouché ceased to be Minister of Police that very slippery intriguer, to secure his own safety, went off with a large number of incriminating letters. He was bullied or bribed into surrendering them, but they seem to have vanished. During the Russian campaign of 1812, at Ortscha, Napoleon burnt all the papers which he had in his possession, fearful lest they should fall into the hands of the Cossacks. Naturally much was destroyed on this occasion that would otherwise have been published—that was, so to say, innocuous to the name of Napoleon. Bourrienne, Napoleon's private secretary during his earlier years, carried off several autograph

autograph papers or minutes and could not be compelled to restore them. He is accused by the Napoleon family of purloining private family letters, and with wonderful impudence virtually pleads guilty in his 'Memoirs' to the charge.

Yet more letters were destroyed by Pasquier, Napoleon's Prefect of Police, in 1814. They had been placed in his keeping by Savary, the Minister of Police. 'A portfolio containing all the letters which the Emperor had written to me during my administration,' are Savary's words. M. Pasquier tells us—

'what little I had seen of the correspondence contained in that portfolio had greatly added to my fears of the serious consequences which might follow upon a violation of its secrecy. Many people and many interests would have been compromised. After a few minutes' hesitation I decided to throw the whole thing into the fire; five minutes later it was consumed.'

Certainly some of these letters existed in duplicate, since letters to Savary appear in both the 'Correspondance' and M. Lécestre's volumes. But as certainly others, of which no duplicates were kept, perished, and posterity lost some very sensational revelations, inasmuch as Savary was the instrument Napoleon selected for his dirtiest work. These papers, we can safely affirm, would have thrown great light upon the shadier passages of the Empire. It appears from an interesting passage in Thiébauld's memoirs, that it was in some instances a habit of Savary to destroy Napoleon's letters when received.

Other letters again of the extremest importance were burnt by Meneval, the last of Napoleon's secretaries, when he left the Tuileries in 1814. Finally, the autograph letters of various sovereigns to Napoleon were stolen from Joseph Napoleon in that same disastrous year, carried off to England, and offered to the publisher, Murray, who refused to have any part in what he considered a breach of confidence. With these letters were probably, but not certainly, some of Napoleon's own writing. That history lost much cannot be doubted; Mr. Murray just glanced at the bundle, and no more. The Russian Government, however, paid no less than 10,000*l.* for those letters alone which had been written by the Czar. What has become of the others is not known.

At the time when the 'Correspondance' was published a good many letters in the hands of private individuals were omitted through the ignorance, carelessness, or selfishness of their possessors, and not necessarily through the bad faith of Prince Napoleon and his editors. Thus, all the important
letters

letters to Caulaincourt were lost, till in the present decade they were rediscovered and published by M. Vandal, from whose pages M. Lécestre has transferred them. Probably there are still a good many letters lying hidden away in family archives and in autograph collections. Of M. Lécestre's '*Lettres inédites*' 340 have been published in various works since the completion of the '*Correspondance*,' and of these the greater number were inaccessible to Prince Napoleon. Both the latter and M. Lécestre, however, have some unaccountable omissions; for instance, neither gives two very important and well-known letters, which are quoted by reliable authorities, and which are incontestably genuine. The first concerns the Tyrolean leader, Hofer, is written to Eugène Beauharnais, and is dated February 11, 1810:—

'My Son,—I did order you to send Hofer to Paris, but, as he is at Mantua, forward directions to assemble a court-martial instantly; try him, and shoot him wherever he may be when your instructions arrive. Let all this be done within twenty-four hours.'

The second orders the confiscation of Church property in the Papal States to the value of 150,000,000 francs. Other omissions are a letter to Berthier of March 2, 1814, and the intercepted correspondence with Josephine, published, with remarkable want of chivalry, by the British Government during Napoleon's expedition to Egypt.

To some extent M. Lécestre has been subject to the censorship of the French Foreign Office. '*The susceptibilities of diplomacy*,' he tells us, '*have necessitated the suppression of some few phrases*,' so that '*Lettres inédites*' cannot be regarded as the final word. And yet, in spite of the little faults we have noted, it is a work of the greatest value. It does not affect very profoundly the general view of Napoleon, but it confirms the judgment of those who have seen in him, towards the close of his career, the arbitrary, umbrageous despot. By itself it will be apt to give too dark a picture, though, as has already been seen, many of the letters in it were only suppressed through accident. Still, read apart from the '*Correspondance*,' the effect is terrific. '*The great man*,' says M. Lécestre, '*disappears; there remains only an imperious, brutal, and violent being, who mercilessly shatters all that stands in the way of his will.*'

Yet, however *unhuman*, however *unmoral* the being which here reveals itself, there can be no doubt of its Titanic greatness. The profound insight, the far-seeing statesmanship which considers future as well as present, the omniscience, the
iron

iron determination, the stupendous audacity of Napoleon, are thrown into the strongest relief. And what a style is this in which his orders are recorded! Clear, simple, and direct, with a force and lucidity which are lost in translation, there might be said of it what Thiébault said of Napoleon's conversation, that 'it reduced thought to its simplest expression.' Inevitably this style recalls that of the great Russian master Turgueniev, and of the yet greater Latin, Cæsar—'bare of all ornament, like an undraped human figure, perfect in all its lines as nature made it.'

Couched mainly in the imperative, there is no room for adornment. Nor had Napoleon time for verbiage. He wrote to abuse or to order, rarely or never to praise. In this he is unlike Nelson and Cæsar. 'I never change my style or my tone,' he once told his stepson after he had covered him with undeserved reproach. Imperious command, furious irony, contemptuous invective, biting reproach flow from him—seldom words of gratitude or love. 'I have made courtiers, not friends,' he said to Chaptal, his Minister of the Interior, in the hour when danger was gathering over his head. 'I have no time for love,' he constantly repeated. All was to be sacrificed to *politique*. To dazzle France and Europe he must shine pre-eminent, a sun in the firmament. 'He wished no one to have glory but himself; he believed in no talent but his own; he laid the blame of his defeats on others,' says Chaptal. His position drove him to incarnate egoism. By this very egoism of his, as time went on, he paralyzed the efficiency of the military machine which he had created with the soldiers of the Revolution. Praise unjustly withheld sharpens enmity and fatally damps zeal. Yet, arch-egoist though he was, few men have been better served by their followers, and few have been more deeply loved. If the man had been such as his enemies represent him, none would have followed him to his miserable prison in St. Helena, and he could never have commanded the passionate devotion of such generous souls as Caulaincourt and Duroc. By the strange anomaly of human nature he who gave so little of affection received much. And yet it would be a sovereign injustice to say of him that he never loved. The agony of the separation from Josephine is proved both tender and sincere by the last cry of the departing soul, 'France—armée—tête d'armée—Joséphine.'

Nor can Napoleon be wholly blamed for the violence and lawlessness of his character. He was the child of a violent and lawless age. No single measure of his was more infamous than the partition of Poland, which was the act of virtuous and single-minded

single-minded Prussia, Austria, and Russia. If he claimed to be above morality he was only carrying out on a stupendous scale the teaching of Frederick the Great. Nor did his adversaries always respect those high moral laws, the breach of which in his case they so severely reprobated. It was the iron age of modern Europe. Again, during the greater part of his reign he was face to face with the abnormal conditions of war or rebellion, and war was then made with horrible savagery. Blame him as we may and shall, it must be remembered that his age saw the sack of Badajoz, amongst circumstances of atrocious cruelty, by British soldiers, and the slaughter and maltreatment of French prisoners by the Russians. In our own times the merciless execution of *francs-tireurs*, the relentless punishment of Bazeilles by the Bavarians, and a hundred other examples which might be cited, prove that war almost necessarily involves great exasperation and great cruelty. And if Napoleon persistently enjoined the utmost severity as a system, it was usually when dealing with guerillas and partizans, whose atrocities to their French prisoners were often unspeakable.

If Napoleon would have indignantly refused to inflict upon his soldiers or sailors the appalling punishments which were part of British discipline, we yet find him in the '*Lettres inédites*' ordering the torture of a suspected spy.

'Instantly seize the sailors and gear of that skipper of a fishing smack, who has been holding communications with the English. Make him speak, and I authorize you even to promise him a pardon if he makes any revelations. If you see any hesitation you can, as is the custom with men accused of spying, screw up his fingers in the trigger of a musket,' he writes.

The historical interest of this passage is great. The unfortunate Captain Wright, a British naval officer, who was taken prisoner at this very time, and infamously treated by the French, records that two of his officers were threatened with torture, and that he personally saw several of the witnesses in the Cadoudal trial savagely tortured—

'Some of these poor people had their thumbs screwed together by the cock of a musket, operating* as a vice, whilst gunpowder was placed upon their nails and fired; others had burning coals or hot embers applied to the soles of their feet.'

This passage has usually been regarded as a lying travesty or an exaggeration of facts. It occurs in a statement drawn up by Wright in prison, before his death, and was found in the archives of the police upon the Bourbon restoration, and handed by
Louis

Louis XVIII.'s order to Sir W. Sidney Smith. Those who have allowed its truth have maintained that such atrocities were perpetrated without Napoleon's knowledge by his 'Mamelukes,' as Paris christened Savary and the police minions. Yet here Napoleon appears ordering and enjoining this very torture of which Wright speaks.

This passage in Captain Wright's statement, when thus corroborated, supplies a possible motive for his 'taking-off.' A police which was capable of torturing prisoners was not likely to stick at assassination, and a man who had seen torture inflicted was not a man to be allowed at large, when his damning evidence could be given to the world. He was supposed to have committed suicide; but, as in the case of Pichegru, the circumstances were very suspicious. It was said at the time that Pichegru had been tortured. 'It is strange: all Bonaparte's enemies die,' was the comment of Paris. And there were too many dark mysteries at the time for all to be ascribed to chance. Besides the supposed 'suicides' of Wright, Pichegru, and Admiral Villeneuve, there was the disappearance of Mr. Bathurst, a British diplomatist at the Austrian Court. He vanished in 1809 on the frontier of Mecklenburg, and was never seen again. Whether Napoleon is rightly or wrongly suspected, this letter remains to show that he was capable of such crimes. We need not expect to find light thrown upon them in the correspondence after what we have read of the vicissitudes of the Napoleon papers, and the destruction of compromising documents. That he was not actively cruel is no doubt true. Bourrienne and other men who knew him well have testified to this. But it is as certain that he was insensible to human suffering in a remarkable degree. Hundreds of letters in M. Lécestre's volumes would prove it. If his 'policy' demanded that men should be shot or tortured he shot and tortured them 'without pity.' He was merciless, inexorable as nature herself, regarding human beings as so many inanimate pieces in his game.

Several letters deal with the forgery of paper-money which Napoleon and his agents carried on, on a very extensive scale. A letter to Fouché of June 1, 1806, orders 100,000,000 francs-worth of Austrian bank notes, probably forged, to be brought from Strasburg to Paris. A letter of May 10, 1809, warns Prince Eugène that Italy is pestered with Austrian paper, which Eugène is not to accept in payment. Was this the forged paper Napoleon himself had circulated? A letter of September 6 in the same year gives Fouché elaborate directions for the forgery. 'It is part of my *politique* in time of peace as

in time of war to destroy this [Austrian] paper-money, and compel Austria to return to specie payments.' Therefore twelve millions a month are to be fabricated. Another letter of September 23 directs the manufactory to be secretly established at Vincennes. After the battle of Wagram Napoleon openly threatened Austria with the emission of these forged notes. In the same year his agent Fouché was forging Bank of England notes at his order, as a fragment given by M. Lécestre shows. Much later, in 1813, the manufacture of Austrian money was resumed. Savary was instructed that it was necessary to damage Austrian credit, and Prince Eugène was sent a packet of a million in forged notes and directed to use them.

For the Russian campaign of 1812 Napoleon counterfeited Russian notes. In 1813 Pasquier, as Prefect of Police, was informed by his agents that a number of workmen were prosecuting some mysterious labour in an isolated house outside Paris. The house was surrounded at dead of night and searched. The doors had to be battered in, when a vast quantity of counterfeit notes, plates, and graving tools was seized. Hardly had this happened when Savary called upon Pasquier and explained that

'the whole of this pretty undertaking was being carried out by the orders and under the direction of M. Desmarets by a printer named Fain, whose brother was at that time one of the Emperor's private secretaries.'

M. Desmarets was 'chief of the first division' of Savary's police. It need scarcely be said that Savary, in his voluminous memoirs, is absolutely silent on this interesting subject, and that the letters referring to this particular forgery have all vanished. When we remember the furious reproaches heaped upon England by French Republicans for a supposed State forgery of assignats, we see that such an act was revolting even to the lax international morality of that age.

Napoleon's faithlessness and treachery in international relations are illustrated again and again in the '*Lettres inédites*,' though there is no need to go to secret papers to discover these qualities. His whole course of policy betrays the fact that he could never be trusted, which is not an extraordinary result if a man starts with an absolute denial of all moral law. There is a singular letter giving Junot instructions as to the manner in which Portugal is to be seized. If the Portuguese Government is submissive, Junot is to demand the occupation of Lisbon by the French troops and to talk of 'the aversion to bloodshed of the Emperor Napoleon's noble heart.' Thus entering Lisbon

as a friend and auxiliary, he will receive further orders that 'the proposals of Portugal are not to be accepted, and that the country is to be treated as hostile.'

Similar treachery is foreshadowed in a letter which betrays an extraordinary scheme for seizing the Spanish colonies in America. It was early in the year 1808, when Napoleon's head was filled with immense naval projects—when Ganteaume was on the eve of an attack upon Sicily and Egypt—and it shows the extent of the Emperor's colonial schemes. A French naval officer, presumably with a squadron, is to appear at Monte Video; to tell the Spaniards, 'we are the friends of Spain'; and to advise the authorities 'to remain calm and to behave sensibly.' Other instructions are to be given *viva voce* to the officer selected, so as to leave no record. What these instructions were we can easily guess. He was to seize the batteries and works as the French generals got possession of the fortresses in Spain. A letter to Marshal Soult in 1808 directs him to evacuate the Prussian fortress of Spandau—in accordance with the treaty with Prussia—but secretly to blow it up, and pretend that a magazine has exploded! So wildly improbable a story, an excuse so absurd, justifies Lanfrey's criticism that Napoleon had a mania for purposeless lying.

The dark side of Napoleon's work in Europe is given in the 'Lettres inédites.' That Napoleon was in many ways a liberal ruler, that he introduced where he could tolerable administration, the Code Napoléon, the abolition of privilege, and the equality of all before the law, is no doubt true. But, as Rambaud has said, he ploughed up the good seed as fast as he sowed it. If he gave benefits with one hand he imposed burdens with the other, and whilst the benefits often proved quite illusory, the burdens were always real.

He had a certain passion for simplicity and order, and a certain aversion to routine, which may be accounted on the right side. But the purely personal character of his aims is shown by the nature of the rulers whom he substituted in various conquered states for the old dynasties. In all cases they were of his own house and very closely connected with him. They were in some cases better than the old rulers, in some they were not. They were certainly not the best men Napoleon could have found in France. At Danzig, in 1812, he complained in the presence of his staff of all the kings he had made. They were vain, they were feeble, they did not understand their work, they took the money but they did not do their duty. 'They imitated the legitimate princes instead of forgetting them.' Joseph, liberal-minded, but profligate, careless, timid, and, like so

many of the family, a prey to favourites; Louis, as an administrator, honest, but atrabilious, jealous, suspicious, and avaricious; Jerome, a veritable Heliogabalus and in every way unfit to fill a throne; Murat, 'that Italian pantaloons,' a fool-hardy gasconading soldier of fortune; Eliza, who ruled Tuscany, perhaps the ablest and best of the sisters and brothers of Napoleon, but still ridiculously vain and excessively profligate in her life—such were the sovereigns chosen by Napoleon. Thus he himself abandoned his principle of the '*carrière ouverte aux talents*,' with its corollary, '*talent at the top*,' and forced upon the conquered states rulers who were of alien nationality and who, with a veneer of liberal sentiment, were on the whole as capricious, as unjust, as licentious, and as selfish as the deposed dynasties.

Joseph and his favourites, instead of King Charles and the Prince of Peace, plundered Spain; Jerome and his satellites, instead of a pig-tailed Elector, oppressed Cassel; that was all the real difference. In place of the old feudal rights were Napoleon's crushing taxes and requisitions; in place of the privileged noble, the privileged French officer and soldier; in place of the old haphazard drawing for military service, a conscription enforced with merciless severity, which sent Hessians to die in Spain, and Spaniards to die in Russia; in place of the old customs tariffs, the Continental system which oppressed Europe for the sole interest and benefit of France. Tobacco unprocurable, coffee and sugar at such ruinous prices as six or seven shillings a pound, were amongst the benefits of Napoleon's rule. Nor was this all.

Though the Code Napoléon might nominally be the law of the land, no one was safe from arbitrary arrest, trial, and execution. Even in France innocent men died at those imperious behests with which M. Lécestre's volumes are filled. Chaptal tells an extraordinary story of a police agent who was shot at Brest, in spite of the vigorous remonstrance of the Minister of Marine, Decrès, because a fire had broken out on board a ship in the port. Napoleon carried out his doctrine of personal responsibility; held the agent accountable for the fire; and executed him. In the days of his First Consulate, he seized the royalist leader, Frotté, who had received from him a safe-conduct, brought him before a court-martial, and shot him, with six of his officers. From this we can guess what happened elsewhere. '*Arrêtez sur-le-champ*,' '*fusillez sur-le-champ*,' '*passez par les armes*,' '*faites des exemples*,' '*sans pitié*,' '*soyez terrible*,' ring through these letters. The man who in Egypt wrote '*General Dumuy will disarm the town and cut off the heads*'

heads of five of the chief inhabitants; . . . every day I cut off five or six heads in the streets of Cairo,' was not the man to shrink from the sternest measures. The principle on which he acted he thus explained in the 'Correspondance': 'acts of rigour are humane because they hinder the recrudescence of sedition.' Never has this doctrine been more unflinchingly applied. In Spain, in Germany, in Tyrol, in Austria and in Prussia there were burnings of villages, shootings of men, makings of examples, at the cost of infinite human agony, for which the liberties, rights, and equalities brought by the French invader were a wholly inadequate compensation.

An insurrection broke out in Hesse in 1807, beginning with a scuffle between a German and an Italian soldier of Napoleon's army in the small town of Herzfeld. It was never dangerous, and was with the utmost ease suppressed. But these are the measures which Napoleon recommended :—

'The people of Herzfeld *appear* to be guilty. You must send a column of 4000 men and pillage the town from top to bottom in revenge for the insult to 60 soldiers of my army; . . . to terrify the evilly disposed in Germany visible traces must remain. It was thus that I maintained the peace of Italy by burning the large town of Binasco in 1796.'

And again and again he insisted upon the destruction of this town for nothing. A movement of Prussian partizans provokes an order to seize and shoot twelve men, including the Mayor of Crossen. It was one of Napoleon's principles to execute vicarious justice. 'The fathers, mothers, wives, brothers, and sisters' of those who offended were to be held responsible. In Spain the relatives of guerillas were arrested and sent to France; the wives of those who fought at Saragossa were deported, to die by shoals on the way to exile. But this was not terrible enough, and did not make him sufficiently feared. So he writes :—

'Frenchmen are daily assassinated at Madrid and nothing is done. Tell General Belliard he must arrest 30 of the worst characters in the town and shoot them; it is thus that I have acted at Valladolid.'

A subsequent letter shows that Belliard carried out this order. 'Peasants and soldiers,' says Thiébault, 'conjugated the verb "assassinate."' Spaniards were tortured in the cruellest manner to compel them to reveal the secret resorts of the guerillas, or places where forage and plunder could be found. It is true that the tortures of the Inquisition had been abolished by a decree of Napoleon: Dorsenne's and Darmagnac's tyings-up by the thumbs and breaking of limbs were, however, a good substitute.

substitute. Is Junot in Portugal troubled by an insurrection which the flagrant bad faith of his proceedings—dictated by Napoleon—has produced? Napoleon has a simple answer:—

‘I have never ceased to write to you: “Disarm the inhabitants; send away the Portuguese troops; make severe examples; maintain an attitude of severity which will make you feared.” But, it seems, your head is full of illusions, and you understand neither the feelings of the Portuguese nor the circumstances of your position. In all this I do not see the man who has been trained in my school. . . . Shoot sixty people or so and take suitable measures. . . . You are in a conquered country and you act as if you were quartered in Burgundy.’

‘Shoot sixty people’—having entered Portugal as a pretended friend! A few days later Junot is warned not to run out of money. Napoleon can send him nothing, but the general can repudiate the Portuguese debt of 10,000,000*l.*, and use the interest for his army. ‘We pay nothing in Poland,’ where the grand army was then campaigning, Napoleon adds significantly.

Whole pages of the ‘*Lettres inédites*’ are filled with Napoleon’s instructions to Joseph, King of Spain, and the French generals in that kingdom. They justify the worst that has been said of that most unrighteous war. In after years, when calmer judgment and moral sense had returned to him, Napoleon condemned it most severely himself. ‘My immorality showed itself too openly; my injustice was too cynical, and the attempt to conquer Spain appeared in its hideous nudity devoid of all the great and numerous benefits which were in my mind,’ he said. This false move was the cause of his ruin. He enters Spain without any clear ideas of what he is going to do—an opportunist. He makes Joseph king, altogether misconceiving the character of the Spaniard. ‘The Spaniards are tranquil—even devoted to me,’ he writes in May 1808. No one in France approved of the manner in which the Spanish war was made, but no one could move him from his designs. The men about the despot were servile instruments, and nothing more. ‘There is no discontent at Barcelona,’ he says, when the town is up in arms against General Duhesme. No one contradicts him.

Then, suddenly the horizon darkens. General Dupont surrenders at Baylen, and, in a moment, the prestige of the ever-victorious French army is gone.

‘Dupont,’ he says in a letter to Soult, ‘has completely dishonoured himself and my arms. Ignorance, cowardice, and the loss of his head are the explanation of his conduct. He has upset my policy in Spain. The harm which he has done me is little beside the dishonour.’

Yet,

Yet, though he strives to disguise the greatness of the blow, Baylen was the direct cause of the war of 1809 with Austria. It aroused new hope throughout Europe; its effect was felt in England, Prussia, and Russia. It was the first sign that Napoleon's star was paling.

If Napoleon had been willing to pay for the subsistence of his troops as Wellington did; if he had moved a disciplined and not a raw army into Spain; above all, if he had taken and retained command himself, he might have crushed the Spanish insurrection at the outset. He did none of these things. He upset a government which at least pretended to be civilized, and replaced it by anarchy. He introduced 'liberty and equality,' and overthrew the feeble liberalism of the Prince of Peace, thus paving the way for the reaction of the most bigoted conservatism. He converted a tepid but useful friend into a rancorous and formidable enemy. And he did all this when he knew that Austria and Prussia were groaning under his iron heel and only waiting a favourable chance to move, lulled to sleep by the treacherous alliance of the Russian Alexander, his own equal in shiftiness and dissimulation. We may admire his astounding audacity; we cannot pretend to find wisdom in his policy. This great mistake is the first clear sign of his waning judgment and of his growing insolence of power.

The shootings, burnings, pillagings, and requisitions which marked the war in Spain are repeated in 1809 when Tyrol rises; and in 1813 when at last Germany moves.

'My decision is that you demand the surrender of 150 hostages taken from all the cantons of Tyrol; that you pillage and burn at least six large villages in Tyrol and the houses of the leaders; and that you declare I shall cover the country with fire and blood if all the guns are not surrendered. . . . Make a law that every house in which a gun is found will be razed; that every Tyrolese found with a gun will be shot. Mercy and pity are out of place in dealing with these brigands. You have force enough at hand; be terrible. . . . Six large villages must be pillaged and burnt, so that there may remain no trace of them, and that they may be a monument of the vengeance wreaked upon these mountaineers.'

In 1813, exasperated by defeat and danger, he goes to yet more furious lengths. The cruel and merciless Davout, under whom to serve, says Thiébault, was the severest punishment for a general, is placed in command of Hamburg and the Hanse towns, and his cold deliberate savagery is whetted with the order to treat Hamburg very severely, 'soyez inexorable.' Under the Napoleonic régime this city—once one of the most prosperous ports in the world—had lost both trade and population. From
120,000

120,000 souls it had fallen to 80,000. This was one of the blessings of French rule; another was the load of debt, which was not discharged in 1870.

The worst feature of Davout was that he blindly obeyed the orders of his master—in this like Savary—no matter how unjust or palpably misconceived those orders might be. As an instance of Napoleon's and Davout's sense of justice the case of Count Bentinck may be taken. Napoleon writes to his War Minister, in the '*Lettres inédites*':—

'You will receive the decree which I have just issued for the trial of Count Bentinck, Mayor of Varel, by court-martial . . . Order Lemarois to name a court-martial of generals. Let this man be shot within twenty-four hours, his goods confiscated, and the sentence printed in all languages.'

We can follow out this affair in the pages of Thiébault. It will be observed that Napoleon, whilst he descends to the farce of convoking a court-martial, anticipates, or rather dictates both the verdict and the sentence, a common habit of his, and a sinister parallel to the case of the Duc d'Enghien, where verdict, sentence, and grave were ready before the trial began.

It happened that Bentinck was a comparatively innocent man. An insurrection had broken out at Varel in his absence; he had returned, saved thirty French soldiers from massacre, and aided in suppressing the movement. Lemarois, however, received the following orders: a letter from the Minister of War to this effect—'Count Bentinck shall be judged and shot within twenty-four hours'; a second letter to say, 'I forgot in my letter of yesterday to speak of Count Bentinck's property. Direct the court-martial to include confiscation of all his property in its death sentence'; and a third, by far the wickedest letter of the series, from Davout:—

'Generals ought to be pleased to be able to make an example of a man of Count Bentinck's importance. Every day we shoot wretches whose death produces no effect, whereas his death will terrify.'

Further, Lemarois was instructed that 'the Emperor takes the greatest interest in this affair, which cannot but excite the eagerness and zeal of all those who are devoted to him.' It is to the eternal honour of French soldiers, who were not all demoralized by Napoleon's favours, that Thiébault and one or two other members of the court-martial could not be influenced or brow-beaten; and a verdict not of death but of imprisonment was given in consequence. But the significant fact is that the officers who had voted against death were treated

as

as the Emperor's enemies, that is to say they were not promoted or were placed under the universally detested Davout.

Such was the man whom Napoleon sent to oppress what had been the richest district in Germany. 'Vigour,' says Thiébauld, 'is indispensable in a great command: Davout substituted for it violence, savagery, and cruelty.' These were the Emperor's directions to him:—

'Seize [at Hamburg] (1) all stores of English goods, (2) stores of colonial produce, (3) stores of wheat, wine, brandy, and rum, (4) stores of salt meat, (5) stores of leather, (6) stores of cloth, (7) stores of canvas, (8) above all, all stores of rice. . . . You can at the same time confiscate all stores of cotton, sailcloth, masts, and naval timber, and finally, if there is any delay in raising the contributions demanded, the stores of tinware, silk, fine cloth, and medicine. Certainly Hamburg ought to contain goods worth 200,000,000 francs. . . . Apply the same measures to Lubeck. . . . I suppose you have drawn up the list of 500 individuals who are to be dispossessed, and whose goods are to be confiscated. My privy purse will take possession of them.'

This meant complete ruin to Hamburg. As originally a contribution of 48,000,000 francs had been demanded, Napoleon was taking four times the value of his assessment, to say nothing of the odious confiscations to fill his privy purse—a measure worthy of Tiberius.* Yet it was notoriously beyond the power of the inhabitants to comply with even his original demand. From Lubeck 6,000,000 francs were extorted beside wheat, cheese, 1,000,000 litres of wine, and 50,000 litres of brandy. This was the 'wise, humane, and liberal spirit' (*vide* Mr. Ropes) of Napoleon's government. But it was after all only the logical result of the principle that war was to support war, and of the frame of mind which praised Turenne for the devastation of the Palatinate. 'Our miserable historians,' said Napoleon to Chaptal, 'still blame Louis XIV. for this. The *glory* of it belongs not to the King but entirely to his Minister Louvois, and is in my eyes the *noblest action of his life*.'

Nor was it only during the continuance of hostilities that he practised these 'wise, humane, and liberal measures.' After he had seized Holland there were quarrels between his customs officials and the Dutch population. 'Try the criminals by court-martial and make examples,' he writes in white-hot fury. A prefect is beaten at Emden;

'My determination is that the 500 men composing the crowd which attacked the prefect shall be sent to France, to serve in my

* In extenuation, it should be said that Napoleon drew on his privy purse for the expenses of his wars. This, however, does not excuse his act.

naval ports. . . . The houses of those who have escaped must be burnt, their relatives arrested, their goods confiscated, and themselves condemned to death by default, by a court-martial. It is necessary to shoot several of the guiltiest. . . . I must have blood and punishment to wash out the outrage on authority.'

Two actors in the uniform of French officers are hissed in the theatre, Königsberg. Napoleon demands that the two Prussians who have incited to this act shall be shot. Cockades are distributed in Italy by the reactionary party. All those found with these cockades are to be tried by court-martial and shot. Even in France itself the slightest *émeute* calls for court-martials and the inevitable phrases, '*soyez sévère,*' '*faites des exemples.*'

'The lengthy formalities of the courts of justice, and their application of the laws, which he never found sufficiently severe, led him to create special courts and courts-martial which tried nearly all criminals. There his power was absolute,' says Chaptal.

A moment of passion provoked him to hasty decisions. His illegal courts, which prevented all delay and all effective appeal, carried out on the spot the dictates of his passion, when with time he would have changed his mind and inclined to mercy. His own impatience thus contributed most to dishonour his name and make him hated.

The arbitrariness and meddlesomeness of Napoleon appear, however, most clearly in his letters to his brothers, who, as kings by his favour, were in a sufficiently embarrassing position. 'I do not know whether I am king, prince, or subject,' said Jerome once in despair. Louis was driven by the words and acts of his imperious brother from the throne of Holland, after being treated all through his brief reign as a subject rather than a sovereign. Napoleon tells him at the very outset:—

'You understand nothing of civil administration. . . . If you govern your kingdom thus without division of authority it will be a veritable chaos.'

He is allowed no independence of action. To Holland interdiction of intercourse with England spelt absolute ruin, and smuggling from the first flourished in the country. Louis complained of the poverty of his kingdom, and pointed out the commercial disaster which had befallen it.

'The blockade will ruin many towns which depend on trade—Lyons, Amsterdam, Rotterdam;' the Emperor replies, 'but we must get rid of this state of anxiety. . . . It is with my armies that I mean to reconquer the Cape and Surinam. The future greatness of your people is, then, in your hands. If you govern by jeremiads, if you allow yourself to be imposed upon, you will only supply me
with

with the miserable 6000 men in Hanover, and you will be less useful to me than Baden. . . . Seize British merchandize, and my custom-house officers will respect your territory. If you do not seize it, I shall do so myself, as is my right.'

Napoleon detested trade, a fact which may explain his harsh treatment of trading-peoples such as the Dutch and the Hanse towns. He used constantly to say 'that commerce destroys the soul with feverish desire for gain,' and that 'the merchant has neither faith nor country.' He could never forgive the Dutch for being devoted to commerce. 'The Dutch have all the money in Europe,' he cries, and prepares to extract a considerable proportion of that 'all.'

But Louis' great crime was an obstinate resistance to the strict execution of the stupendously foolish Continental system. The worst feature of this was its utter arbitrariness. Napoleon himself broke his own laws and decrees by issuing licences which permitted trade with England or America, but if Holland, Naples, or Prussia followed his example without his permission it was a *casus belli*. As the sums paid for licences were large, this was a very considerable source of income. 'You will write to my Chargé d'affaires,' Napoleon writes to his Foreign Minister, 'to demand that these [Dutch] licences be suppressed as contrary to the treaty made with me.' Yet at this very time another letter shows that Napoleon was delivering licences wholesale to his police, who presumably put them up to auction.

By Napoleon's decrees British produce was to be seized and destroyed when landed. But he soon set the example of seizing and selling it for his own profit, thus realizing enormous sums; and his officers everywhere followed his teaching. Sometimes—as at Hamburg—they winked at the contraband trade, receiving huge bribes to secure a benevolent acquiescence. Thus Bourrienne, the French Minister at Hamburg, is supposed to have accumulated 7,000,000 francs. If Louis, however, tried these methods in Holland he was at once assailed with reproaches and violence. French troops occupied his leading seaports. He was told: 'You have neither navy, finances, nor army, and yet you pretend to be a free and independent state! You would have us believe that the Dutch have done every thing, and that they are very energetic. Yes, they are very energetic, but only in smuggling.' He must remember facts such as these:—

'When I placed you on the throne I certainly imagined I was placing there a French citizen as devoted to the greatness of France, as jealous for the interests of the mother country, as I am myself.

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If you had followed this line of conduct you would now be king of six million subjects. I should have considered the throne of Holland a pedestal on which to place Hamburg, Osnabrück, and part of North Germany, as this would have been the nucleus of a state which would have further denationalized the feeling of Germany—the first aim of my policy.'

The destruction of nationality, and the good of France—which meant the interests of Napoleon alone—were thus the aims of the Napoleonic *politique*. The position became so unendurable for Louis that, after considering a futile project of resisting the Emperor by force of arms, he abdicated and fled to Austria, provoking Napoleon's fury once more; and Holland was instantly annexed to France.

The experiences of Jerome in Westphalia were much the same, but Jerome was a weaker and a worse character than Louis, and fared better. Mr. Ropes has dilated upon the advantages to Westphalia of French rule, but he has hastily passed over the fact that Napoleon claimed to draw 280,000*l.* a year from the confiscated estates of this unhappy kingdom, when its total revenues were only 1,300,000*l.* Besides this he had levied 2,500,000*l.* of imposts and requisitions. Then came Jerome with a civil list of 280,000*l.*, and Jerome's favourites, who were richly endowed at the expense of the oppressed German peasants. The old Electors and princelets had chastized them with whips, but this foreign dynasty chastized them with scorpions. The Electors at least spent their money in the country, whereas Napoleon's draughts and requisitions went to beautify Paris or enrich his marshals. 'I think it absurd that you should place the opinions of the Westphalian population in opposition to my wishes; what have the opinions of peasants to do with questions of policy?' Napoleon wrote to Murat when the latter was ruling this country. Here, as in Holland, everything was to be sacrificed to the interests of France. 'Be a constitutional sovereign,' said Napoleon with delicious irony to Jerome. A constitutional sovereign is one who governs by the goodwill of his subjects, and who is not imposed upon them by force. And as again and again Napoleon in these '*Lettres inédites*' tells Jerome that his existence as a king depends upon the power of France, it is obvious that the advice given and the ideal held up for imitation could not be followed.

Napoleon's correspondence with Jerome is the usual string of reproaches. He blames him for his unmeasured extravagance—which however he knew before he placed him on the throne; for his gifts to favourites; for sending a Minister to Vienna; for

for his 'aping the French "Moniteur" ; for his kindness to the Jews ; for not maintaining a sufficient army ; for establishing a regiment of Cuirassiers ; for not enlisting French regiments ; for 'making war like a satrap.' He seized his favourites and imprisoned them ; he arrested his envoys ; he opened his letters ; he maintained a secret police at his Court, charged with the duty of watching his behaviour. And all this in a state which was nominally independent ! The style of Napoleon was invariably 'I consider it absurd that you do this and that.' It was not long before Jerome was reduced to the same state of impotent exasperation as Louis before him. 'I prefer,' he wrote to his masterful brother, 'to live as a private individual in your Majesty's Empire rather than be, as I am, sovereign without authority.' And if the Napoleonic Empire had lasted we can confidently assert that Westphalia would have shared the fate of Holland, and would have been annexed to France. Nor should it be forgotten that what was going on in Holland and Westphalia was also going on in Baden, Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, and Naples, where Napoleon's interferences were constant and irritating.* If Napoleon could not keep faith with his brothers, could he with strangers ?

Much light is thrown upon the proceedings of the French police in these letters. In Imperial France, as in Imperial Germany of our own day, and in every country which tends to absolutism, there was police upon police. The Minister of Police, first Fouché and then the much-dreaded Savary, had one set of officials and agents covering France. The gendarmerie under an inspector-general was another independent organization. The Prefect of Police had in the capital yet another set of agents. The officer commanding the Guard had a fourth. The Minister of Foreign Affairs maintained a fifth, in France and abroad. Finally, the aides-de-camp and personal household of the Emperor had a sixth. All these various systems of police worked sometimes together—sometimes in opposition. France was covered with a network of spies ; and a stream of denunciations and complaints poured in to Napoleon's cabinet from all these sources.

'This great number of agents, who drew up their daily report and filled it with all the talk of the cafés, spread alarm everywhere. No citizen could feel certain that he would not be arrested or compromised. The administrators, who were not secure against denunciations, everywhere moved timidly. These functions of police

* These princes wanted 'less territory and more independence.' In 1811 the King of Bavaria was contemplating abdication and flight, to escape Napoleon's constant interferences.

were nearly always entrusted to young men, so that the habit of denunciation corrupted in early life the youthful heart, which soon became insensible to any generous sentiment,' says Chaptal.

"One hardly knew to whom to listen," says Pasquier, the Prefect of Police. "It was nothing but a continual series of complaints and denunciations. . . . The Emperor was suspicious to an extraordinary degree."

Over and above all these polices Napoleon had society spies—Madame de Genlis, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély, and others of their kidney. Savary notes with alarm in his 'Memoirs' the confidence which Napoleon placed in the information obtained through these sources. Men were deprived of office, arrested, and their goods confiscated at a word from a spy or informer, by the Napoleon who had been welcomed by France in 1799 as the enemy of the injustice and insecurity of the Revolution.

We find in the 'Lettres inédites' such passages as these, to illustrate the ubiquity of the police agents:—

'They tell me that very seditious talk goes on at a wine-shop, Rue St. Honoré, corner of the Rue de la Bibliothèque. Pay a little attention to these small taverns.'

'A man named Curti, uncle of the *podesta* of Venice, is a dangerous man. Let him know that if he mixes himself up with the carrying of letters for the Roman Court he will find himself arrested and will pass some years of his life in a capital prison. He is a meddlesome fellow who has lived some time at Brussels. He is on his way to Italy and has uttered much seditious talk on his way.'

'The minister Marescalchi . . . has built opposite his house a wretched hall of wood, which blocks up his drawing-room, and has cost him 4000*l*. This is too silly.'

'The man named Pascal certainly poisoned his wife on Floréal 2, year XIII., at 4 in the morning. If the magistrate will allow it, question the woman about Madame Pascal and Pascal's brother-in-law, and open the dog which has been poisoned. You will find sufficient evidence of this horrible crime to arrest the wretch.'

Princes of his family were not exempt from the surveillance of his agents. Eugène in Italy is told:—

'I am informed that you wrote to a woman named D—. I do not know if you are aware that she is only a meddlesome girl, who has been often used by the police. A woman of this kind ought never to get a letter from you. She is the dirt of Paris.'

Small wonder that Fouché said 'the Emperor wants to be in every one's kitchen.' His constant interference with private life made existence almost unendurable in France towards the close of his Empire, and rapidly alienated the upper and the middle class. The peasants were faithful to him to the end,
because

because they saw in him a bulwark in defence of the rights which the Revolution had given them, and because with their limited intellect they did not feel the suffocating effect of his rule.

Above all things Napoleon dreaded independence of opinion. He wanted to know what everyone thought of him, yet when he found that he was disliked, he was furious. Letters were systematically opened in the post office, which was entrusted to a devoted adherent, Lavallette. Here again royal personages were not exempt from his embarrassing attention. A letter of the Margrave of Baden is opened 'by mistake.' Everything coming from England is stopped, examined, and destroyed. A letter from Stein, the Prussian Minister, is seized in 1808, and might have warned Napoleon, had he not been blinded by confidence in his star, of the deep resentment smouldering in Germany. Napoleon writes to Jerome on this subject:—

'Champagny should have sent you M. de Stein's letters. You ought to confiscate all his property in your kingdom and summon him before you to give an account of his conduct. He is your subject, and this status is inalienable.'

Letters coming from the army in Spain are carefully examined, and all which show an 'evil tendency' are suppressed. This precaution was futile, as all that was happening in Spain was quite well known in Paris.

Napoleon pursued with particular displeasure eminent writers and thinkers. He warned M. de Châteaubriand and his following that he would treat them as 'David (*sic*) did the race of Ahab. On the least suspicious act they will place themselves outside my protection.' His dislike for Madame de Staël is exemplified in a dozen letters. She is exiled; her friends are persecuted; she is regularly spoken of as 'cette misérable femme.'

'My intention is that she shall never leave Geneva. Let her gad about if she likes with the friends of Prince Louis (of Prussia). To-day courting the great, to-morrow patriot, democrat; it is difficult to restrain indignation at all the airs of this —.'

A little later when Prince Louis behaves badly he is to be told 'that at the first word he utters he will be arrested and shut up in a fortress, and Madame de Staël will be packed off to console him. There is no one so dull as a Prussian prince.' She is to be carefully watched at Coppet. In her '*L'Allemagne*' 'three-quarters of the passages where she praises England' are to be suppressed. Finally, as is well known, the whole work,
of

of which 10,000 copies had been prepared, was seized by Savary and pulped; and ten napoleons, the product of the sale of pulp, were scrupulously handed by the Police Minister to her publisher. Why Napoleon hated her so bitterly is evident. 'I do not like intellectual women,' he once told Madame Sophie Gaye, a friend of his sister Pauline. Madame de Staël, besides being intellectual, was essentially an 'intrigante'; she inspired Constant to protest against the *coup d'état* of 18 Brumaire, and openly supported Barras and the Directorate. There is an amusing story in Barras of her coming to visit him alone, with the words, 'A young woman ought really not to come without any regard for convention and see a young Director, who is a much more dangerous person than any spiritual director.' It is spiteful, but has the ring of truth. She flung herself at Napoleon's head in the same way, thus doing the thing that he most disliked. 'I cannot endure that woman,' he said; 'for one reason, that I cannot bear women who make a set at me, and God knows how often she has tried to cajole me.' Mingled with this feeling were jealousy of her talents and influence, fear of her epigrams, which covered him with confusion, as when she said that he was only 'Robespierre on horseback,' and the sense that by rejecting her advances he had made a dangerous enemy. But it must be confessed that his persecution of the greatest woman of the time was petty in the extreme. It was parallel with his order to Savary to expel Humboldt from Paris, an order, however, which Chaptal persuaded him to cancel by an adroit piece of manœuvring. It might safely be asserted that Napoleon was jealous of all who were eminent without owing their greatness to him, because their eminence detracted from his glory.

As for the poor journalists, they had the worst of times.

'Editors are not to publish any news of anything I have done, drawn from foreign newspapers or correspondence. If a foreign newspaper says that I have been at the play the French newspapers are not to repeat it; that I have made a treaty, done this or that, they are to say nothing.'

'I have forbidden the press to speak of priests, sermons, or religion. Does not the "Journal des Débats" give extracts from sermons, homilies, and other things of the kind? When is the police going to carry out my orders? Is it not ridiculous and sacrilegious to see matters of religion discussed in journals which contain so much trash and falsehood?'

'Care must be taken that no newspaper speaks of Rome or Spain till the "Moniteur" has spoken.'

'The "Publiciste" of September 22 discusses theological questions; this produces a bad effect. Can they not leave theology
to

to the preachers? I have already stated my determination that the newspapers shall cease to meddle with it. What business of theirs is it whether priests are married or not?’

Threats and orders to confiscate newspapers, or to suspend their publication, are intermingled with directions to insert articles ridiculing England, Russia (in 1806), Sweden, the friends of Madame de Staël, and a hundred other people. Nor was it the French press only which was thus muzzled. Palm was shot in Nuremberg for publishing ‘Germany in her Deepest Humiliation,’ and met his death with the simple and noble serenity of a martyr. The Prince of Saxe-Gotha had to direct the editors of the Gotha ‘Almanach’ to include the Napoleons in the reigning families, and to omit the Bourbons. Bavaria was not to allow articles reflecting on Napoleon to appear in her press; the editor of a Dresden paper was to be shot for a single article. The Grand Duchy of Frankfort was allowed ‘one newspaper, which shall be official . . . ; the editor shall be named and sworn in by our Minister of Police.’ This was Napoleon’s ideal—one journal a department in France, and that journal an official one under his absolute control, edited by his police.

The letters illustrating his treatment of the Pope and the Church, which were for obvious reasons suppressed by the Second Empire, are not the least characteristic.* No man has met more boldly the pretensions of ecclesiastics; but underlying his measures was the determination to make the Catholic Church a new branch of the French police and administration. He seized the Pope, carried him and his ecclesiastics off from Rome, first to Grenoble, then to Savona, and then to Fontainebleau, with a masterly disregard for the horror of the faithful. He confiscates the Church property, and when Cardinal Fesch, his uncle, bitterly remonstrates, tells him, ‘I only see in your letter the effect of imagination run mad. I advise you and those who create monsters which only exist in their own imagination to take cold baths.’ ‘It will be convenient,’ he says with his savage irony to Fouché, ‘to have the head of the Church at Paris, where he can cause no trouble. If it produces a sensation that will be a novelty.’ In the same spirit he said with derisive coolness, ‘I have granted the Popes palaces in Rome and Paris. If they have the interests of religion at

* Some of the letters first given to the world by Count d’Haussonville, and transferred from his pages by M. Lécestre, were in the hands of private individuals when the ‘Correspondance’ was published, but we may doubt whether serious efforts were made by Prince Napoleon to obtain copies. It was so obviously against the interest of the man who posed as the most faithful son of the Church to show his uncle as a persecutor of Popes.

heart they will often come and reside at the centre of affairs, and will follow the example of St. Peter, who preferred living in Rome to living in the Holy Land.' 'I am theologian as much as or more than they are,' he adds. He used to say that ecclesiastical writers had built up all their structure of dogma from certain axioms which they had not verified. He thought for a moment of making France Protestant. To the Bishops he wrote:—

'We regard with pity those who, imbued with false doctrines, disregard the command of Jesus Christ, who ordered them to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and who did not permit them to subject the direction of conscience and spiritual interests to temporal considerations. That which man has made, man can destroy; the work of God alone remains indestructible.'

There is fervour, force, and deep insight in these words. The Pope's excommunication he greets with ironical laughter—'an excommunication which is the laughing-stock of contemporaries, and will be much more so of posterity.' He replies by reducing the Pope's allowance, stopping his letters, and severing all his communications with the Church. 'We are wise enough to-day,' he adds, 'to be able to distinguish the doctrine of Christ from that of Gregory VII.' The Pope is an 'ignorant and atrabilious* old man'; he 'distils poison and discord everywhere'; he 'inspires disorder and sedition.' He is to have no paper, pens, or ink, and none but French servants about him. Pius VII., however, had had time to delegate his powers secretly to Cardinal Di Pietro, who was promptly seized and banished, but was not at first closely watched. A deadlock ensued in France. The Pope refused to give bulls to the Bishops whom the Emperor appointed to vacant sees. The acting Pope instigated the clergy to oppose the Emperor. The machinery of religion ceased to work. Napoleon, by terrific threats, confiscations of Church property, and imprisonments of ecclesiastics, forced from him some verbal concessions.

'Was it to curse Sovereigns that Christ died on the cross?' Napoleon asked him. 'Was that the principle of the Sovereign Redeemer? . . . The Pope speaks always of his conscience; has not the Emperor too a conscience to consult? Every man has his own conscience, which cannot be ruled by someone else. How can the Pope, whilst lacking confidence in his own lights, reject the views of a hundred bishops, who have also each one a conscience?'

* By one of the curious ironies of fortune, in 1812 a description of Napoleon's appearance was issued to the Cossacks—that they might take him prisoner and not kill him. In this his expression is characterized as 'atrabillous.'

But in essentials he could get nothing. Nor was a general council more satisfactory. Finally the Pope was carried off to Fontainebleau, and detained there a close prisoner. Napoleon and his Ministers noted with indignation that this *sou furieux*, who claimed to govern the souls of the universe, never opened a book, and spent his whole time in sewing up tears in his cassock or washing his robes. In 1813 Napoleon saw him, and extorted from him a verbal agreement to a Concordat. As before, it was almost immediately repudiated by the Pope, on which the old man was placed under lock and key. No one was to be admitted to mass celebrated by him, and no one was to see him. As for the cardinals, Napoleon wrote to Savary:—

‘I shall not allow them at Fontainebleau except under the condition that they meddle with nothing and write no letters, that in fine they remain in a state of stagnation, paying their court to the Holy Father, and meditating on the evil direction they have given to the affairs of the Church. The least offence in this respect, the smallest letter written to Italy, will not only render them objects of suspicion to the Emperor, but will take away their freedom. . . . Give orders for Cardinal Di Pietro to be secretly carried off in the night, for his papers to be seized, and himself conducted to a small place in Burgundy.’

But though his great principle, ‘the Church is in the State, and not the State in the Church,’ was eminently wise and politic, the open violence of his proceedings made the Church party his bitter enemy, at the very time when defeat and disaster were crowding in upon him.

It is a melancholy picture, the France of 1813, that we reconstruct from the close of this correspondence: growing weariness of Napoleon’s ceaseless wars; the army, and especially the distinguished generals, sick of endless campaigns; the feeling rife which Duroc expressed to Marmont, ‘My friend, the Emperor is insatiable for battles—we shall all die on the field, that is our destiny’; which Augereau imparted to Fouché, ‘This war will be the end of us all’; which Sémonville betrayed at a review of troops in 1811, when he said, ‘Ils vont à la boucherie, pas un n’en reviendra’; conscripts deserting by the hundred, even officers deserting; commerce killed by the arbitrariness of Napoleon’s regulations, which changed from day to day and from hour to hour; liberty and freedom of thought extinct; but above all, the paralyzing sense that the enemies of France had, in Napoleon’s own words, ‘settled to meet upon his tomb’—the sense that Napoleon’s system had provoked the hostility of a whole continent, and that there could be no peace till he had vanished from the scene. On land the

tramp of nations, not of mere mercenary armies; at sea the invincible omnipresent navy of England, converting France into a beleaguered fortress. This was the result of that *politique* to which all human emotions and all divine laws had been sacrificed.

And to meet the danger the man was wanting. A study of the 'Lettres inédites,' and the 'Correspondance,' reveals a great change in Napoleon between his early and his later years. He grows more verbose; the lightning flashes dazzle less frequently; his apprehension of the present and insight into the future are less profound; his insolence invites a tardy Nemesis. The change was physical as well as mental. Chaptal relates that after the Russian campaign his utterance was often incoherent; his balance of mind had vanished; he was sleepy; he developed epicurean tastes. Thiébauld, on that wonderful return from Elba, which was like a resurrection from the dead, noted that his vanity had grown; that his lynx-like eyes were dim; that his pallor of countenance had changed (to the greenish tint which was the sinister characteristic of Napoleon III.); that his gait was embarrassed; his mouth contracted. His words to his soldiers, once so inspiring, so fiery, and so exalting, had lost their old stimulating force. In this supreme crisis of his fortunes, he could no longer touch the highest notes. Fortune had abandoned him; the confidence, which continued success alone can give, had gone. The man was growing prematurely old and feeble. Daring in him had changed to mere temerity; pride to arrogance. Lannes, Duroc, Berthier, Junot, Bessières, and those old friends of his youth with whom he had conquered the world, had vanished one by one. In his household the moderating influence of that Josephine, who was perhaps the only being he ever deeply loved, had given way to the *gaucherie* and childlike weakness of Marie Louise, who made enemies and did not keep friends. Whatever her faults, he heard the truth from his first wife, as he had heard the truth from Lannes and Duroc. And now his own wish to keep all his glory to himself; his policy of treating his marshals as if they were drummer-boys, of leaving them in absolute ignorance of his plans; his preferment of the unworthy to high place in defiance of his old and fruitful revolutionary creed; his affection for flattery instead of the unpalatable truth, reacted with fatal effect upon his destiny. Chance, in some inscrutable way, began to run against him. At Borodino, at Dresden, at Waterloo, a strange malady oppressed him. Fateful messages went astray upon the battlefield. Was it that the hand of an unseen Providence, which had decreed that he should destroy the old systems

systems of Europe, and clear the ground for the new edifices of our century, had begun to work against him now his mission was accomplished?

So at the end courage seemed to desert him. He fled in panic—not that he ever feared for his life, as malignant contemporaries pretended—to Paris, when coolness of head might at least have repaired some of the disaster of Waterloo. It was superstition—the sense, after all deep within him, because it showed itself at such moments, that there is a moral government of the universe, and that it had pronounced against him.* His last letter concludes with a flicker of simulated confidence, ‘All is not lost,’ and goes on to contemplate a furious struggle in France. With the words ‘surtout du courage et de la fermeté,’ he takes his leave of us. By the irony of fate, which punishes late, but punishes, it was his destiny to be threatened with death, if he did not abdicate, by that very Davout whom he had loaded with honours and plunder, and whom he had despatched to harry and devastate North Germany with merciless severity. He threw everything away, diminished and devastated France, because in the pride of his success he imagined that force and force alone swayed the destinies of the world. The greatest of his kind—great with commanding intellect and will—he saw the creations of his arms vanish like a dream. Few tragedies are deeper and sadder than this—that the man, who with many rare and noble qualities seemed born to regenerate his race and benefit the world, should have ended his life hated and feared by a whole continent for his misdeeds.

* The story of Napoleon praying solemnly in a Dresden church on the eve of the fatal expedition to Moscow, at an hour when his spirit was troubled with forebodings, is a sign that, for all his outward indifference, he wished to have God on his side. Chance, after all, plays a great part in all war; and what is chance?

- ART. IV.—1. *Fo'c's'le Yarns: including Betsy Lee, and other Poems.* London, 1881.
 2. *The Doctor, and other Poems.* By T. E. Brown, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College. London, 1887.
 3. *The Manx Witch, and other Poems.* By the Same. London and New York, 1889.
 4. *Old John, and other Poems.* By the Same. London and New York, 1893.

WHAT is it we expect from poetry? Above all things, we expect to be kindled; the true poet bears in him a spark of fire; we receive it by sympathy, and our own emotions are set aflame by it. But the methods of the poet vary, and are divided into two main branches. Epic poetry and dramatic poetry kindle us through the vivid presentation of man as he acts among his fellows for noble ends; lyric poetry concentrates itself on the hour and scene at which emotion is highest, and by its cadences calls up that which in our own hearts is likeliest to the culminating passion.

Lyric poetry has been the glory of the present century in England. Some have said (and Tennyson, we believe, is among those who have said it) that Goethe was the greatest lyric poet that ever lived. We do not demur; but it is hard to set anything even in Goethe above some of our English lyrics; and not to make such an assertion without examples, let us instance, in Tennyson himself, the 'O that 'twere possible' of 'Maud,' and in Shelley, the closing stanza of the 'Adonais.'

So pervading has the lyrical spirit been, that the true narrative poem, in which the interest lies rather in the total action than in special moments of concentrated feeling, has become rather a rarity in the present century. Still, there are notable instances of it; such as Wordsworth's 'Michael' and 'The Brothers'; the story of Haidée in Byron's 'Don Juan'; and of course Scott's 'Marmion,' and its kindred; Crabbe's rough but strong pictures of common life, and Clough's more delicate delineations. As contrasted with these, such poems as 'The Ancient Mariner' and the 'Idylls of the King' must be reckoned as emblematic rather than truly narrative; the spirit of them is different, and much more akin to the lyrical.

The poems of the Rev. T. E. Brown, the titles of which are prefixed to the present article, belong for the most part to the class of true narrative poems. That is, three-fourths of them belong to this class; lyrics there are among them, and some of no slight beauty; but story is the predominant element.

It is at some hazard, and not without a feeling of temerity, that a critic can adventure the opinion, that poems which have not yet attained a high degree of popularity belong to that class which posterity will not let die. And if the question were one of comparative excellence, caution would be still more desirable. But there are certain marks which (apart from all comparison) characterize poetry that will last; above all, this mark, that the thing said or sung shall not have been said or sung before, and shall be also interesting—that it shall touch the heart. We think that this mark of permanence belongs to Mr. Brown's poetry; he depicts for us a region that has never been depicted before; he shows us men and women different from any men or women that poet or novelist has hitherto shown—but men and women real, full of life, natural in spite of many peculiarities and oddities, strong in spite of many weaknesses. Such pictures of life are worth preserving; and the poet himself, in his personal feeling, has also phases that have never before been rendered in verse; sudden turns, opening out in a few words unexpected vistas. Individuality stamps the lyrics in these volumes as well as the narrative poems; and this (provided it be a worthy individuality) is the surest guarantee of permanence.

Before illustrating what we have said by quotations or detailed comments, a few words about the writer who is the subject of our article will be in place. T. E. Brown, born in 1830, was the son of a Manx clergyman, educated first in his native island, afterwards at Oxford, where he obtained two first-classes and a fellowship. He took orders, but never was engaged in parochial work; he spent the greater part of his life as an assistant master at Clifton College; from this he retired in 1892, and his home for the next five years was at Ramsey. In 1895 he was offered, but declined, the Archdeaconry of the Isle of Man. He died on October 29, 1897, quite suddenly, while in the act of giving an address to the boys at Clifton College, where he was on a visit.

The mere externals of such a life do not present anything extraordinary. But Mr. Brown's sudden death created an unusual degree of sorrow, an unusual sense of loss, in the many who (whether as friend, colleague, or pupil) had known him; and whatever may have been his successes as a schoolmaster (and these we believe were not small) it is certain that all who came in contact with him were impressed with the power of his mind and the strength of his affections. His poems bear witness to the same qualities; and since his death there has been expressed in various quarters (notably the '*Spectator*,' the '*Speaker*,')

'Speaker,' and the 'New Review' of last December) the opinion that what he wrote has more than common merit.

We have spoken of the strength of his affections; and these, above all, were concentrated on the island in which he spent all the early, as well as the closing, years of his life. He was a Manxman to the core; and the humours and fervid temperament of his own people, their varied occupations—seafaring, sea-fishing, farming, mining—their curious knowledge and quaint ignorance, became part of the tissue of his mind, unaltered by any wider experience. Yet wider experience he had; for not only had he (like Ulysses) 'seen the cities and known the mind of many men,' but also the deepest problems of human life and destiny engaged his thoughts much, and he formed his conclusions fearlessly. In all such matters he scorned merely intellectual investigation; he put heart and soul into the enquiry, and provided he were confident that his insight was just, was little careful as to the reasoning by which it might be proved. But we must hasten to give some account of his works.

'Betsy Lee,' the first published of his poems, has also been the most popular. Perhaps, as a whole, it is the most poetical of the narrative poems. There is plenty of humour in it too; our favourite passage in this line is the little conversation between Tom Baynes and his sweetheart, after Tom has disconcerted and driven away his rival, by turning the teat of the cow he was milking so as to drench the fine new waistcoat of that worthy.

"Aw, Tom!" says Betsy; "Aw, Betsy," says I;
 "Whatever!" says she, and she begun to cry.
 "Well," I says, "it's no wonder o' me,
 With your ransy-tansy-tissimitee!"—

that is, we suppose, 'with your chattering' (but ransy-tansy-tissimitee is the burden of a child's song). Betsy, it will be understood, has been 'carrying on' with the rival to a degree that Tom found unbearable. The word 'Whatever!' suggests a wonderful combination of dismay, anger, and amusement.

A roughness in the scansion of the second of the above lines will be noticed; this is a common feature in Mr. Brown's poems, and is meant to represent (and does not unnaturally represent) the careless rapid speech of the supposed narrator, who is a rough but tenderhearted seaman.

Tom Baynes is both hero and narrator in 'Betsy Lee'; in the other poems he is the narrator of, and an occasional actor in, the story. With all his roughness of style, he has a refined soul.

soul. We should be sorry to say that the sentiments of the following passage are impossible in a common sailor who is also a religious-minded man; and the Celtic fire in the Manxman may predispose to artistic appreciation. Tom is supposed in his voyages to have visited Italy, and to have seen the Madonnas of Raphael or of Perugino. Here is his account of them:—

‘Whoever made the likes o’ them—
Their feet was in Jerusalem;
Whoever thought that a woman could look
Like that—he knew the Holy Book;
He knew the mind of God; he knew
What a woman could be, and he drew and he drew
Till he got the touch; and I’m a fool
That was almost walloped out o’ the school,
I was that stupid, but I’ll tell ye! I’ve got
A soul in my inside, whether or not,
And I know the way the chap was feelin
When he made them picthers—he must ha’ been kneelin
All the time, I think, and prayin
To God for to help him; and it’s likely sayin
He was paintin the Queen—they calls her the Queen
Of Heaven, but of coorse she couldn ha’ been—
But that’s the sort—a woman lifted
To Heaven, with a breast like snow that’s sifted,
And a eye that’s fixed on God hisself—
Now where’s your wivin and thrivin and pelf?
And sweethearts, and widdies well stocked with the rhino?
Ah! that’s the thing likest God that I know.’
—(‘Fo’c’s’le Yarns,’ pp. 113, 114.)

These lines are from the poem entitled ‘Christmas Rose’; a weird tragedy. Christmas Rose is a girl, who as an infant was saved out of a shipwreck by a faithful negro, who dies in saving her. As she is the only survivor, her parentage is wholly unknown; her nationality is conjectured, but only conjectured, to be Spanish. Brought thus mysteriously into the midst of a race alien to her, she perishes equally mysteriously by lightning on the hills—a lightning which she seems to have sought. In the interval between her birth and death she causes the death of one brave boy, and the ruin of another—both falling hopelessly in love with her, a love to which she cannot respond. Though the cause of such suffering, she yet escapes deep blame. Perhaps it is her death which absolves her in the reader’s mind; what she suffers is the necessary counterpart of what she has done. Anyhow, it will be seen that such a poem gives plenty of scope for discussion on the character of women; and

and the passage we have just quoted on the Italian Madonnas comes in the course of this. But the character of Christmas Rose herself is shadowed out in the following lines:—

‘ There’s ones comes into the world like that,
Even among their own people—what?
Haven’t ye seen them? Lonely things—
They haven’t got crowns and they haven’t got wings—
They’re not angels azackly,* nor divils ether,†
And us and them will grow up together:
But their roots isn twisted someway with ours;
And the flowers that’s at them‡ is other flowers;
And they’re waitin, I’m thinkin, to be transplanted
To the place where the lek o’ them is wanted;
And our love isn their love, and they cannot take it;
Nor our thirst their thirst, so we cannot slake it;
There’s no food in us for them to feed on,
There’s nothing in us that they got need on,—
So there they are, with kith and kin,
Sittin in the middle, and wondherin.
And love and heart—why, how should it be?
There’s no heart made in them yet, d’ye see?’

—(‘Fo’c’s’le Yarns,’ p. 117.)

In the story called ‘Captain John and Captain Hugh,’ the passionate Manx character is described with great vigour. But we must leave the reader to find out the story of the two captains by himself; and similarly we must leave the story of Tommy Big-Eyes, except so far as to say that the death of Mrs. Cain in this story is, to our thinking, a piece of needless tragedy. It is rather a shock to the reader that she dies as she does; and Cain’s character is also painful in its brutality. He is the only unredeemed villain in all these poems. We must quote, however, the pretty little lyric in which the hero of the piece records the fact that his sweetheart has kissed him (it will be seen that, being very shy, he has turned his face away from her, so that there has been no meeting of lips):—

‘ Star of hope, star of love,
Did you see it from Heaven above?
Love was sleeping, hope was fled—
Did you see what Nelly did?
I know it was only the back of my head—
But did you, did you, did you, did you,
Did you see what Nelly did?
You’re my witness, star of joy!
Was it a girl that kissed a boy?

* Exactly.

† Either.

‡ Which they have.

Was it a boy that kissed a girl?
Oh, happy worl'!
I don't know!
Let it go!
I thought I'd have died, and nobody missed me,
But Nelly has kissed me! Nelly has kissed me!

'Come down! come down!
Put on your brightest crown!
Slip in with me among the clover.
Now tell me all about it—I'm her lover!
Did you see it? Are you sure?
Is she lovely? Is she pure?
Smell these buds! Is that her breath?
Will I love her until death?
Ah, little star! I see you smiling there
Upon heaven's lowest stair!
I know, I know
It's time to go;
But I'm only waiting till you have blessed me,
For Nelly has kissed me! Nelly has kissed me!'

— 'The Doctor' is, though not the most poetical, the most racy and characteristic of all these stories. It is a tender tragedy, with a lifting of light at the end of it, like a glow of sunset after a stormy day. Let us recount the thread of it. 'The Doctor' is Dr. Bell, who starts life as assistant to a popular London physician. His skill at his art is graphically described by the admiring Tom Baynes:—

'Didn' he take a man's inside out,
And claned it and turned it round about
And in like a shot, and livin still
As comfible as comfible!'

With a great deal else to the same effect. His medical skill, aided by zeal and by a singularly genial manner, enables him to take the wind out of the sails of his superior; so far, at any rate, as a certain wealthy baronet, called in the poem 'Sir John,' is concerned. In the house of Sir John, Dr. Bell becomes a frequent visitor; and at last falls in love with Sir John's daughter, who returns his passion. Of this development Sir John knows nothing, and the lovers dare not tell him; they live in the vague hope that something will turn up to favour them. This state of expectation, irrational but natural, is very happily described:—

'Some way, some day. The world is wide,
And driftin, driftin with the tide.

And

And driftin is very pleasant, too,
 When the sea is calm and the sky is blue,
 And you've got the littlest taste of a breeze,
 Just enough to make a baby sneeze;
 And your head on your arms, and your feet on a taff,*
 And nothing drawin, fore or aft,—
 Chut! as happy as Nicodemus,
 And knowin you're out of the track of the staemers;
 And maybe a bee comin bummin by,
 As if he was in the notion to fly
 Far, far, away, where there's brighter flowers
 And sweeter honey, he's thinkin, than ours—
 Or a bit o' thistlewool comin slippin
 Head over heels; or oars a dippin
 Out on the Trunk,† and all the nisin‡
 O' the land going into one, surprisin—
 Dogs and cows, lek a sort of confusick,§
 Making a wonderful mixthur o' musick;
 And the very land itself 'll go
 Like an organ|| playin, soft and low!'
 —('The Doctor,' pp. 51, 52.)

But this cannot last; for, as Tom Baynes goes on to say,

'the man would be clever
 That'd go on driftin and driftin for ever.
 No! it must come to an end at last,
 And it doesn matter the slow or the fast.'

It does come to an end, and disastrously for the lovers. For what must these two misguided young people do, but take the occasion of a grand ball at Sir John's to sit in the conservatory, all among the flowers and leaves in the subdued and faint light, thinking they were unobserved, and make love to one another? And who should come and spy on them but the very man who had least occasion to like Dr. Bell, the 'dandy Docthor' whom he had ousted from Sir John's good graces? And what must he do but go and rouse Sir John from his whist, and take him to see the pair as they are in the act of kissing? Then, of course, the fat is in the fire. Tremendous is the fury of Sir John; swift the flight of the daughter; not so swift, however, but that she darts a look of scorn and indignation at the 'dandy Docthor,' who has tried to hide himself behind a door, that he may not be known as the author of the catastrophe—

'And he bowed very low, the sliddherin snake—
 A dirty divil, and no mistake!'

* Thwart.

† A famous fishing-ground.

‡ Noise.

§ Confusion.

|| Organ.

Taken at such disadvantage, Dr. Bell is yet not quite unequal to the occasion; and when Sir John applies a disrespectful word to the lady of his love, he assumes so menacing an air that Sir John starts back in fear, and in so doing upsets a valuable statue—

‘And broke; and may be a hundred pound!’

says the narrator, in his terse manner. Then Dr. Bell goes; with dignity, and not without sympathy from some of the spectators of the scene; but his happiness is ruined, in this life, for ever. His efforts afterwards to see Sir John privately are vain. In a few days he learns that ‘Miss Harriet’ has been sent to the Continent: he goes abroad, and long and desperately does he seek for her. But whatever clue he has, proves vain; he comes back to London, falls ill, and is nearly dying; but is restored mainly through the devoted care of a medical friend. Then, to escape from the memory of his sorrows, he retires to the Isle of Man.

Here the Manx part of the story begins. A new life has opened before the hero, and one in which he does in part comport himself with honour to himself and advantage to his fellow-men; in part, but not altogether so. He has not, and perhaps has not had from the first, that absolute sense of the necessity of rectitude which alone can bear a man over all dangers. In prosperity, the defect might have passed unnoticed; in adversity, it is like the fraying of a garment exposed to much wear, which speedily tends to the ruin of the whole. He has no intention at first of settling in the island; he has taken up his abode in a lonely farmhouse, half an inn; wanders over hill and vale; goes out fishing, or plays the flute; displeases his landlady by *not* drinking, but makes up for this by a hundred little useful pieces of service; and we are humorously told, was—

‘That aisy plaised that Misthress Kelly
Was used to say the man was raelly
As good as if he was drinkin hard,
And terrible useful in the yard.’

What eventually determines him to make the island his home is the advent of a cholera epidemic, in which he behaves heroically and skilfully, and is rewarded in more than one way by the grateful people. But he commits the weakness of marrying a woman unworthy of him, who has appealed to his lower sensibilities. From that moment his decay begins. The marriage is an unhappy one; the two elder children born
to

to him are wild and wicked, though for a long time clever enough to conceal their misdoings from him (as he is necessarily much away from his home); and at last a letter from his old love stirs up the jealousy of his wife, and puts an unhealable breach between her and him. Nay, so desperately is the wife's spirit turned to bitterness, that she refuses any longer to give suck to the infant daughter that was at her breast when the fatal letter came, and hates her from that time forward. Up to this point, Dr Bell has conducted himself, if not wisely, yet with no open fault; but now, overcome by his domestic misery, he takes refuge from his thoughts in drink.

Yet, at this lowest point of the tragedy, a gleam of light begins to shine. The infant just spoken of, Katie, grows into girlhood, and is a star of life, even as the two elder children had been storm petrels of trouble and affliction. Much has she to endure from mother, sister, and brother, all of whom regard her as fair prey for their mischievous and unkind instincts. This is partly intimated in the following passage (in which the final touch of natural history is worth noting):—

'Aw, dear, the little lonely thing,—
Just like a bird with a broken wing;
And the lookin up, and the little eye,
Lek axin the for* it cannot fly,
And divil the one of the rest 'll stay with it—
The dirty things—that used to play with it.
Fowls is very bad at that;
I don't know about gulls, but lekly not,
That's a dale more innocenter altogether,
Bein strong, and free, and used of the weather.'

—('The Doctor, and other Poems,' p. 146.)

But Katie, however tormented, has a spirit which draws from all the sights of Nature the beauty that is in them, from the lips of men the sympathetic imaginations that interpret life. For instance, she makes the acquaintance of Tom Baynes:—

'And Miss Kitty 'd often be coming to me
In the stable, and puttin her head on my knee,
Like a little lamb, and I'd coax her there
The best I could, and sthrough the hair,
And comfort her lek, and her goin sobbin
And shivrin, and the little heart throbbin
Against my leg. And I'd be tellin her tales
I was makin about little boys and gels—

* The reason why.

Just some little bit of a story—
Quite simple—how they were took to glory
Urrov* all the trouble; or about the sea,
And the fishes—just comfortin her that way;
And the lovely flowers that was growin down
The deep no line could ever sound;
And the mermaids, and the way they were singin;
And the little bells going ding-a-lingin
On the Flakes.† And then she'd lift the head,
And the wondrin baby eyes all spread
Like primroses when the air is sunny
And draws them out. Aw, it's then the bonny
She looked, and forgettin all the sorrar.
And then I'd be making cat's cradles for her,
Or the like of that. And she'd play as nice,
And laugh; and tamin little mice.
Aw, she could do well with the lek o' that,
And terrible watchful of the cat!
Or she'd take my hand, and away she'd trot
To a little meadow the Doctor 'd got
On the river; and the questions she'd ax—
Astonishin!—Aw, fit to perplex
The Pazon; and gathrin yalla lilies,
And these little kittlins that's growin on the sallies,
Like velvet that smooth—Aw, you couldn tell
The putty,‡ and liftin' for me to smell.

—('The Doctor, and other Poems,' pp. 178, 179.)

A pretty picture of innocent childhood! As Katie has begun, so she continues; and at last, though not for a long time, she succeeds in rousing her father out of his intemperance, out of his intercourse with pot-house companions, who admire him for his wit and ready skill, but are drowning the finer elements in him. Katie, indeed, can do nothing until the death of the Doctor's unhappy, narrow-minded, jealous wife. That is a terrible shock, which stirs him to the bottom of his heart; and the blow is followed by another—the two elder children, Willy and Mary, fall into open disgrace and are cast out of the island. We wish we had room to quote the affecting scene in which Mary, the less hardened of these two sinners, is moved to repentance, real, however uncertain in the issue, by the good 'Pazon' (Parson) Gale. But we must hasten to the denouement of the story. One day a yacht comes into the bay, and a boat from it is sent on shore to enquire for a doctor. Dr. Bell is at hand, and is rowed out (Tom Baynes, the narrator, being one of the party).

* Out of. † Patches of sand among rocks under water.

‡ Pretty. w
'The

'The sun was setting when we fetched,
 And there was a lady lyin stretched
 On a bed on the deck, for she wouldn stay
 Below as long as it was day.
 So that's the raison they satisfied her.
 And the son and the husband standin beside her,
 And the awnin furled, and the last bit of light
 Shinin full on her face. Aw, the white! the white!
 And, "Here's the Docthor!" and makin room,
 And the young man leaned his head on the boom;
 But the old man took the Docthor's hand,
 And led him to her, you understand—
 But when she seen him she gave a cry,
 And, "Oh, you're come to see me die!
 Oh, Edward! oh—perhaps it's as well—
 Oh, Edward Bell! oh, Edward Bell!"
 And he fell on his knees, and he bowed his head,
 "Harriet! Harriet!" he said;
 But the Lady Harriet was dead.'

The 'old man,' otherwise Lord Brockley, husband of 'the Lady Harriet,' had heard the whole story of Edward Bell from Harriet's lips before he married her—so painful surprise to him there is none in the discovery; and, with the frank generosity of an honourable man, he makes Dr. Bell at once a friend. But the young man had known nothing of his mother's history—to him it is a surprise; and it sinks deep into his heart. In the end he marries Katie; and thus it is that the younger generation reap that love which in their elders had failed of its fruit. In the presence of his daughter's abiding affection, the Doctor's weaknesses and temptations pass away; while his sorrows sink behind him in the secret places of memory, where they cannot affect his strength.

We have dwelt at length upon this story, because for the unity and consistency of the plot, the sharpness and clearness of the character-drawing, and the sanity of the moral tone, it seems to us to stand very high indeed among the poems of the century. That it is a faultless poem, we are not saying; there are some trivialities in the mode of narration, which rather distract the reader—some roughnesses in the style. A careless reader may perhaps be stopped by these. But the careless reader ought not to have it all his own way in the world; and we are sure that any one who has taken in the pith of the story is not likely to forget it. Especially noticeable is the rank which the poet gives to intellect, in the person of the Doctor. Intellect is throughout treated as most precious and most salutary, and yet the essential weakness of it, the inability of mere intellect without strength
 of

of heart to save a man, is one of the lessons principally taught. Dr. Bell has a warm heart as well as a strong intellect; but it is in strength of heart that he gives way—calamitously, though not irretrievably. How often is this seen among men! How needful is it to insist on the lesson, that men, if they are to carry out the purposes of life to a successful end, must possess not merely intellect and feeling, but also strength!

Of the remaining stories, 'The Manx Witch' is the most powerful; 'Bella Gorry' the most graceful and pathetic. In 'The Manx Witch' there are four principal characters, namely, Jack Pentreath, a rough miner; Harry Creer, a rougher miner; Nussy Brew, the girl for whose hand the two miners are rival suitors; and the Manx Witch herself, 'Misthriss Banks.' We will not tell the story; but the challenge which passes between the two miners, to fight to the death for the young woman's hand, is given with such Homeric directness and plainness of speech that we quote it:—

"You'll give me satisfaction,"
Says Harry, "eh?" And *the where, and the when*
And *the how*. "At the mouth of the Dragon's den,"
Says Jack; "let's see which 'll put the other
Down the ould pit, and finish this bother.
For you know d—— well whichever 'll lose
That bout," says Jack, "he'll have a long snooze
Down there, he will. Now then, d'ye see!
It's death! it's death 'twixt you and me!
Will you try the fall, my blooming boss?
Hands on it, Harry!" So it's hands it was.'

The 'ould pit' is the shaft of a disused lead mine, and is three hundred feet deep. The desperate wrestling-bout (a quite new form of duel) takes place, and is described with uncommon spirit; happily the end is innocuous; for when, after two hours' struggle, they are on the point of rolling down the shaft, clasped in each other's deadly embrace, Tom Baynes comes on the scene by pure accident, and with his fresh strength rescues and at last separates the two. Once separated, they are as weak as water, and cannot resume the struggle; and Tom takes them to the mouth of the shaft, and bids them look down.

"I made the two of them look down
The shaft; and they seen it lighted round
Very clear with the moon, that was shinin' brave
And full by now—"If you're wantin' a grave,
You'd batthar spake to the Clerk," I says,
"And get a comfortabler place
Than that," says I; "it's like a well
Dug down to the deepest depths of hell."

And it really looked most horrible,
 The black and the deep! And Jack to shudder,
 And turn away; and Harry's rudder
 Not over studdy, but aised, it's lek,
 Aised in his mind.'

—('The Manx Witch, and other Poems,' p. 102.)

'Misthriss Banks,' the Manx Witch herself, is a powerfully drawn character; but we must leave the reader to discover her misdoings and her punishment.

All the stories from which we have hitherto quoted are in the Manx dialect (not of course in the Manx *language*, though a few words of that Celtic speech are scattered throughout the poems); and it is not to be denied that some people have a real difficulty in reading dialect poetry. We should hence be hardly doing justice to Mr. Brown if we did not quote something from those poems of his which are written in ordinary English. But the difference between the two classes of poems is curious. When Mr. Brown writes in the Manx dialect, whether in the briefest little word-sketch or in the longest narrative, humour is the most salient characteristic of what he writes; and it is accompanied by a certain looseness of rhythm which will have been apparent in the passages above quoted. But when he writes in ordinary English, the humour disappears, and its place is taken by a philosophical depth of thought, and often by a lyrical power and simplicity of expression. We have already quoted one of his songs; here is another. The lover is supposed to be waiting for his sweetheart under an apple-tree:—

'Apple-tree, apple-tree,
 Cover me, cover me,
 Branches of the apple-tree!
 While night's shadows drift and flee,
 Fall on me, fall on me,
 Blossoms of the apple-tree—
 Pink-tipt snowflakes tenderly
 Gliding from the apple-tree!'

—('The Manx Witch,' p. 49.)

These lines are simplicity itself; and so are the following:—

'Look at me, sun, ere thou set
 In the far sea;
 From the gold and the rose and the jet
 Look full at me!
 Leave on my brow a trace
 Of tenderest light;
 Kiss me upon the face,
 Kiss for good-night.'—('Old John,' p. 78.)

Almost

Almost as simple, and perhaps even more human in its touch, is the following:—

‘ At Malmsmead, by the river side,
I met a little lady,
And, as she passed, she sang a song
That was not Tait or Brady,
Or any song by art contrived
Of minstrel or of poet,
For baron’s hall, or chanter’s desk ;
And yet I seemed to know it.
Good sooth ! I think the song was mine—
The all unthinking sadness—
She read it from my longing eyes,
And gave it back in gladness.
And yet it was a challenge too,
As plain as she could make it,
So petulant, so innocent,
And yet I could not take it.
A breath, a gleam, and she is gone—
Just half a minute only—
So die the breaths, so fade the gleams,
And we are left so lonely.’

—(‘ Old John,’ pp. 99, 100.)

There is the lightness of touch which hardly involves thought at all, and yet does just involve it; the poem is slightly reflective, which the other two are not. But in the following, thought emerges quite clearly as a constituent element, and with what dexterous art is it insinuated ! The lines are entitled ‘ In a Fair Garden ’:—

‘ In a fair garden
I saw a mother playing with her child,
And with that chance beguiled
I could not choose but look
How she did seem to harden
His little soul to brook
Her absence—reconciled
With after boon of kisses
And sweet irrational blisses.
For she would hide
With loveliest grace
Of seeming craft,
Till he was ware of none beside
Himself upon the place:—
And then he laughed ;
And then he stood a space
Disturbed, his face

Prepared for tears ;
 And half acknowledged fears
 Met would-be courage, balancing
 His heart upon the spring
 Of flight—till, waxing stout,
 He gulped the doubt.
 So up the pleached alley
 Full swift he ran ;
 Whence she,
 Not long delayed,
 Rushed forth with joyous sally
 Upon her little man.
 Then was it good to see
 How each to other made
 A pretty rapture of discovery.
 Blest child ! blest mother ! blest the truth ye taught—
 God seeketh us, and yet He would be sought.
 —('Old John,' pp. 169, 170.)

Till the last two lines, there is nothing to distinguish this poem from one of simple natural feeling ; then suddenly the parabolic nature of it appears. Many such parables there are in the volume from which this is quoted ; for the mysteries of religion are continually in Mr. Brown's thoughts, and the method of the parable is now, as of old, peculiarly adapted to set those mysteries forth. He is, however, not always so transparently lucid as in our last quotation ; and to give an example of his thought where it is at once profounder and more difficult to grasp, we will quote the last four stanzas of his poem entitled 'Pain':—

'For there is threefold oneness with the one ;
 And he is one, who keeps
 The homely laws of life ; who, if he sleeps
 Or wakes, in his true flesh God's will is done.
 'And he is one, who takes the deathless forms,
 Who schools himself to think
 With the All-thinking, holding fast the link
 God-riveted that bridges casual storms.
 'But tenfold one is he, who feels all pains
 Not partial, knowing them
 As ripples parted from the gold-beaked stem
 Wherewith God's galley onward ever strains.
 To him the sorrows are the tension-thrills
 Of that serene endeavour
 Which yields to God for ever and for ever
 The joy that is more ancient than the hills.'

—('Old John,' pp. 110, 111.)

In

In these lines the natural man, the intellectual man, and the spiritual man are depicted; each of whom may receive sorrow in a righteous manner, and gather from it a worthy fruit. But the spiritual man alone grasps the divine essence of it wholly and with perfect truth; for he knows that it is a 'tension-thrill,' which while it pains does also enlarge and strengthen; labour and sorrow, thus taken, are the birth-travail which precedes the new life.

We would gladly have quoted, as of more than common excellence in the way of humour, something from that series entitled 'In the Coach';* and the poem entitled 'Mater Dolorosa,'† as of more than common excellence in the way of pathos. But of this our space will not allow.

It is natural to compare poets together; and as the greater number of Mr. Brown's poems are in dialect, it is natural to compare him with two other poets marked by the same characteristic—Burns and the Dorsetshire poet William Barnes. But Burns is too established a classic for it to be fair to set a recent poet by his side, and put any question as to their relative rank. As to Barnes, we quite believe him to be among the immortals; his gracefulness cannot be surpassed. But Mr. Brown has a stronger brain, a wider grasp of observation; he is not quite such easy reading; yet he cannot be called difficult. We esteem the value of his poems very highly; we shall be sorry if they are not remembered and read in the future, and we shall think the world suffers a loss if they are not; although he, like all other writers of the day, has to await that future judgment of the world, which it belongs to no single critic to pronounce.

Let us, however, conclude by quoting one of his briefest poems, which may remind us that however great this world is, there is something behind it which is greater, and that the springs of creation lie in that which is behind. The poem is entitled 'Indwelling':—

- 'If thou couldst empty all thyself of self,
Like to a shell dishabited,
Then might He find thee on the Ocean shelf,
And say—"This is not dead,"—
And fill thee with Himself instead.
- 'But thou art all replete with very *thou*,
And hast such shrewd activity,
That, when He comes, He says—"This is enow
Unto itself—'twere better let it be:
It is so small and full, there is no room for Me."'

* 'Old John,' pp. 51-75.

† Ibid., pp. 148-150.

- ART. V.—1. *Prehistoric Problems*. By Dr. R. Munro, M.A., M.D., F.R.G.S. London, 1897.
 2. *Ethnology*. By A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S. Cambridge Geographical Series, 1896.
 3. *The Evolution of the Aryan*. By Rodolph von Ihering. Translated from the German by A. Drucker, M.P. London, 1897.

AMONGST the many changes which the present century has witnessed may be reckoned the alteration which has taken place within it in the character of antiquarian study. The time is still not very far distant, when, except for a few ghostly figures flitting on the confines of written history, whatever of the past this latter did not illuminate lay hidden beneath a thick veil. The study of the monuments and relics of ancient times, as then pursued, formed a department mainly of history and *belles lettres*; and the causes which have since, at so many points, linked the labours of the antiquary to those of the prehistoric archæologist are the same causes to which the modern science of anthropology stands also indebted for its existence. So long as all organic connexion between humanity and other forms of physical life was repudiated, so long did the life-history of the human race remain altogether external to the domain of physical science. The claim now made on behalf of this life-history, as being an object of, strictly speaking, scientific interest, has been the result, though at first the indirect result only, of many different lines of enquiry, and amongst these none have exercised a greater influence than modern researches in geology and paleontology.

Long before 'evolution' had become a word to conjure with, there were minds to whom the possible existence of immense vistas of geological time had been already rendered familiar through the agency of these two sciences. The 'record of the rocks,' to which these also had unearthed the key, when read in the light of the Darwinian theory, almost forced the recognition of a link which should bind humanity on its physical side to a continuous series of pre-existing forms of organic life. With this recognition anthropology—the science of man as one amongst these living forms—was first able to take shape.

Touching, as it is thus obliged to do, on many matters of supreme and far-reaching consequence, anthropology, although the youngest, has yet grown to be in a certain sense the most important of the natural sciences, and has made nearly all these in one way or another its tributaries. The large range of subjects,

subjects, however, with which this new science has thus to deal, has brought with it the accompanying necessity for a high degree of specialization in the treatment of its several branches. In the interest of the general lay public, therefore, the task of from time to time collecting and arranging the fruits, gathered by many workers each in his separate field, has become a very necessary one; and when experts, such as Dr. Munro and Professor Keane, are found undertaking it for us, our warmest thanks are their due.

Of the two books which stand first on our present list, each in its own way throws a light of genuine human interest over the long unchronicled ages which rolled slowly by, carrying with them the lives of countless prehistoric generations.

In the pages of Dr. Munro's latest work, the inhabitants of neolithic Europe are brought most picturesquely before us; and we seem to see them gliding over the frozen meres on their skates made from horses' leg bones, setting their ingenious otter-traps in river-pools, and reaping grain by the handful with their tiny bronze or stone sickles. In Professor Keane's wonderfully condensed and at the same time fascinating handbook of Ethnology, the relationship of these and other still more ancient peoples to ourselves is lucidly discussed; and the results of a vast amount of research are arranged provisionally, for our more convenient study, on the lines of a well-defined working hypothesis.

Of all the 'Prehistoric Problems' which Dr. Munro discusses, that touching the relationship subsisting between the 'Erect Posture' in man, and his specific human development, is unquestionably the most important. Dr. Munro's theory on this head was first formulated in the Address here re-printed, which was given by him as President of the Anthropological Section of the British Association in 1893. It differs widely from the views more ordinarily held as to the course of human evolution, and its special significance lies in the fact that, if correct, it would go very far towards removing a class of objections made by some scientists, as to the inadequacy of what are commonly defined as 'natural' causes for producing the specifically human type of body and brain development. The process of human evolution from an ape-like progenitor has been hitherto more commonly imagined as one of bodily and mental progress advancing by alternate steps or else hand in hand; and the manifest difficulty here, as Dr. Wallace has justly pointed out, is that a certain stage must thus infallibly have occurred where budding humanity would have found itself in the uncomfortable condition of a 'soft-shelled' crab; deprived,

deprived, that is to say, of its older defences, while its newer ones were still unfit to be of any service to it. A creature, thus, which had lost the power of climbing like an ape, and not yet gained that of running like a man; whose jaws had grown too short to be the efficient weapons they once were, while its brain remained too dull to suggest the use of artificial substitutes; who shivered half naked in its progress towards a higher life, because wanting the wit to provide itself with clothes and shelter—a 'missing link' such as this would indeed have had but little chance of victory over his rude and unimproved kinsfolk in the battle of life. When, however, as in Dr. Munro's present contention, the order of evolution assumed is a different one, and the two processes of bodily and cerebral development are figured not as contemporary, but as successive, the whole nature of the question undergoes a change. One single hypothesis, and this by no means an improbable one, is here needed. Let circumstances arise, such, for instance, as the destruction of forests and the compulsory abandonment of arboreal habits, or, again, of enforced residence on wide plains, where every inch of additional height would bring its corresponding advantage in increased range of vision—let these, or any other set of circumstances be supposed to have occurred, which would place a distinct premium on the use, by the human 'precursor,' of the hind limbs for locomotion, and of the hind limbs only—and the erect posture would be certain in time to habitually replace the semi-erect one, as even now, in the gibbon and chimpanzee, it occasionally does.

So long as this degree of change and no more is postulated as the first stage on the road of upward progress, there is no need to picture the time required for its accomplishment as one during which man in his transition stage would have been exposed to exceptional peril. Stooping or upright, in this case none of his natural weapons would have been wrested from him before he himself was ready to let them go. His hairy coat, his sinewy arms, his long canine teeth and protruding jaws would have remained *in statu quo* so long as they could do him service. He would never have been required 'to change horses while crossing a ford,' and not until the enforced maintenance of the erect position had induced the changes of body and limbs which make this position in man effortless and habitual, would the second, or cerebral, stage of transformation have been even approached.

To supply the stimulus to this further brain development became, on Dr. Munro's theory, the task of the now liberated hands. To grasp had long been their function, but so long as their

their grasping powers were required for the support of the body, the free exercise of these would have remained much limited. But the body once set firmly on two feet, whatever now came within the reach of the hands could be seized, handled, flung about, and brandished, with a freedom hitherto unknown; and a creature, even of very limited intelligence, would not fail in the course of such exercises to learn something at least of the properties of various objects, and of the advantages of this or that way of using them. Each fresh perception of this kind, however small, would communicate its corresponding brain stimulus, and the brain so stimulated would in its turn react on the perceptive powers. Manual effort would thus awaken observation and thought, and observation and thought would re-direct manual effort. Brain action would become stereotyped in brain development, and brain development re-express itself in increased brain action. Imitation would unite with heredity in preserving such changes when acquired, and the laws of selection and survival would render them progressive. Brute strength would cease to be the decisive element in the battle of life that it had once been, because something stronger had entered the lists unperceived, in which it would have found its match. As increasing intelligence suggested the use of artificial weapons, those which nature had provided would fall naturally into disuse. Jaws and skull would gradually lose their ape-like and assume their human proportions; for the point would fairly have been reached when the theatre of future development was shifted from body to brain—and so far as humanity can be comprised in material elements at all, the human precursor may be said to have taken out his letters-patent to man's estate when first, with some definite aim in view, he flourished a stick about his head, or hammered with a stone.

Not merely is the above theory important by rendering the process of physical evolution as applied to the human body and brain more conceivable than it otherwise would be, but it is still further valuable as furnishing an entirely new standard, by means of which 'transition forms,' should remain of such appear, may be classified. It thus vindicates with no uncertain sound the entirely human character of the men of Neanderthal and Spy, and this in spite of certain slight but distinct approaches to the simian type; while on the other hand, it is able to point to the contrasted characters of skull and thigh bone shown by the remains of the strange nondescript from Java, called by its finder, Dr. Dubois, *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, as being precisely those which a genuine 'missing link'

link' might be trusted to display—a tall erect body, namely, surmounted by a small and ape-like head.

To enter on the grave metaphysical issues with which the question of evolution as applied to humanity has, as we ourselves hold, been gratuitously loaded, lies quite outside our present task. It is with matters only of which physical science can take cognizance, and on which physical science therefore has a right to speak, that we propose here to concern ourselves, and the various classes of evidence bearing on the time and place of man's first appearance on our planet, and on his distribution over it, are all such as fall within this category.

Nothing is more useful in the consideration of subjects with regard to which inference must be called in from time to time, to fill the *lacunæ* left by knowledge, than some such intelligible working hypothesis as is employed by Professor Keane, in constructing his provisional picture of the emergence of humanity from its non-human envelope, and its advance along the road of physical and mental progress. The possible manner of such a transformation, as conceived by Dr. Munro, we have already shortly described; for the time and place where it may be not improbably pictured as occurring, we will now follow Professor Keane.

On the ground of the specific unity of the human race, evidenced, as in the case of other races, by the capacity for 'permanently fertile intercrossing' among its various branches, Professor Keane is a 'monogenist,'—he considers, that is to say, that humanity in all its varieties may be traced back to a single centre of evolution; and the genealogical trees, confessedly provisional as they are, which he has arranged on this principle have, we think, a very special value, as indicating with extreme clearness the kind of blood relationship, which, whether in the case of man or animals, can and cannot be predicated, of widely divergent forms.

'We have been fishes—I believe we shall be crows,' said the lady in 'Tancred,' when summing up for the benefit of the hero her impressions of 'Vestiges of Creation,'—and the notions which even yet are occasionally entertained concerning the Darwinian theory of descent are, it may be said, hardly less crude. The fallacy of the idea that from 'specialized type forms' other type forms are likely to be descended, is one of the main points which Professor Keane, in dealing with human inter-racial relationships, takes particular care to demonstrate; and in the very act of so doing, moreover, he tacitly lays down a principle, which, if consistently extended to the succession of life as a whole 'from monad to man,' would rob the descent of the latter,

latter, even as held by the straitest sect of the evolutionists, of all title to be described, as strictly speaking, a non-human one. Turning to the family tree of the *hominidæ* given at p. 224, we find that the three primary branches of this which Professor Keane recognizes, are represented as springing directly and independently from a single generalized human precursor, who thus potentially comprised them all—the same process, viz., that of divergence from a precursor relatively generalized, being repeated over and over again by each branch in the course of its further ramifications. Should we now, however, instead of taking this ‘generalized human precursor’ as our first starting point, go further back still, and construct a family tree (were such a feat possible) exhibiting the descent, or rather the ascent, of all forms of animal life from the lowest to the highest, we should be forced, if we consistently followed out the same method, to figure the leading shoot of this tree as one from within which humanity in germ had never at any time been absent. At each succeeding stage of its growth, this main stem would be represented as having put some non-human branches forth, and it would only be when its growth was completed that the human element, or whatever it is which constitutes the necessary physical basis of this, would be found alone. Thus viewed, to stigmatize the descent of man from pre-existing living forms as in any absolute sense a ‘lowly’ one, becomes a mere piece of officious and gratuitous dogmatism; for although it is evident that there can be no form of organic life, in the present or the past, with which he has not some ancestors in common, it is yet equally evident that of such none can be included in the direct line of human descent excepting those only in which the human element was always potentially present; the elimination of the non-human factors, and the evolution of the human ones, being thus exhibited as a double process, through which the full stature of humanity on its physical side has been ultimately attained.

The ‘cradle-land’ of the human race, the scene in which potential man thus emerged from his bestial swaddling clothes, is laid by Professor Keane in a lost continent, which, although now represented only by Madagascar and other islands of the Indian Ocean, once stretched between India and Africa, and probably approached closely to the shores of Australasia as well. The existence of such an ‘Indo-African’ continent during the Secondary geological period is evidenced by the occurrence both in India and Africa of identical forms of animals and plants belonging to that time; and its persistence into the succeeding Tertiary epoch is in the same way needed to explain the

the distribution of the hippopotamus, of the great wingless birds living and extinct, of the lemurs or half-apes, of the anthropoid apes, and of the 'Negroid' variety of man himself.

Within the limits, probably, of some isolated group, Professor Keane imagines that at some time during the mid-Tertiary period incipient humanity may have chipped its shell, and, after what we may perhaps call a prolonged post-natal incubation period, dispersed itself by different routes over the habitable globe. The Negroid division of mankind, especially in its more generalized 'Negrito' type, he regards as approaching most nearly in some important respects to the original form, and this branch he considers should be looked upon as a 'derelict' which, having spread itself to and fro over the equatorial tract of land on which it first saw light, was left behind on this by those of its kinsfolk who went further afield, and still occupies such portions of it as have not since disappeared. Leaving this primitive 'Indo-African' population, as we may call it, to the influence of steaming tropical forests and burning suns, we will follow, under Professor Keane's guidance, the footsteps of the more adventurous migrants.

Amongst the geographical conditions which prevailed in the Eastern Hemisphere during the earlier human period, there are two in particular which cannot fail to have exercised an immense influence on the formation and distribution of the 'Caucasic' or white, and of the 'Mongoloid' or yellow, divisions of mankind. The first of these is to be found in the great inland sea—the so-called Ponto-Aralian-Mediterranean—which, by occupying during comparatively recent times a large part of Central Asia, interposed an effectual barrier between the dwellers on its eastern and western shores; the second, in the now vanished connexions between the coasts of Northern Africa and Europe, which at one time converted the Mediterranean into a chain of land-locked basins. Bearing these conditions in mind, a glance at the map will be enough to show us that, while Eastern Asia and Northern Africa would have been alike approachable from different parts of the former Indo-African continent, it would have been to the followers of the north-western, not the north-eastern of these two routes, that the colonization at any rate of Southern and Central Europe would necessarily fall. If then we assume, as Professor Keane does, that Northern Africa was the centre of development, the second cradle-land, of the white races, and Eastern Asia of the yellow ones, we shall be likewise justified in concluding, with him, that (except for a Mongolic element in the extreme north) it has been the incipient white man who, from

from most primitive times, has supplied the population of Europe.

Granting the first appearance of man during the Miocene period, it would have been during the long warm Pliocene age, which followed, that his initial dispersion would have taken place; and it is, in fact, to the later part of this age that a class of extremely rudely fashioned stone implements, found even so far north as Great Britain, have lately with increasing confidence been referred. To whatever extent, however, the colonization of Europe may by this time have proceeded, with the close of the Pliocene epoch it is at any rate bound to have suffered a great check; since then it was that a period of excessive cold set in, before which all the more northern settlers must have either fled or perished.

The Glacial period, owing to the necessary connexion which exists as to the assumed date of its occurrence and the minimum limit of antiquity which may permissibly be assigned to the human race, has had a good deal of rough handling to put up with—having been pushed forward and pulled backward, and extended and contracted, by different schools of theorists, according to the length of the term which they have been willing to concede to the human habitation of the earth. The one really serious enquiry into such known physical causes as might reasonably be called in to account for the secular occurrence of cold periods, was made not more than twenty years since by the late Dr. Croll, whose 'Astronomical theory' has been chiefly objected to on account of the seemingly vast drafts which it involves upon the Bank of Time. Believing that the clue to great secular variations of temperature might be found in the periodical variations in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, Dr. Croll undertook the task of calculating the dates, backward, at which, during a certain time, such extremes of eccentricity would have taken place. Two maximum periods of this kind, he thus found, would have occurred within the last million years. These he identified with the two accesses of glacial cold which geological evidence places at the conclusion respectively of the Pliocene and Pleistocene epochs, lasting, according to his estimate, 260,000 years and 160,000 years respectively. Between these two Glacial epochs he allowed a period of 480,000 years, and between the Second Glacial epoch and the present time he recognised a further interval of 80,000 years.

The influence of climatic changes on so large a scale, on the spread of population, must have been necessarily enormous, since whole countries would have been thus made uninhabitable.

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But (and this is another of the points to which Professor Keane calls special attention) it is most important, in estimating these effects, that their strictly *local* character should not be forgotten; since otherwise a misleading idea is apt to intrude itself, of an icy barrier existing everywhere and at the same time, between one stage of human progress and another. But whilst Europe, or much of it, lay wrapped in an Arctic slumber of, on Dr. Croll's computation, 260,000 years, life outside this cold zone, it must be borne in mind, went busily on; and the fact that during this long period some degree of human progress took place, is shown by the great difference in character exhibited between the industrial relics ascribed, as has been already said, to pre-Glacial man, and even the most primitive of those left behind by his post-Glacial, or rather *inter-Glacial*, successors.

The whole of this 'inter-Glacial' period, on which Northern and Central Europe now entered, belongs geologically to the 'Pleistocene' or 'Quaternary' epoch. It comprises, according to Dr. Croll's figures, a period of over 480,000 years, or more than both the preceding and succeeding Glacial periods put together; and thus, though the relics of its human occupation are of 'paleolithic' or 'old-stone' types throughout, the earlier and later varieties differ widely from one another.

So vast are the physical changes which have taken place since inter-Glacial times, that it is hard to realize the condition of Europe as it was when the English Midlands formed the *Ultima Thule* of the human race. Throughout the whole of its northern and western portions, the land then stood so high above its present level that the British Islands formed part of each other and of the Continent. A great river, to which the Thames, the Ouse, the Humber, the Rhine, and the Elbe were all tributaries, pursued its course along the bed of the North Sea. The English Channel, similarly, was represented by another river, a vestige of which still survives in the Solent, and which, running midway between the French and English coasts, emptied itself into the Atlantic on a shore-line extending two hundred miles to the westward of Land's End. The Bristol Channel was then a broad plain, grazed over by herds of bison, reindeer, and wild horses, whilst the fact has been already adverted to that Spain and Italy were readily accessible from Northern Africa by means of broad belts of land stretching across the Mediterranean from shore to shore. Not man only, but the great African land animals also, had taken advantage of these to effect an entrance into Europe. Even so far north as England the hippopotamus wallowed on the river-banks,
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the African elephant and the African rhinoceros, no less than their well-clad cousins the woolly rhinoceros and the mammoth, roamed through the country, whilst lions of a large extinct breed inhabited the forests, and hyænas made their dens in the caverns of the limestone rocks.

The rivers did not then occupy their present beds, but were wider, shallower, and more rapid. The work of these ancient streams is still visible in the high-level gravels and other deposits which cap the land bordering on our present river-valleys, such as those for instance at Stoke Newington, Hampstead, and generally along the Thames valley; and it is in these 'drift' gravels that by far the greater number of the earlier inter-Glacial specimens of human handiwork have been found; these having been long ago silted up and buried there, just as we may still see broken crockery, empty meat tins, and old boots being silted up and buried in our river banks to-day. Low down in these high-level gravels, we find implements of the oldest paleolithic or inter-Glacial type—coarsely-chipped stone clubs for the most part, with a rounded butt at one end and a point at the other—a form which appears at that time to have been almost the only one in use. As we proceed upwards fresh shapes appear, and the work grows better, whilst at the top, covered only with later accumulations of surface soil, multitudes of sharp well-made tools are to be met with, together with indications in some spots, in the shape of collected heaps of unworked flints, cores from which flakes have been struck, and innumerable chippings, that the manufacture of these implements had become a regular industry.

So far, however, as British inter-Glacial progress was concerned, it seems to have been here cut short; a second access of glacial cold being at this point heralded apparently by a deluge of half-frozen mud, which poured over the camping grounds carrying all before it, and which still, as the 'contorted drift,' may be seen in many places overlying the old river-gravels of the south of England, and their remains. Whether driven away by this visitation or by the change of climate which caused it, England seems to have been swept clear of its earlier inhabitants; and the later stages of human progress, so far as the 'old stone' age is concerned, must therefore be sought elsewhere.

In the caves and beneath the overhanging ledges of rock which abound in south-central France, there lived during the later part of the inter-Glacial period a race of men who were the contemporaries there of the mammoth, the reindeer, and the wild horse, and who lived by hunting these animals. Here

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it was that paleolithic culture reached its highest point. In the masses of rubbish which form the floors of these ancient dwellings are to be found delicately wrought flint knives, saws, spearheads, and other weapons and tools of a variety of patterns, accompanied by beautifully made needles, fish-hooks, and harpoons, of bone, horn, and ivory. The carvings and etchings which have also been left behind them by these old Nimrods, of the creatures they saw and hunted, possess, in many cases, a degree of artistic merit which is simply marvellous. The portrait of a mammoth, sketched with a graver on one of his own tusks, corresponds with perfect fidelity to the descriptions given of the hairy monster, by travellers who have been startled at the sight of his frozen carcase when washed out of the Siberian tundras. Had Leach drawn some of the horses, their heavy-headed Norwegian type could scarcely have been more apparent, while amongst the many representations of reindeer, there are some which, in the feeling they show for form, attitude, and expression, must have been the work of a prehistoric Landseer. The human figure also occurs, though less frequently, in this ancient art gallery, and seems to have presented greater difficulties, as its treatment is childish and rudimentary. But even these pictures, however rude, have their own tale to tell. Their subjects are drawn sometimes naked, sometimes clothed, sometimes with shading which appears meant to indicate a natural hairy covering. A woman, supposed to have been thrown down by a reindeer, is holding up arms adorned with bracelets. A man, with a set of sharp features and a peaked beard, suggests an attempt at portraiture.

Fairly early during the inter-Glacial period many of the simpler arts of life had been mastered. The 'black band,' in cave and gravel deposits, shows that the comfort of a blazing hearth was not unknown, and burnt bones tell of ancient cookery. Bone needles, with their eyes neatly bored, show how very far back the art of sewing reaches. Flint 'scrapers,' such as are still used by the Eskimos, testify to the practice of skin dressing; and the picture scratched on a bone, of a long glove or mitten reaching to the elbow, speaks volumes as to the manifold uses to which dressed skins and sewing needles must have been applied. A certain taste in clothing, or rather in ornament, had its place amongst the more advanced paleolithic peoples; and in the absence of glass beads and metals, found satisfaction in shells and teeth pierced for stringing into bracelets and necklaces, and apparently also in the practice of painting the face and person with red ochre; little paint-pots of reindeer horn,
still

still containing some of this substance, having been found among the belongings of the hunters of La Laugerie.

The long time occupied by the advance and retreat of the cold, during the second Glacial period, appears, as far as human occupation was concerned, to have remained a blank, not in England only, but all over Central Europe. In the southern and south-eastern parts of the Continent, traces of intermediate occupation, some of which are described by Dr. Munro in his 'Prehistoric Problems,' have recently been met with; but except by these, the gap, in Europe, between the disappearance of the paleolithic men and the appearance long after of their neolithic successors, is altogether unbridged.

The second Glacial period was a period not only of climatic changes, but of important geographical changes as well. By a process of slow subsidence, England, Ireland, Scandinavia, France, Italy, and Spain, all, during this time, gained their existing coast lines. During this time also, the rivers, having at last settled into their present beds, completed the lengthy task of wearing these down to their present levels. The older European fauna also underwent a change, which deprived it altogether of the mixed Arctic and tropical character by which it had once been distinguished. Even before the close of the inter-Glacial period, the mammoth, so far at least as Europe was concerned, had become finally extinct. The warmth-loving African beasts, which had early fled southwards before the approaching cold, when this at last withdrew, found their return altogether cut off by the Mediterranean. As the ice receded northward the reindeer followed it, and the group of animals which has since remained proper to temperate climates was left in sole possession.

The difference between the Europe of inter-Glacial and the Europe of post-Glacial times, was no more marked, however, than was the corresponding difference between its outgoing and its incoming inhabitants. Even in their palmiest days, the men of the inter-Glacial period had never passed beyond the 'savage' stage of culture. They lived apparently from hand to mouth—tilled no land, made no pottery, possessed no domestic animals, stored no provisions. Man in his paleolithic stage vanishes from our sight a wandering hunter like Esau, whilst his neolithic successor appears like Jacob, leading his flocks and herds. Two different neolithic races, offshoots both of them of the 'Caucasic' North African stock, are considered by Professor Keane to have entered Europe by two different routes, cutting each other almost at right angles. The first of these arrivals hailed straight from the North African cradle-land, and crossing

the Straits of Gibraltar worked their way northward, along the Portuguese, Spanish, and French sea-board, and so to Great Britain and Scandinavia. To the members of this race the terms 'Berber,' 'Iberian,' 'Euskarian,' or 'Basque,' 'Silurian,' and 'Pictish' have been variously applied. It is supposed to survive both in blood and language among the Basques of the Pyrenees, and to be represented, in one at least of its prominent racial types, by the short, dark, long-headed human remnant of which specimens are to be met with chiefly among the coast populations of Brittany, Cornwall, and Wales, and in the west of Ireland and Scotland. The short, dark, *round-headed* people, who exist in numbers in Eastern France, South Germany, Switzerland, and North Italy, are to be referred, on the other hand, to the 'Keltic' immigrants (as Dr. Munro considers them) who at a considerably later period entered Central Europe, probably from Asia Minor, by way of the Danube valley; and whilst the former range of the 'Iberian' settlers is held to be marked by their sepulchral monuments, the tumuli, dolmens, and stone-circles scattered over Western Europe, it is to the eastern immigrants—these so-called 'Kelts'—that we are indebted for the richest of all our prehistoric legacies, the pile-dwellings of Switzerland and North Italy, and for the luminous and complete picture of neolithic life and culture which they have preserved for us.

There is always something attractive about the relics of a nameless race, and those of the neolithic peoples of Europe have their own interest, as belonging to men whose descendants, without doubt, still to a great extent furnish the substratum of its inhabitants. Many of these relics, moreover, exhibit forms which have survived, almost, if not entirely, unaltered to our own times, whilst taken altogether they place before us in a very attractive light the daily life of a busy, thrifty people, whose energy and inventive powers should place it high among semi-civilized communities.

So much of inherited experience and power falls now to the lot of almost everybody that, in ordinary circumstances, we remain to a great extent unconscious of our natural difficulties and limitations, and unable consequently to estimate justly the capacity shown by primitive peoples in their use of rude and simple appliances. The forlorn condition even of the best of us, when really left to our own individual resources, is admirably illustrated by Dr. Nansen, in his account of the difficulties experienced by himself and his companion in the building of their winter hut on Franz Josef Land. The labour which it cost them to erect this miserable shelter, shows how quickly the
want

want of his accustomed aids may reduce the civilized man for the time being to the level of the savage, and illustrates forcibly the difficulties with which the earliest human architects would have had to contend; and the whole passage indeed, is one which should be fraught with interest to the prehistoric archæologist, as showing how naturally the uses of certain objects suggest themselves to men in whatever stage of culture, provided no better are to be had. Thus the spade made of the shoulder-blade of the walrus, the walrus-tusk tied to the crosstree of a sledge to serve as a pick—such and suchlike are the objects, fashioned by nature partly to his hand, of which primitive man, both then and now, has always been quick to avail himself.

The remains exhibited even by the earliest pile-dwellings of neolithic Europe, show us a people in some ways much nearer to modern than to paleolithic times—a people who had long crossed the frontier which divides savagery from civilization. A vast deal of skill and combined labour was needed for the construction of their peculiar dwellings. They were agriculturists and stock-keepers. They made pottery, which, though of coarse clay and ill baked, exhibits what are still some of our most elegant shapes. Flint-chipping they had reduced to a fine art, and to the better class of their stone tools they gave the neolithic ‘hall-mark’ by grinding and polishing them as well. They were no longer entirely dependent on skins for clothing, but had learnt the arts of spinning and weaving. Their ‘dug-out’ canoes point to some knowledge of navigation, and their possession of jade and of amber to a rudimentary commerce—whilst the abundant remains of manufactured products of different sorts, found in particular places, suggest various industries as having become to a certain extent localized.

No sort of structure could have been better adapted than that of the lake-dwellings to secure the preservation, in large quantities, of the remains of occupation. Built on platforms surmounting closely driven piles, the contents of the neolithic dustbins, when shot down among these, would have lain securely in the stagnant water, till covered up with sand or mud, or as sometimes happened, enclosed in a perennial growth of peat-moss from the lake bottom. Built moreover, as the huts were, mainly of wood, and thatched with reed, conflagrations were constantly occurring, in which objects even the most perishable were carbonized to such a degree as, while leaving them quite recognizable, at the same time preserved them indefinitely from any further change. Numbers of the most unlooked-for details have thus been brought to light. The remains of corn, which has been found in large quantities, sometimes even (as at Wangen)

by the bushel, show the lake-dwellers to have been possessed of no less than five different varieties of cultivated wheat, three of barley, and two of millet. Flax in all stages of manufacture is found, from the stalks made up in tidy bundles, to the wound spindles, and specimens of coarse but evenly woven linen cloth. Scraps of fishing nets have come to light, showing the identical stitch still in use, and so too have hanks of rope and twine, these latter, except for their being burnt to blackness, looking as new and untouched as if just come from the hands of the cordwainer. These all are made of flax, hemp as a substitute not being known. Of woollen cloth there are no signs, but this does not prove its absence, since it is one of the things which either fire or long immersion in water would have destroyed. Pieces of tanned leather have been found, however, and also a clumsy square-toed wooden shoe last. In size, the houses of the lake-dwellers might compare favourably with those of some of our own poor. At Robenhausen, where, from the settlement having become buried in peat moss, the evidence is peculiarly complete, the observations made by Herr Jacob Messikommer, who superintended the excavations, show that cottages measuring 27 x 22 feet stood side by side, leaving spaces between them, in which the thick beds of accumulated manure show that cattle of various kinds had been stalled. Each of these houses was apparently a 'single tenement,' since within the space formerly occupied by each, was found its own hearthstone, its own corncrusher, and its own implements (in the shape of clay loom-weights and spindle-whorls) for weaving and spinning; together with pieces of cloth, and stores of corn and raw flax. Of food-remains there is a great abundance. From these we learn that wheat, not ground as at a later period in 'querns' or handmills, but bruised merely in the heavy stone mortars known as 'corn-crushers,' was both made into bread in the form of thick flat scones, and boiled into a sort of porridge which must have somewhat resembled the old English 'furmity.' Perforated earthenware dishes, like colanders, are suggestive of curds and whey, cheese-making, or both. Apples seem to have been much liked, and quantities of them, burnt to blackness, have been found halved and dried as if for winter use. Collections of the stones and seeds of wild cherries, sloes, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, and elderberries, also show that fruit formed a large part of the neolithic dietary.

The shape of many of the still soot-grimed cooking-pots shows some knowledge of the culinary art. The lid of one of these, figured by Dr. Munro, has been evidently shaped for

for holding hot cinders, like that of a modern 'braising pan.' 'Cocks' of the 'gipsy' pattern, with short legs, are admirably adapted for hearth-cooking; and nothing, in the absence of a stove or oven, could have better secured the maintenance of that slow even heat in which every skilled cook delights, than the round-bottomed vessels standing in thick earthenware rings found in some of the 'bronze age' settlements.

Turning from the kitchen department to the farmyard, we find that the earlier neolithic settlers were possessed of goats, pigs, horned goat-like sheep, a breed of small cattle, and a small kind of dog; whilst somewhat later the sheep increase in size and become less goat-like, and the cattle, apparently in consequence of judicious crossing with the native urus (*Bos primigenius*), have produced several larger breeds, one with long spreading horns. The little dog gives place to a bigger one of the greyhound sort, and the pig also undergoes some changes.

The horse appears for the first time in the bronze-age settlements as an animal undoubtedly domesticated. The bits used for it, which have been found in great numbers, are curious. In the older, or at least more primitive, patterns of these, the 'bars' or cheek-pieces are made of horn, pierced in the middle and at each end, for attachment to the mouth-piece, the reins, and the head-stall. In one specimen, from Corcelettes, the bars, made from the tynes of red-deer antlers, were fitted with an uncomfortable-looking bone mouthpiece; but the quantity of pierced horn bars found separately makes it probable that a rope mouth-piece may often have been used; and if so this may not unnaturally have been the parent of the twisted form (almost exactly like a modern 'twisted Pelham') in which many of the bronze bits were cast, and which, considering their great age, gives them an oddly 'up-to-date' appearance. Few of these bits are larger than would fit a twelve-hand pony, and some are still more diminutive; a fact which, together with the remains of the animals themselves, shows the breed to have been a small one.

We have only to examine any collection of neolithic tools and implements to see how very ancient some of the forms are which still remain in use; numbers of these indeed being almost obviously derivatives from that oldest of paleolithic implements, the long pear-shaped club. Mounted transversely, such a club becomes an axe or hammer. Mounted point foremost on a long handle, it is a spear, and on a short handle a dagger—while such a dagger, lengthened out, as it became subsequently when cast in bronze, passes gradually into the two-edged sword. A lateral division again, it is easy to see, whether

whether of the original stone implement, the dagger, or the spear-head, would produce the knife-blade form, and this only awaited the knowledge of bronze casting to give birth to variations in knives, coulters, and bill-hooks, many of which, especially in the matter of knives, are still religiously preserved.

There is scarcely an ordinary carpenter's or workman's tool, the screw excepted, whose pedigree does not reach back to neolithic times. The shapes of mattocks and axe-blades, as shown by those of the ancient copper specimens from Hungary, have thus remained perfectly unaltered. The navy works at his railway cutting with a pick whose outline still recalls to some extent that of the red-deer horn (brow, antler, and shaft together) out of which its early prototype was extemporized; whilst there is more than one special pattern of hammer-head which might have been exactly copied from neolithic designs. The substitution of metal for stone, however, naturally brought with it alterations in the shapes of many of the older implements. As has been already said, some of the existing forms of knife-blades came in with the use of bronze, and the saw and the sickle too passed through a cycle of changes, to the following out of which Dr. Munro devotes an entire chapter of his '*Prehistoric Problems*.' Pin-making is another industry which may be called a child of the bronze age, for, though stout bone pins had long been in use, it was only with the entrance of bronze that any variety in form or ornament became possible. Thenceforth we find pins of all sizes and shapes. Long pins with large and often very beautifully worked heads came into fashion as hair ornaments; so much so indeed that 'neck-rests,' like those used by Japanese women, apparently took the place of pillows, in order not to disarrange this style of coiffure. The simple straight pin, now that it was capable of being bent and twisted, also underwent a change, which transformed it into one of the oldest, as well as the most enduring, of metal ornaments,—the 'fibula' or 'safety-pin,' namely—which, in its primitive form, may be easily seen to have been neither more nor less than a contrivance for linking together the head and point of an ordinary pin, to prevent it from falling out.

Another side altogether of primitive 'culture,' if it can be so called, is touched on by Dr. Munro in his very curious account of 'prehistoric trepanning,'—that side namely which is connected with the religious conceptions of the earlier races of mankind. The operation of scraping a hole in the skull of a living subject, apparently with a sharp piece of flint, is one of which there is frequent evidence; and Dr. Munro considers it to have been probably resorted to as a cure for epilepsy, in the idea of
thus

thus 'letting out' the spirit which caused the disease. From skulls thus treated, whose owners the cicatrized bone shows to have survived this treatment, circlets, usually so cut as to include a part of the margin of the original cicatrized aperture, are often found to have been removed. This practice Dr. Munro looks upon as indicating a belief according to which persons who had successfully undergone the operation of trepanning were considered as in some sense sacred, or at least as possessing such exceptional powers over the spirit world as made their remains specially suitable for use as charms or amulets. The circlets of bone thus removed are usually pierced or grooved, as if for wearing round the neck, and they are often also found among the other objects placed in the tombs of the dead. Both these circumstances are in favour of Dr. Munro's theory as to their supposed therapeutic virtue; and if this theory is a correct one, they form an additional item in a large body of evidence which tells us that the shadow of the unseen had already fallen on the soul of neolithic man, and was driving him to seek refuge, in charms, gifts to the dead, and elaborate sepulchral rites, from the mysterious terrors which haunted him.

That *Homo Caucasicus*, the typical 'white man,' had his proximate origin in Northern Africa, and spread thence both during paleolithic and neolithic times over Europe, the Nile Valley, and a great part of Asia, is one of the most important of Professor Keane's present ethnological contentions. Under the name *Homo Caucasicus* he includes, not only the more strictly speaking 'white' varieties of the human race, but those also, which, belonging in other respects to the normally white type, differ from this incidentally in the matter of colouring.

Thus, not only does he include in this division of mankind fair and dark Europeans, Semites, Persians, and Hindûs, but also Copts, Berbers, and even such still darker African tribes as the Somalis and Gallas. Much of the confusion which exists, in his opinion, as to the affinities of the white races, he attributes to the too common use of the word 'Aryan,' as a term not of linguistic only, but of existing racial significance; and he examines at some length the nature of the misapprehensions which have thus been brought about.

It was at a time when ethnology was yet in its infancy that the common descent of the Persian, Hindu, Classical, Celtic, Slavonic, and Teutonic languages was first made conclusively evident; and philologists, as he maintains, in the natural triumph of such a discovery, pushed their resulting conclusions too far. In linguistic relationships, it was assumed, lay the one true key to racial relationships. Races speaking languages derived

derived from a common source, were *ipso facto* regarded as standing in the same relation to a common parent-race as did the languages they spoke to a common parent-language; and, as a consequence of this assumption, the 'primitive Aryan speech' and the 'primitive Aryan people' were for a time credited severally, and in a precisely equal degree, with being the ancestors of the derived Aryan languages and races.

An Aryan 'cradle-land,' the supposed birthplace of all the Aryan-speaking races, was figured as situated somewhere in Central Asia; and from thence this race, after leaving behind it its Persian and Hindu contingents, was supposed to have advanced westwards in successive migratory waves, sweeping all the earlier inhabitants of Europe before it. The apparent simplicity and completeness of this theory had much to recommend it, and for a time it reigned supreme; and it was only with the further progress of ethnology that its conclusions, at least in their extreme forms, ceased to be regarded as final. Europe, as ethnological evidence now went to show, had even in the earliest neolithic times been peopled with races all exhibiting affinities with those of the present day, and possessing cultures of which there are many surviving traces; and it became the task of the ethnologist accordingly, even whilst recognizing philology as an indispensable ally, to establish serious modifications of conclusions which were adopted hastily and on philological grounds only. For the ethnologist, the term 'Aryan,' or 'Indo-European,' becomes one whose significance is not, so far as any present races of men are concerned, *ethnical*, but *linguistic* merely. The 'primitive Aryan race' figures in his eyes, not as the mother of all Aryan-speaking peoples, but simply as that particular offset of the Caucasian stock within which the primitive Aryan or Indo-European speech attained its development; and the 'Aryan cradle-land,' similarly, is no longer the common birthplace of Persian and Hindu, Roman and Teuton, Celt and Slav, but only the special locality within which a single highly-gifted prehistoric race completed the earlier stages of its evolution. The explanation of the apparent anomaly which thus ensues, of linguistic, unaccompanied in the same degree by racial, inheritance, is found by Professor Keane in the want of parity which, on strictly physiological grounds, exists between the conditions of racial and those of linguistic stability. For, as he says, let it be granted that a highly-specialized type form, such as that represented by the *genus homo*, had had but one single centre of development, and it follows almost necessarily that such racial differences as may appear within it will be those of different varieties merely, not those of different species. And it

is in virtue of this specific unity which exists between them, that the various human races do, as a matter of fact, fuse readily whenever they are brought into contact.

With language, on the other hand, this is not the case. Primitive language, unlike primitive man, was not, to begin with, a highly-developed species—a terminal form, too completely organized in a single direction to again diverge very widely. Language had its birth, not with potential humanity as a whole, but with the development only of the human organs of speech; and in all probability it must have remained still in its infancy till long after the first human groups had dispersed themselves. The development of language, therefore, it may be said, did not begin until that of its speakers, so far as specific characters went, was practically finished. The linguistic inheritance common to the whole human race, being thus one of formless and plastic sounds only, there was nothing to hinder the structural development of these in the most opposite and mutually exclusive directions—and this quite apart from accompanying racial variation; and it is upon this crucial difference between the potentialities of human speech on the one hand, and of human races on the other, that Professor Keane insists, as serving to explain the wide discrepancies which may be found existing everywhere, between racial and linguistic boundaries. Stock races, he maintains, are able to amalgamate with one another, because they are varieties only of a single species; but stock languages refuse to do so, because their structural differences exceed the limits within which such amalgamation is possible. A language may and does borrow words of another language, but not the methods of this language in dealing with them; for the words which it borrows it makes its own, and, by treating them after its own fashion, sets its own linguistic seal upon them.

It is precisely this persistence however, possessed by language over race, which, while disqualifying it for saying the last word on questions of ethnical distribution, yet gives it a special ethnological value of its own; and enables the student by its aid to detect the presence of ethnical elements, which might otherwise have altogether escaped him. Thus, for instance, while there is no people of whom we can now say with certainty that it correctly represents the original Aryan type, we can say, with every likelihood of being right, that there is no Aryan-speaking people that has not been, in some degree, permeated by a strain of Aryan blood; and, furthermore, that wherever a non-Aryan language, such as Basque, for instance, is found surviving in the midst of an Aryan-speaking population, we may regard it with

with equal confidence as the surviving token of the presence of non-Aryan blood, not only in the particular district thus marked out, but over a much wider surrounding area.

Professor Keane, following Professor Huxley and Professor Schrader, is inclined to locate the original birth-place of the Aryan race (not as has been persistently done by the exclusively philological school) on the high table-land of Central Asia, but rather in the Eurasian Steppe country, which extends from the River Dnieper to the region north of Turkestan. The inhabitants of this district, at any rate all through the long Pleistocene period, would have been cut off, as Huxley pointed out, from intermixture with the Mongoloid populations of Eastern Asia, by the inland sea which formed so efficient a barrier from very early times between the progenitors of the white and of the yellow races; and such a circumstance would have been undoubtedly favourable to the production both of linguistic and racial peculiarities. On this theory the subsequent Aryan migrations must have extended not to the westward only, but to the eastward also of the original Aryan habitat, and it would have been by the drying up, within comparatively recent times, of the waters which once covered the central Asian depression, from the Black Sea to the foot of the Altai Mountains, that the route through Turkestan to Persia and India would have been first laid open. The interest attaching to the place of the Aryan cradle-land is not, however, mainly a geographical one. The question of its situation is chiefly important from the light which an answer might possibly throw on the acquisition, by the original Aryan race, of those unique qualities which have made it so potent a factor in the subsequent history of mankind.

'The Evolution of the Aryan,' by the late Herr Rodolph von Ihering, of which an English translation has recently been brought out, is a book which may be accurately described as a 'study in speculative archæology.' In spite, however, of its speculative form, and of much that is both loose and fanciful in its inferential methods, it is a book which appears to us, when taken in connexion with the point which has been last mentioned, to contain matter that is at once suggestive and interesting. The more purely scientific aspects of the problems here dealt with are, perhaps not unnaturally, overlooked by a writer whose standpoint is almost exclusively that of the jurist and historian. But the importance attaching to conditions of early existence, and their influence in determining the destinies of races, are fully recognized.

The deductions which have been drawn by philological methods,

methods, as to early Aryan surroundings and modes of life, from the organic elements of primitive Aryan speech, are accepted by Herr von Ihering pretty much as he finds them, and from them he selects those whose bearing on his own main thesis, the existence of an Aryan 'Migration Period,' he proceeds to demonstrate.

These are—

'(1) The essentially pastoral character of the primitive Aryan race.

'(2) Its complete, or almost complete, ignorance of agriculture.

'(3) Its residence, not (after the manner of the Semitic races) in permanently built houses and cities of brick and stone, but in temporary and easily constructed shelters.'

Seeing that the Aryans were thus a nation of herdsmen, he then proceeds to argue, the practice of wandering far and wide in search of pasturage for their cattle would have always been familiar to them; and since they spent neither time nor labour in the construction of permanent centres of habitation, and had but little to expect from a soil which they did not know how to till, they possessed neither the interests of the citizen nor those of the farmer to bind them to their native land.

Whenever the growth of numbers might require it, therefore (and in a pastoral community this would happen much oftener than in an agricultural one), bands of adventurers would always have been ready to set forth in quest of subsistence elsewhere. And it is in the chronic aptitude for migration thus arising, and in the conditions of life which racial migration extending over long periods of time would have imposed, that Herr von Ihering traces the growth of certain special qualities which, though often (as apparently in the present instance) by no means incompatible with a state of civil and domestic barbarism, are yet at the same time a *sine quâ non* to either the creation or the maintenance of any of the higher types of civilization.

Discipline, resource, endurance—the military virtues *par excellence*—these, he argues, would have been necessitated, and therefore induced, by a life habitually carried on under martial law, and in the midst of hostile surroundings. It is to the possession of qualities thus acquired at the sword's point that in Herr von Ihering's opinion the racial ascendancy of the Aryan element is owing, and in the hardships and dangers of the distant Aryan 'Wanderjahre' he thus sees a remote preparation for the unique part which has been since played by the Aryan-speaking races in the world's history.

ART. VI.—*The Poems of Bacchylides, from a Papyrus in the British Museum.* Edited by Frederick G. Kenyon, M.A., D.Litt., Hon. Ph.D. in the University of Halle, Assistant in the Department of Manuscripts, British Museum. Printed by order of the Trustees of the British Museum. London, 1897.

A GAIN the land of surprises, the proverbial home of plagues, pyramids, and now of papyri, justifies nobly her ancient reputation. It is just seven years since we * congratulated the British Museum on its splendid gift to the world of letters, when it published from certain Egyptian papyri a very ancient and valuable treatise on the 'Constitution of Athens,' which many (indeed most) scholars believe to be the work of Aristotle. We now owe to the cultured enterprise and antiquarian insight of the same eminent institution a very substantial portion of the work of a poet to whom the Alexandrian critics gave a place among the nine lyric bards of ancient Hellas, and of whom we have till now had but a few scanty fragments—due chiefly to chance, not selection—about a hundred lines, and these, as we can now see, by no means characteristic of the mind and art of their author. In the case of the present find, there is no room at all for the slightest doubt about the authenticity and genuineness of the recovered treasure; and hardly anything could be more interesting than the various literary and archaeological aspects of these odes exhumed from a sepulture of nearly a millennium and a half. There is evidence that the poems of Bacchylides survived in some form till about 500 A.D., but 'since that date,' writes Dr. Kenyon, 'we have no certain warrant that any eye has seen a complete poem of Bacchylides for a space of fourteen hundred years.'

If we justly congratulated the British school of classics seven years ago on its achievement in deciphering and editing the 'Constitution of Athens,' still more hearty felicitations are due on the present performance. The *editio princeps* is well worthy of the great traditions of English classical learning. Dr. Kenyon shows his former erudition, acuteness, and marvellous skill in deciphering; but, beside these high qualities, he has brought to bear on his present task gifts of pure scholarship, of which we certainly saw but little evidence seven years ago; and he has had by his side some of the most accomplished scholars of England and Ireland. Great as have been the services of Professor Jebb to learning, we doubt if he has ever given more incontestable proofs of his kinship with the spirit of Greek

poetry and his mastery of its instruments than in his labours on the *editio princeps*. Indeed, in many places where the surviving record of the MS. is so slight as to afford but the scantiest clue, we are persuaded that Professor Jebb, 'from out the ghost of Pindar in him,' has drawn the very sentiment, and perhaps in many cases the very words, of which Time has spared only a letter here and there. When Tennyson, in dedicating to Professor Jebb his 'Demeter and Persephone,' addressed to him the words just quoted, in happy allusion to his exquisite version of Browning's 'Abt Vogler' in the measures of Pindar's fourth Pythian, he little thought that that very ghost of Pindar in him would soon be invoked to manifest itself in a work, which not even those ultra-modern utilitarians who sneer at modern Greek versification would venture to decry as useless—the work of fitting together with skilful and reverent hands the *disiecta membra poetæ*, and giving to our age poems written about five-and-twenty centuries ago, and lost to the world for fully fourteen. Next to the editor and the Regius Professor of Greek in Cambridge, among others who have shown much skill in brushing the dust of ages off the golden words of the last of the Greek lyrists, comes the late Professor Palmer of Trinity College, Dublin. The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin have thus been associated in a task which has been executed in a manner reflecting the highest lustre on all three. Dr. Kenyon was fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of Professor Palmer at a very early stage in the process of constituting the text. He entrusted to him the odes while yet in manuscript, and the result is that every page illustrates the taste, the insight, the genius of one whose death at a comparatively early age the learned world with good reason deploras, of one whose many excellent gifts of intellect and temperament won him the universal admiration of scholars and the affectionate regard of all his associates.

Other scholars, notably Dr. Sandys, whose work in connexion with the former find was so eminent, have ably assisted the brilliant editor, and since the appearance of the *editio princeps*, such improvements in the text and in its interpretation have been suggested that of the lines (more than a thousand) rescued from the sands of Egypt there is hardly one which is not already thoroughly understood and adequately illustrated. And no doubt we may confidently look for still more light from the same and other sources.

Now that we have quite sufficient materials for forming a judgment on the literary merits of Bacchylides, and assigning

to him his place among the poets, it is very interesting to review the estimates of the ancients as well as those of modern critics, based as the latter have hitherto been on quite inadequate data.

The judgment of antiquity is absolutely borne out by the poems which Egypt has at last rendered up to the modern world. Sweetness, and an equable excellence of execution, which never rises very high or falls much below its natural level, are always present. Longinus denied to Bacchylides any claim to true greatness as a poet; but, comparing him and Ion with such poets as Pindar and Sophocles, he observes that the former are 'equable and have all the charm of elaborate workmanship,'* while the latter sometimes 'fall miserably.'† We may take leave to say that if Pindar and Sophocles have ever fallen miserably it must be in poems which have not come down to us; but we recognize the justice of the criticism on Bacchylides, which is quite in harmony with that of the editor: 'his art is shown in graceful expression, in craftsmanship rather than in invention.'

The poet himself, though he ventures in one passage to arrogate the title of eagle,‡ which so fitly belongs to his great Theban rival, calls himself elsewhere with more justice 'the Ceian nightingale,' and 'the island bee of dulcet note'; and sweetness is the quality that epigrams in the Anthology ascribe to him in designating him as *λάλος Σειρήν* and calling his songs *λαρά*. Dionysius, again, credits him with absolute correctness and uniform elegance; and so true is this of the odes now before us that there is hardly a difficult expression or a tortuous construction in them all. Indeed, in the few places where the *editio princeps* shows anything like a strained use of a word or a harsh phrase, we may ascribe it to an error in the MS. (though the MS. is quite unusually accurate); and we shall generally find that in those cases some natural misapprehension misled the copyist, and that a slight emendation restores the uniform correctness and elegant simplicity. We can well understand how Hiero and the Emperor Julian preferred the trim parterre of the Ceian to the Theban's 'flowers of fire.' There will always be those who will prefer Southey to Shelley,

* ἀδιάκτατοι καὶ ἐν τῇ γλαφυρῇ πάντῃ κεκαλλιγραφημένοι. (Longin., 'De Sublim.' xxxiii.)

† πίπτουσιν ἀτυχίστατα. (Ibid.)

‡ Some critics think that it is Hiero, not himself, whom the poet compares to an eagle in the fifth ode. But we are persuaded that they are mistaken. As applied to Hiero the whole passage 16-30 would be a piece of tasteless exaggeration. Besides, the word *λεγιόφθογγοι* applied to the lesser birds shows that the comparison is between himself and minor poets.

and who will not try to force their way into the quartz rock in quest of the gold which is imbedded in it? Bacchylides seems to have proposed to himself as his model the art of his uncle Simonides rather than that of his great rival Pindar. Though he has never approached the beauty of the exquisite ode of Simonides on Danaë and the infant Perseus, he has often succeeded (as we shall see) in telling a tale very simply, powerfully, and gracefully. It is chiefly in his apt comments on every-day life that he recalls the manner of Simonides rather than that of Pindar, who in this department—if it is a department—of poesy must be admitted to be

‘Too bright and good
For human nature’s daily food.’

Where should we find in Pindar an aphorism at once so shrewd and so unconventional as that which Bacchylides puts into the mouth of Apollo addressing Admetus? *

It is meet that thou, as a man born of woman, should have two minds about life: one, that to-morrow’s sun shall be thy last, and another, that thou shalt live in wealth full fifty years: be righteous, therefore, and make merry: in all thy getting this is best.

Another passage reminds us of old Adam in ‘As you like it,’ with his praise of health and aspiration for some ‘settled low content,’ while it also recalls a celebrated couplet of Pope. It is remarkably free from the conventionality which generally blunts the edge of proverbial philosophy.

Virtue giveth a man heart, and piety bringeth a nobler cheerfulness and courage; if a man hath health and substance whereby to live, then can he challenge the foremost among men. No delight is wanting to life, if distempers and desperate poverty hold aloof. The rich man hath his great cravings, as the humble his humbler. Plenty in all things bringeth no delight to mortals; they ever strive to overtake that which fleeth away.†

And here is another sample of *mitis sapientia*:—‡

Man hath a thousand good gifts, but only one hath in it the promise of bliss, even for him whoso by uprightness ordereth his daily life. Not with cruel frays sorteth the voice of the harp and the loud lay of the choir, not with revels the ring of steel on steel. Each deed hath its own fit season. Him that doeth justice doth God too lift up.

* III. 78-84.

† I. 25-39.

‡ XIV. 8-18. We read *ὅς τὸ πρὸς χερσὶν*, with Messrs. Headlam, Pearson, and Rickards, in the ‘Classical Review,’ and Dr. von Wilamovitz-Moellendorf, in the ‘Göttingischen gelehrten Anzeigen.’

This simple belief in the sanctity of duty and the blessedness of contentment had no attractions for the splendour-loving (*φιλόγλαρος*) Pindar, in whose veins ran the noble blood of the Ægidæ, and whose creed was complicated by the ardent longings for future bliss and the bitter sorrow for present misery which the Mysteries inculcated on the initiated. This difference between the minds of Pindar and Bacchylides is well illustrated by the attitude of each towards the superior beings of Greek mythology. The third Olympian ode was sung at the feast of the Theoxenia given by Theron in the name of the Dioscuri to the other gods. We are struck by the respect, even awe, with which the Dioscuri are invested with the somewhat mundane character of hosts. A fragment of Bacchylides preserved by Athenæus invites these same deities to a feast. They are regarded as ordinary mortals, and are warned that there awaits them 'no ox roasted whole, no gold nor cloths of purple; only a merry heart, a tuneful song, and sweet wine in Boeotian flagons.'

The poems before us afford a signal proof how dangerous it is to attempt to characterize a writer known to us only in fragments. 'The genius and art of Bacchylides,' writes K. O. Müller in his 'History of Greek Literature,' 'were chiefly devoted to the pleasures of private life, love, and wine; and, when compared with those of Simonides, appear marked by greater sensual grace and less moral elevation.' This judgment, we can now see, is quite unjustified, but it is easy to perceive its genesis. Among the few fragments of Bacchylides hitherto known to us almost the longest is a description of the influence of wine, under which a man is 'o'er all the ills of life victorious.' It is interesting to compare it with a fragment of Pindar* on the same theme. Bacchylides is easy and pleasant:—

Straightway as he drinks he is a triumphant conqueror, soon to be king of all the world, his halls gleam with ivory, his argosies are laden with Egyptian bales: so soars his spirit as he quaffs the beaker.

Pindar is less concrete, but the phrase 'shore of illusion' (*ψευδῆ πρὸς ἅκταν*) is a monogram on the fragment, that 'note of distinction' which Matthew Arnold bids us to look for, and which in Pindar we never seek in vain:

The cares that oppress us leave the breast, and o'er a sea of golden store we sail all alike to a shore of illusion. The poor man is rich, and the rich are gladder at heart, javelled through by the arrows of the vine.

* 218 Bergk.

Admirable as was the art of Simonides, graceful and refined as was that of Bacchylides, we do not meet in them that 'ever surging yet bridled excitement recasting and heightening what a man has to say,' in such a manner as to give special intensity, dignity, and distinction to it, that spirit of style, which Matthew Arnold finds in Pindar above all poets, and which distinguishes him from even the best of his contemporaries by the same qualities which make Shakespeare's work different from and conspicuous above that of the other poets of the Elizabethan age.

Before analysing more closely the style of the re-arisen lyricist, and considering what light is thrown by the poems on the personality and mind of their author, it will, perhaps, be interesting to examine the odes in detail, and to place before our readers some of their most characteristic features. An excellent analysis of the subject matter of each ode is given by Dr. Kenyon in the introduction (pp. xxvi.-xliii.), and the dates of each and the structural arrangement are discussed in the notes prefixed to each. We will address ourselves rather to striking passages in the poems themselves.

In the third ode the poet celebrates a victory won by Hiero in the chariot-race at Olympia. In dwelling on the splendour of that prince's offerings to the god, he adduces the example of Cræsus to show that such piety is not thrown away, and that the god is true to his faithful votaries. This ode, written less than eighty years after the fall of Sardis, and before the publication of the history of Herodotus, is the earliest version of the legend of Cræsus,* and differs materially from the narrative of Herodotus, in omitting all mention of Solon, and making the self-immolation of Cræsus with his wife and daughters the voluntary act of the defeated sovereign. It is to be observed that Cræsus was not for the ancients the type of wealth, as with us, but of pious munificence and undeserved reverse of fortune. Midas and Cinyras were the typical millionaires for Pindar and Theognis. This is the way in which Bacchylides tells the tale:—†

Lo, Cræsus, when Sardis fell before the Grecian host, that the ordinance of Zeus might be fulfilled, Cræsus, the Lord of knightly Lydia, found his tutelary in Apollo of the golden falchion. For, when he came to the day of his undoing that he looked not for, he would not brook bitter thralldom, but he builded him a pyre in the fenced close, and went up thereon with his faithful wife and his

* That is, the earliest in literary tradition. The red-figured Amphora, No. 194 in the Louvre, implies a pre-Herodotean version of the legend of Cræsus, according to Mr. H. Stuart Jones in 'Classical Review,' xii. i. p. 84.

† iii. 23-62.

fair-tressed daughters weeping sore. 'O, jealous God!' he cried, and lifted his hands to the high welkin, 'where is the gratitude of Heaven? Where is that great Lord, Leto's son? . . . Our women are haled despitefully from the stately halls. What was once horrible now is welcome. Death is our best boon.' So spake he and bade his henchman Habrobates fire the pile of wood. The girls screamed, and threw their arms round their mother; for, most horrible is death when it cometh to us face to face. But, lo! when the strong blaze began to course through the wood, Zeus brought up a black-stoled cloud and quenched the yellow flame. Nothing is past belief that the will of God bringeth about. So the Delian god carried the old king and his lissome daughters to the land of the Hyperboreans, and there he stablished them, for the king's piety and for that beyond all mortal men he had sent goodly gifts to sacred Pytho.

The fourth ode commemorates the victory of Hiero with which Pindar dealt in the sublime first Pythian. It is preserved only in part, and does not seem to have been an ambitious effort, having been probably designed to be sung on the spot, while Pindar's triumphal chant was reserved for the celebration of the victory at the court of Hiero. It is in the next ode that the two poets are brought into a direct rivalry, of which both show a consciousness—Bacchylides in his elaborate comparison of himself to an eagle, Pindar when he boasts of his close association with kings and winners in the games, and hints that, as for Hiero in human fortune, so for him in his art, there is no higher height; their prayer should only be that they may maintain their present state.

While Pindar chose for his theme the legend of Pelops, the founder of the Olympian games, Bacchylides strangely selected the story of Meleager, whom he expressly adduces as an illustration of the fact that no mortal man can expect to be completely happy. We can only suppose that the allusion is to the delicate health of Hiero, and we cannot regard the choice of the theme as felicitous, but the ease and grace with which this story is told are conspicuous even among Greek writers.* When Heracles went to Hades in quest of Cerberus—

There he marked the shades of poor mortals beside Cocytus' stream, thick as leaves which the wind scatters o'er the gleaming headlands of sheep-dotted Ida; and among them towered the ghost of the dauntless champion of Porthaon's line. When Alcmena's wondrous son descried him gleaming in his harness, he hooked on the bow-tip the twanging string, and oped his quiver's lid, and took therefrom a brazen-tipped shaft. But the shade of Meleager upspoke to him face to face, for he knew him well, 'Son of great Zeus, be still, and,

* v. 63-175.

calming thy spirit, launch not thy fierce bolt at the sprites of the dead and gone. It hath no terrors for them.' So spake he, and the son of Amphitryon was astonished and said, 'What god or mortal reared up so fair a sapling, and in what clime? Who took thy life? Ah, such an one as thy slayer will girdled Hera send for my undoing. But nay, of a surety, Pallas maketh my life her care.' Then Meleager weeping, said, 'Hard it is for mortals to turn aside the mind of the gods; else would my sire the good knight Ceneus with prayer and sacrifice of many goats and russet kine have laid the wrath of Artemis divine, white-armed, flower-crowned. But the goddess nursed her wrath not to be vanquished, and set upon fair Calydon a merciless brute, a mighty boar, that in the plenitude of his strength hewed into the fruit trees with his tusk, and slaughtered the sheep and whatso mortal wight withstood him. We lords of the Greeks fought with him a hard fight amain six days continually; and when God gave the battle to our hands we buried those whom the hoarse-grunting brute* had slain in his rushings, even Anceus and Agelaus, best of my brave brothers, whom Althæa bore in Ceneus' storied halls. Most of these† death took, for not yet did the angry huntress-queen stay her wrath; and for the tawny fell with the staunch Curetes we fought amain. Then slew I, among others many, Iphiclus and Aphareus, my mother's stout brothers; for cruel Ares distinguisheth not a friend in time of fighting; sightless fly the arrows at the foemen's lives, and deal death to whom God listeth. Now my hapless mother, the wily daughter of Thestius, not taking count of this, devised my destruction—a dame undaunted. The log that bare in it my untimely death she took from the figured chest wherein she had shut it,‡ and burned it in the fire. Fate had woven in her web at my birth that by it should be meted the measure of my life. I was spoiling Clymenus, brave son of Deipylus, for I had come on him, a goodly wight, before the ramparts, and the foemen were flying to the strong town of Pleuron, ancient hold. And my sweet life was minished§ in me, and I knew I was fainting away. Ah, as I drew

* The epithet *επιβρύχας* seems hardly suitable to the wild boar, the characteristic of which is its *silence*, and sullen dauntlessness: 'Over on his back the monster rolls, and dies without a groan—dies as only a wild hog can die, *in silence*.'—Major Shakspear's 'Wild Sports of India.' 'Pigsticking,' by that eminent shikari, Colonel Baden-Powell, also bears witness to the sullen silence of the hog in its combats both with man and with beast.

† We read *πλεῖνας*.

‡ We read *ἐγκλαύσασα* for *ἐγκλαύσασα* of the MS. Jebb's *ἀγκλαύσασα* would make Althæa weep while she did her son to death. This would be a pretty touch, and Ovid, *Met.* viii. 462-511, dwells on the conflicting emotions of the mother and the sister. But the poet would have made more of the thought here if he had touched on it at all, and he would not have pointedly called her *ἀνάρβακτος γυνή*.

§ The form *μινύθη* undoubtedly represents *ἐμινύθη* from *μινύω* (cp. *βαρίνω* beside *βαρίω*), a verb which should be restored again in iii. 90 for *μινύει*, which could not by any means have the penult long. In that passage the verb is intransitive like *θνήσκειν*, while here it is transitive, like most verbs in *-ύω*. For the termination *-ά* cp. *ἐκίσθαν*, Pind. N. 64, *κτισσάσθαι*, O. ix. 45.

my last breath I fell aweeping in my anguish, for that I was leaving my glorious prime.' Men say that then, and never afore or after, did the son of Amphitryon, dauntless in the fray, let the tear down fall in ruth for the hapless wight, and thus in answer he spake, 'For men it is best never to have been born, nor ever to have looked upon the light of the sun. But ah, it boots not to weep for these things; rather is it meet to speak of that which the future hath in store. Hast thou in the halls of doughty Ceneus a virgin sister like unto thee in favour? Her would I fain make my buxom bride.' To him spake the ghost of staunch Meleager. 'I left behind me in those halls Deianeira of the dark-pale neck, and not yet hath she felt the spell of the golden goddess of love.'

Thus abruptly* ends what may be called the ballad of Heracles and Meleager in Hades, a clear flash of epic narrative in the great vein, not rising to the dizzy heights of splendour which Pindar's stories of myth-land sometimes achieve, but characteristically maintaining an equable flow of tender sentiment and pure and elevated diction. Many points of interest (none of them neglected in Dr. Kenyon's excellent footnotes) may be noticed in the passage which we have rendered. The comparison of the shades of the dead to perished leaves whirled about by the wind appears again in poets ancient and modern, the modern of course being quite ignorant of the Bacchylidean source of the simile. As Homer's simile,† like that of Apollonius Rhodius,‡ relates to men, not disembodied spirits, it was probably the Bacchylidean ode which suggested to Virgil the graceful passage,§ which in its turn gave birth to Milton's 'Thick as leaves in Vallombrosa'; to Shelley's converse comparison in the 'Ode to the West Wind,' where the 'leaves dead' are likened to—

'Ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow and black, and pale and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes';

and finally perhaps to Rossetti's fine expression in one of his sonnets:—

'The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing.'

* Such abruptness is characteristic of Greek lyric poetry. Pindar in the fourth Pythian, having devoted nearly two hundred and fifty lines to the story of the Argonauts up to the finding of the serpent that guarded the golden fleece, finishes the tale in eight verses, premising the words 'Long were it for me to go by the beaten track, for the time is nigh out, and I know a certain short path, and many others look to me for skill' (Myers' *Trana.*). It has, however, been suggested that the abruptness in the Bacchylidean ode would be justified by the hypothesis that there is some reference to some wedding then pending at Hiero's court; and the theory gains plausibility from a comparison with Pind. Ol. i. 69-89, written for the same occasion.

† B. 468.

‡ Arg. iv. 216.

§ Aen. vi. 309, 310.

Dr. Kenyon

Dr. Kenyon acutely notices that in his localization of the simile Milton has, unconsciously of course, approached nearest to the fountain-passage, which speaks not merely of leaves, but of leaves on the wind-swept peaks of Ida. It is stated by a scholiast on Homer, Φ. 194, that Heracles met Meleager in Hades and was besought by Meleager to take his sister Deianeira to wife, and that the scene was introduced by Pindar into one of his poems. It would be interesting to read the poem of Pindar, on which we have perhaps in the ode before us a covert criticism, like that of Euripides on Æschylus in the 'Electra.' The characteristic multiplication of epithets will strike the reader,* as well as the fact that the epithet ἀτάρβακτος (l. 139) is rehabilitated, a word expelled by Hermann from Pind. Pyth. iv. 84 with such success that it does not even appear in the lexicon of Liddell and Scott, which, by the way, in these piping times of papyri must give up its claim to be 'definitive.' In Bacchylides some one hundred words are marked as new, and nearly all of them will hold their places as good words and true. The sad lines, 160-163, which at once recall the famous Sophoclean μὴ φῦναι τὸν ἅπαντα νικῆ λόγον again illustrate the danger of theorizing about fragments. The lines were ascribed by Bergk, apparently on irrefutable grounds, to Silenus as their speaker.†

Ode VI., addressed to Lacon of Ceos, a fellow-countryman of the poet's, contains a play on the name of the victor,‡ which reminds us of a similar *jeu d'esprit* on the part of Simonides, when he told how one Crius (or Ram, κριός) was vanquished by an Athenian wrestler: 'rightly hath the Ram got himself shorn by venturing into the sanctuary of Jove's bower.' In a passage in Aristophanes § Strepsiades bids his son sing this song, which the patriotism of Athenians had adopted as a popular 'Trink-

* Artemis, who in ll. 98, 99 has three epithets, has no less than four in xl. 37-39.

† It was this famous passage in the 'Œdipus Coloneus' which supplied Macaulay with what, Sir G. Trevelyan writes, 'was acknowledged without dissent to be the best applied quotation that ever was made within five miles of the Fitzwilliam Museum.' Sir G. Trevelyan considered it 'too strictly classical' to be reproduced in his pages. Perhaps, however, it is not 'too strictly classical' to be conveyed in a learned language. Let us fancy ourselves to be reading some unpublished letter of a latter-day Cicero: 'Ferunt poetam Wordsworthium apud nobilem quemdam commorantem, cum post ientaculum quotidie ἐς ἀπόπατον se recepisset, solitum esse ibi horas duas vel etiam tres interdum consumere. Quam rem cum Macaulaeo e familiaribus nescio quis narrasset et insuper dixisset morem esse poetæ in sella familiarica versibus componendis operam dare, ferunt hominem, verbis Sophocleis in versus tam spurco in loco factos scelestæ collatis, salso risu clamasse, βῆναι κῆθεν θένεπερ ἤκει —. Seis reliqua.'

‡ Ἀδχων Διὸς μεγίστου λάχε φέρτατον πόδεσσι κύδος.

§ 'Nubes,' 1356.

Lied.' Apparently the highly-cultured Athenians, no more than the learned Cicero, could resist the baleful attraction of a play on a name.

The eleventh ode is interesting as supplying a reference to the poet's family history, if an acute conjecture by Prof. Palmer on line 120 is accepted, according to which the poet claims that his ancestors returning from the siege of Troy consecrated to Artemis a grove by the river Casa, where afterwards Metapontum stood. It also contains an outspoken charge against the false decision of the judges at Olympia, which robbed the Metapontine Alexidamus, a traveller from far Magna Græcia, of the prize which was his due—a charge at which Pindar would barely have allowed himself to hint. The myth is very characteristic of the simple and graceful note of the Ceian nightingale. The daughters of Prætus, who had offended Hera, were smitten with madness by that spiteful goddess, and wandered away from Tiryns to the hills:—

Then grief gat hold of the heart of Prætus, and a pang that was strange to him smote him, and he doubted whether to drive his two-edged brand into his heart. But his squires with soft words, yea, and main force, constrained him. For a year and a month full told, through the bosky wildwood they fared far and wide, and kept their flight through the pasture lands of Arcady. But when he came to the fair-flowing Lusus, then did the father, after ablution due, call upon the full-eyed daughter of Leto crimson-crowned, stretching out his hands to the beams of the fleet-horsed sun: 'Oh, bring my children out of the cruel deray of their frenzy, and I will sacrifice on thy altar a score of russet kine never yoked.' Then the huntress-queen, daughter of a sire most excellent, heard his prayer, and she prevailed on Hera, and made them quit of their frantic fits, those flower-crowned damsels. And they† straightway builded for her a shrine and an altar therewith, and stained it with the blood of sheep, and round about they ordained dances and songs of women.

In the thirteenth ode we have again a theme treated by both Pindar and Bacchylides, the victory at Nemea of Pytheas, son of Lampon of Ægina. The magic grace of the Pindaric ode, that 'sea-saturate' song, which tells how Peleus won his sea-bride; the note of gold that clangs through it; the Sea-God coming in his car from Ægæ, and the gladsome company that welcome him with song and sound of rebeck—all these touches, so true and so light, make the fifth Nemean almost unique among all the poems of the world. Prof. Bury in his admirable edition has gone as near as any one could go to doing it justice, in an introduction which is a model of what comment on Pindar

* xl. 85-112.

† We read *raî*.

should

should be. But it is really an 'unexpressive' song, beyond analysis, and above praise. In it, for once, Pindar has avoided the theme of unrequited merit in Ajax, which so often furnishes the material for his Æginetan lays. Bacchylides has chosen the Ajax *motif*, but it is Ajax triumphant that he celebrates, not Ajax humiliated and balked of the arms of Achilles by the guile of Odysseus and the ingratitude of the Greeks. The ode is in a very corrupt condition, but we can see that it did not take a very high flight, though it contains an elaborate simile ending with a pretty expression. The simile, admirably restored by Prof. Jebb (whose suggestions we accept, though he does not venture to put them in the text), runs thus:—

As on the dark-burgeoning * main the north wind from Thrace rendeth a bark by the violence of the waves, coming on it in the night-watches when men take their rest, but with bright dawn the wind leaves to blow, and a fair breeze lays the main to rest, and with sail swelling 'neath the gentle South right fain they win to the haven that was beyond their hopes. So when the Trojans heard that the doughty Achilles was abiding in his tent for the sake of the yellow-haired Briseis with limbs of young desire,† then did they raise up to heaven their hands, when they descried a bright gleam of light 'neath the storm-rack.

Prof. Platt, in the 'Classical Review' (XII. i. p. 62), aptly compares for the simile Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' ii. 286:—

'As when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnacle, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest.'

Prof. Platt naturally observes, 'You would have sworn Milton was copying Bacchylides.' Yet that, we know, was absolutely impossible; and hence, perhaps, we may be led to doubt whether many of the parallelisms observed between Milton and Pindar are not coincidences—whether some of the great Puritan poet's supposed borrowings from Paganism are not rather draughts on his own copious and splendid store.

But the papyrus has not only conferred on us poems belonging to a class already familiar to us. It offers examples of a quite new *genre*, which we may call lyrical idylls or dramatic lyrics. Ancient critics ascribe to Pindar compositions which they

* XIII. 91-107: *κυανανθή*, a new and strange epithet. As the earth blooms into flowers, so the sea heaves up into dark billows.

† In *λεπρογύλιον* we have another new and strange epithet.

call *τραγικὰ δράματα*, none of which have come down to us. Hitherto the very designation has been a puzzle. We now have excellent specimens of compositions which may well have been so styled, and which we might compare to the libretto of an opera or an oratorio, not, however, such as we are familiar with, but such as a real artist might have written. The first, in which Menelaus before the assembled Trojans demands the restoration of Helen, and the second, which touches on Deianira's fatal gift to Heracles, are fragmentary, as also are the two last. The poem about Heracles has one pretty expression which reminds us of a well-known phrase in Campbell's 'Lochiel.' Deianira could not foretell the consequences of her act in sending to Heracles her fatal gift: 'Her undoing was o'er-mastering jealousy, and the thick cloud of darkness that covers the things to come.' But the seventeenth and eighteenth are of the highest interest, the former for its contents, the latter for its form as well. We think we shall not do wrong in placing the two before our readers in their entirety. The story of the first is given by Pausanias and Hyginus. It was the subject of a painting by Micon on the walls of the Theseum; and it has received copious illustration from the ceramic art, as it forms the subject of (amongst others) the cylix of Euphronius in the Louvre, and of the François vase at Florence, on which Dr. Kenyon (who describes these works of art in some detail) remarks that 'it is difficult not to trace a direct indebtedness of the poet to the artist.' The piece, which the final invocation of Apollo would seem to place among the Pæans, is entitled, 'The Youths and Theseus.' The 'youths' are the captives (seven male and seven female) brought from Athens by Minos. Theseus went with them to slay the Minotaur, and so to save them.

Cleaving the Cretan main sped the dark-prowed bark, bearing staunch Theseus and the youth of Ionia twice seven. Hard on her gleaming canvas, by the grace of Athena with her targe of war, blew the gale of the North. Now stings that come baleful from the love-crowned goddess smote the heart of Minos, and he withheld not his hand from the maiden Eriboea, but pinch'd wanton on her cheek.*

* A passage from 'Hamlet' (iii. 4) is interesting as showing that two great impressionists hit on the same touch, as true as it is unconventional, in a picture of despotic lust:—

'Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out.'

Then

Then she screamed for Pandion's son, Theseus of the hauberk of brass. He saw, and his dark eye flashed 'neath his brows, and a pang rent his heart as he spake, 'Son of Zeus most high, thou guidest not in right governance the motions of thy spirit. Chieftain though thou art, stay thou thy rude tyranny. What resistless fate hath approved, and the turn of the scale of justice, that weird will we dree in its appointed hour. Quell thou thy reprobate desire. If, indeed, to a great lordship thou wast born of the far-famed daughter of Phoenix, a damsel that came to the arms of Zeus on Ida's slope; behold, I too have to my mother the daughter of Pittheus boon, that lay with Poseidon; and the dark-tressed nymphs gave her her marriage veil. Wherefore, thou war-lord of the Cnossians, I charge thee to put down thy baleful lechery,* for I would not look again on the sweet light of God's dawn if thou hadst outraged by foul enforcement any one of this fair bevy of youth. Sooner shall we show how strong are our arms, and God will decide the issue.' So spake the high-souled Lord, and the mariners were astonished at his proud defiance. And Minos, kinsman of the Sun,† was wroth, and he wove for Theseus a snare quick-wrought, and said, 'Zeus, father almighty, O hear. If the white-armed Phœnissa bore me to thee in good sooth, send thou now from heaven a flash of lightning in ringlets of flame, to be for a clear token. And do thou, Theseus, if in good sooth Æthra of Træzen bore thee to earthshaking Poseidon, do thou, casting thy body without fear ‡ into thy sire's abode, bring up from the deep sea this golden ring, my finger's splendid gawd. Thou shalt see whether the lord of the thunder, the God of Gods, heareth my orison.' Great Zeus gave ear unto his inordinate prayer, and wrought for Minos a great boon, right fain to make manifest to all in what favour he held his beloved son. Flashed the lightning, and the doughty chief stretched forth his hands to the bright firmament, seeing the welcome sign, and said, 'Now, Theseus, canst thou clearly see the boons that are of Zeus; plunge thou into the roaring deep; surely thy father, King Poseidon, son of Cronus, will make for thee a name which shall be highest throughout all the world's fair woodlands.' So spake he, and the heart of the other quailed not, but, standing up, he plunged from the firm deck, and the yielding ocean-floor received him. Now Minos was glad at heart,§ and bade them let the good ship go with the breeze. Howbeit, fate ordained an issue far from his thoughts. So the swift bark sped on her way, and vehement was the North that blew upon her stern. Trembled the bevy of captives for fear when the hero leapt into the sea, and from their lily-soft eyes they let the tear down fall, as they thought of the heavy dule that must be. Now the dolphins,

* *ἔβρις* is 'lust'; cp. *ἔβρις ὁρθίαν κνωδάλων*, Pind. P. x. 36.

† His wife Pasiphaë was daughter of Helios.

‡ We read *θράσει σιν*.

§ We read *γάθον* with Jebb. The 'issue far from his thoughts' was the miraculous preservation of Theseus, whose destruction Minos sought in sailing away.

denizens of the deep, swiftly bare great Theseus to the abode of his sire, the God that made the steed, yea, he came to the dwelling of the Gods. And he was afeared when he descried the daughters debonair of Nereus born; for from their lovely limbs a light shined as of burning fire, and in their tresses were twined ribands of braided gold, and with frolic footfall they disported in the dance. Yea, he saw his sire's dear spouse, the blessed Amphitrite, in the delectable halls. She flung round him a floating robe of purple,* and placed on his thick locks a chaplet very perfect, darkling with red roses, which aroh Aphrodite gave her at her marriage. No deed of the Gods, whatsoever they list, is past belief to them that have understanding. By the ship's taper stern he appeared. Ah, what were the thoughts of the Cnossian lord that he brake upon as he came from the sea unwet, a very miracle. On his limbs gleamed the divine gifts; the throned maidens shouted together in new-found joy. The sea roared, and the bevy of youth hard by sang the blithe song of triumph with dulcet voice. O God of Delos, be thy heart gladdened by the chorus of Ceians, and vouchsafe unto us thy blessing from on high.

The next poem again has Theseus for its hero. It is strictly a *τραγικὸν δράμα*, being lyrical in structure and dramatic in expression. It is a dialogue between Ægeus, King of Athens, and (probably) his Queen Medea, and was sung at some Athenian festival by two semi-choruses representing the two interlocutors.

Medea. Lord of sacred Athens, King of the gay Ionians, why but now hath the trump with note of brass brayed a tocsin of war? Doth some captain of foemen beset the bounds of our land? Do crafty robbers drive off by force our flocks of sheep despite their shepherds? Or what is tormenting thy soul? Speak. For I ween that thou, if any man, hast valiant youth to come to thine aid, thou son of Pandion and Creüsa.

Ægeus. But now hath come a herald: far hath he fared along the road from Corinth, and passing strange are the deeds he tells of a mighty man of valour; how that he hath slain the overweening Sinis, who was mightiest of mortal men, even the son of the Earth-shaker, Cronides, the Lord of Lytæ; yea, and the ravening boar in the dells of Crenmyon, and the ogre Sciron hath he laid low, and made an end of the wrestling-place of Cercyon; yea, and Procoptes hath let fall from his hand the huge mallet of Polypemon his sire, having met one that is mightier than himself. I misdoubt me to what issue it will come.

Medea. Whom doth he report him to be, and whence, and in what raiment clad about? Cometh he with a great host and weapons of war, or unattended and unarmed, even as a wayfaring merchant, to a

* We read αἶδαν πορφύραν.

foreign farland—being so strong and brave and dauntless that he hath put under him the violence of these men? Of a surety he is sent of God to do justice on froward men. For hard is it for a man in all his feats to meet no harm. In process of time all things have their issue.

Ageus. But two squires, he saith, follow him, he hath a sword slung round his stout shoulders, and in his hand two bright steel darts; a fair Spartan casque on his ruddy locks, and on his body a purple doublet and a woolly cloak of Thessaly. From his eyes is distilled the red flame of Lemnos. He is in the bloom of his early youth, and hath a mind for the playthings of Ares, even war and the brass-clanging melley; and for Athens that doteth on things splendid he is bound.

We have already quoted some passages illustrative of the simple philosophy of life which found favour with this refined young Ceian, who, if he was not in the very highest sense a born poet, was at all events brought up to be a poet by the example, and no doubt by the training, of his truly inspired uncle, and whose genius was fostered and fondled in courts of princes, where he does not seem to have felt the reluctance of his illustrious rival Pindar 'to live at the behest of another.' His religious creed was as simple as his theory of life. All good gifts come from God, whom it is meet to glorify with all our heart.* He is something of a fatalist, but a firm believer in the moral government of the world† and its benevolence:—‡

Zeus on high who seeth all things bringeth not on men sore travail. It is open to all to find the straight road of righteousness. Righteousness is the servant of Order and wise Law; blessed are they that take her to their breast.

Yet fate is above all:—§

Nor weal nor stern war nor red ruin and the breaking up of laws are for men to take or leave. Fate hath all things in her hands, and now to this land now to that she bringeth disaster's flaw.

No doubt in the passage just quoted he thought of his exile; but the Ceian poet rarely brings before us his own personality. Pindar often does, chiefly in those strange little symphonies in his odes which immediately precede and follow the myth, the *κατατροπή* and *μετακατατροπή* of the Grammarians, which have been compared to a kind of rubric proclaiming 'here beginneth the *ὀμφαλός*' and 'here endeth the *ὀμφαλός*.' And we would here step a little out of our way to call attention to the fact that

* III. 22.

† XIV. 1-18.

‡ XV. 51-56.

§ Frag. 62.

the newly-discovered poems do not lend the slightest colour to what has been called the nomic theory of structure. Whether Pindar did or did not construct his odes on the model of a Terpandrian nome, and with a reference to the design of a temple-pediment, is a question about which critics differ, and which has been fully discussed in this Review.* But certainly Bacchylides shows no sign of any acquaintance with any such method, nor yet with that system of catchwords and responsions by which some editors suppose that Pindar called attention to a certain correlation between the different structural elements of his odes. We have before pointed to a supposed reference of Bacchylides to an exploit of his ancestors on their return from Troy, and we have commented on his claim to the proud title of eagle, and on the greater appropriateness of his other self-bestowed designations, the 'Ceian nightingale' and 'the islanders' singing bee,' the latter of which probably suggested to Horace a well-known simile. When he does put forward his own opinion he is apt to use an emphatic phrase, such as *φαμί καὶ φάσω*,† and *γὰρ δ' ἐπισκήπτων πιφαύσκω*. In praising Pherenicus, Hiero's victorious steed, he exclaims :—‡

Lo! I lay my hand on earth and utter my voice. Never, as he galloped to the goal, was he defiled by the dust of steeds that were before him.§ For, like a rushing mighty wind, marking well the pilot of his course, he sped, winning for gracious Hiero victory with rattling din of cars. ||

And again in VIII. 3-9 :—

Laying on earth my hand I will make a high vaunt—where truth is, everything shows clear—no mortal man ere now, being of such an age as he, e'er won more triumphs both as man and boy.

The syntax of Bacchylides is, as we have already observed, extremely simple and normal. Perhaps *ἔθηκαν . . . κυρήσαι* (III. 9), 'brought about that he should obtain,' and *τίκτει . . . εἰρήνην . . . πλοῦτον . . . καὶ . . . αἰθεσθαι βοῶν . . . μῆρα* (Frag. 46, 1-3), 'Peace begets wealth and the burnt sacrifice of beeves,' might puzzle a beginner. And the order of words is sometimes a little anomalous, as, for instance, in XVII. 62, where a parenthesis is interposed between an adjective and its substantive. In places where strange constructions are met, we shall generally find that either the interpretation of the text or

* No. 323, January 1886.

† I. 21.

‡ v. 42-48.

§ Cp. Juv. viii. 61, 'clara fuga ante alios et primus in aequore pulvis.'

|| We read *τερ' ἀφνεόκροτον* with Professor Housman in the 'Athenæum.'

its reading is in fault. In IX. 36 there is no reason why ἀμάρνημα πάλας should not be the direct object of ὤτρυνε instead of a very anomalous accusative of respect. The editor's explanation of X. 43, involving a very strange construction, must certainly be rejected for that of Jebb given in the note. The extraordinary position of γὰρ in III. 22 plainly points to another reading, which is indeed as near to the MS. :—

θεὸν θάλοντες
ἀγλαΐζεθ', ᾧ παρ' ἄριστος ὄλβων.

Nor could δι' ὅσσα in VI. 4 mean 'on account of which.' We should probably read Διὸς δὲ πάροιθεν, 'before the face of Zeus.' That victory was celebrated at Olympia 'before the face' of Olympian Jove. With it is contrasted a new Olympian victory, which is now being celebrated, not, however, at Olympia, but at the victor's house in Ceos. Again, in XI. 32 τέχναίς πέλασσεσιν is explained 'made him acquainted with his skill.' Now this is by no means justified by Homer's κακῆς δδύνησι πελάζειν, 'to bring into sore pains.' The whole passage runs :—

παῖδ' ἐν χθονὶ καλλιχόρῳ
ποικίλαις τέχναίς πέλασσεσιν.

The meaning is that the young wrestler 'brought to the ground by his cunning' the boy opposed to him. The figure *tnesis*, by which the preposition is separated from the verb in ἐμπελάζω, is common in Pindar and very common in the epic style with which Bacchylides is so strongly tinged.

In two places a very strange use of the dative is postulated. In XVII. 62 θράσει is taken adverbially, as meaning 'bravely,' and in the same ode, l. 90, σθένει is interpreted 'strongly.' In the first passage [σὺν] may be restored instead of [τῷ], which is not required, in the lacuna. In the second the reading is very doubtful, and such a construction ought not to be introduced into a conjectural emendation.

The same may be said as regards diction. The only really difficult use of a word which can fairly be ascribed to the poet is that of πέταλον in v. 186. It seems to mean 'a vote,' as in Pind. Isthm. viii. (vii.) 46 ; and it is a strange use of language whereby a winning horse is said to 'give his vote' for his master's prosperity, because this is the horse's 'contribution' to the sum of his master's good things. Yet πέταλον could no more mean a wreath or crown of victory than *folium* could stand for *corona*, so that we cannot understand εὐδαιμονίας πέταλον as 'the coveted wreath.' It is idle to compare ὄλβου ἄνθεα in III. 92. It is the use of the *singular* which makes

πέταλον

πέταλον impossible as Greek for 'a crown.' The strange word νεόκροτον in v. 48 must, as we have seen, disappear from the list of new words, though only to make room for another new-comer in ἀφνεόκροτον. The word στέφανος could not mean (still less στέφανοι) *corona* in the sense of a band or troop, as a note on II. 10 would seem to imply. The meaning is, 'He has brought to our minds all the brave deeds at the Isthmus which we, the chorus of seventy voices, held up to view together with his crowns of victory.'

In IX. 10 we meet a new and strangely-formed word, νικάσπιδες. But, standing as it does after a lacuna, it doubtless represents a much more natural word, φοινικάσπιδες. Bacchylides affects words compounded with φοῖνιξ, and Pindar has φοινικοστόλων ἐγχείων, N. ix. 28. It is true that the tragic poets call the Argives λευκάσπιδες, but Professor Housman, to whom the correction is due, points to αἰθᾶς ἐπ' ἀσπίδος (Pind. P. viii. 46), 'a fiery shield.' We do not believe that ποταμοὶ Ἄρῃος (IX. 45) could mean 'rivers of blood.' The passage has not yet been explained. Professor Housman's ingenious notes in the 'Classical Review' (for February and March) are on the right track. The river in l. 39 is certainly the Asopus. We should probably read σῶν . . . ἐγγόνων, the reference being to Achilles and Ajax, whose prowess the Amazons felt before Ilium. As ancestor of these very eminent champions Asopus might be called 'King of rivers.'

In XI. 65 the learning of the editor has supplied a passage from Apollodorus which certainly gives the key to the meaning. Prætus and Acrisius were at feud 'from their very infancy.' But could this be expressed by the phrase βληχρᾶς ἀπ' ἀρχᾶς? We think not. Surely these words could only mean 'from a trivial origin,' which is plainly not the sense required. We would propose to read βληχρᾶς ἀπ' ἄκρας 'from their first baby-cry, a primo vagitu, from the time before they were ἀπαλλαγέντες ἀσήμεον κυνημάτων, as Herodotus has it. For ἀκρᾶν = 'first,' cp. Pind. P. v. 8, αἰδῶνος ἀκρᾶν ἀπὸ βαθμίδων, and *ib.* xi. 10, ἀκρα σὺν ἐσπέρα. The editor cannot consistently refuse to admit emendation. He has himself made a palmary emendation in this very ode, line 54, where by reading νόημα for ὄμμα he has perfectly restored sense, metre, and poetry; παλίντροπον νόημα, 'wits warped' or 'turned awry, is an excellent expression for madness.

In v. 190 ff. the poet quotes from Hesiod, as Pindar does twice.* But while it is easy to localize the quotation in the

* N. vii. 88, 'Isthm.' v. 67.

case of Pindar,* no passage is to be found in the extant works of Hesiod which gives the sentiment here required, namely, that they whom the gods delight to honour have also fair fame with men.† The editor, in filling up the lacuna, gives to ἐπλησαν a sense which it could not bear. The passage is thus ingeniously restored by Professor Housman in the 'Athenæum,' December 25, 1897:—

ὃν ἂν ἀθάνατοι τι[μῶσι, τούτῳ]
καὶ βροτῶν φήμαν ἐπ[εσθαι].

As regards accidens, his chief peculiarity is the employment of infinitive forms in -εν, like ἐρύκεν, φυλάσσειν, ἴσχειν, and perhaps τίεν (XIX. 15). It is remarkable that the papyrus nowhere shows those forms in -ημι for ω or ὦ of the pres. indic. which Bacchylides, Frag. 56 (27 Bgk.), presents in θάλπησι, Pindar (Frag. 155 Bgk.) in αἵτημι, Simonides in ἐπαίνημι, and Ibycus in ἐχῃσι and ἐγείρησι. The diction is even more penetrated with epic phraseology than that of Pindar, though we do not meet those synonymes for epic tags, those Homeric jewels reset, which are so characteristic of the style of the Theban lyrist. Perhaps ἀγλαὰν ἦβαν προλείπων in v. 154 is a reminiscence of λιποῦς' ἀδρότητα καὶ ἦβην, and ἀριστοπάτρα (XI. 106) and μεγιστοπάτωρ (v. 199) may have been suggested by Homer's δυσαριστοτόκεια, but we do not find that delicate remodelling of epicisms which in Pindar has the same charming æsthetic effect as Milton's classicisms and Swinburne's hebraisms. Bacchylides is fond of compounds with ἀριστο-, and to the list of these must be added ἀρισταλκές, which must certainly be read instead of ἐρισταλκές in VII. 7. He has introduced some words in which two substantives are anomalously compounded together, instead of an adjective or verb and substantive. Such are πολέμαιγος, ἡμεράμπνξ, ἡμερόγυιος, ἀρέταιχμος, ἀστυθεμῖς, πυριέθειρα, ὑμνοάνασσα. His extreme proneness to new and strangely

* πῆμα κακὸς γέγων' ὅσσον τ' ἀγαθὸς μέγ' ὄνειρα,
ἔμμορ' εἰ τοι τιμῆς ὅσ' ἔμμορ' γέγονας ὀσθλοῦ.—Op. 346.
μελέτη δέ τοι ἔργον ὀφέλλει.—Op. 412.

† Professor Blass in the 'Literarisches Centralblatt' for December 25 quotes a close parallel from Theognis, 169 (Bergk):—ὃν δὲ θεοὶ τιμῶσ', ὃν καὶ μαμεύμενος αἰεῖ. It would seem as if Bacchylides had, by a lapse of memory, ascribed to Hesiod a sentiment of Theognis, which, by the way, should rather run:—ὃν δὲ θεοὶ τιμῶσιν ὃ καὶ μαμεύμενος αἰεῖ, 'whom God delights to honour even the most capacious critic commends.' Dr. von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf has proposed in the 'Göttingischen gelehrten Anzeigen' the emendation of Prof. Housman, with κείνῳ for τούτῳ. He and Prof. Blass have more than once arrived independently at restorations suggested by English scholars in the 'Athenæum' and the 'Classical Review.'

formed epithets would almost seem to show a consciousness of a certain humbleness in his diction, which he thus seeks to elevate.

It is very remarkable that in addition to the hundred or so of new words which Bacchylides gives us, there are a good many (perhaps about a score) which we have been accustomed to regard as post-classical words (and even constructions, such as ἦπα prepositional, 'on account of') which have hitherto had the authority only of Quintus Smyrnaeus, Oppian, Nonnus, Tzetzes, or the ancient lexicographers, the Anthology, and inscriptions. It is a fair inference from this that the post-classical writers were not at all so ready as we have hitherto believed to coin new words, but oftener drew on ancient authors not now extant. It is further observable that the irregular compounds to which we have already referred were avoided by the late writers. Not one of them appears except in Bacchylides, though many of them are metrically most convenient, especially for writers in hexameters.

Even more pronounced than the prevailing simplicity of the style of Bacchylides is the singular simplicity of his metrical systems. The wild antispastic movements and constant resolution of long syllables, which make the metres so complicated in Pindar's odes, especially those in the Æolian mood, of which the second Olympian is a good example, were never dreamed of in the Bacchylidean theory of structure. There is hardly a poem in which the metre does not catch the ear at once, and the very close antistrophic correspondence greatly simplifies the problem of constituting the text. It is true that here and there we meet the case of a deficient or superfluous syllable in violation of antistrophic correspondence, but this generally points to the easily corrected error of the copyist. In the fifth ode, ll. 14, 29 contain a syllable more than they ought to have, but the changes which bring them into conformity are quite easy. Ll. 11 and 26 exhibit the same phenomenon; but here the omission of a syllable does not at all commend itself. However, when we come to examine the corresponding antistrophic verses, eight in number, we find that there is in every case some evidence that a syllable has dropped out, and that therefore they originally agreed perfectly with ll. 11 and 26. Conformity between the strophes and antistrophes ought certainly to be demanded, especially in a poet who resorts so little even to resolution of long syllables, a licence which he rarely allows himself, except in the long ode XVII., where we find also other slight laxities, such as the correspondence of a long and a short syllable elsewhere than at the end of a verse. For the last
syllable

syllable of every line is common. To call attention to this fact, whenever the line ends with an elided syllable the letter before the elision is brought over to the beginning of the next verse, to show that there is no *synapheia*, as there is in tragic anapaestic systems, and as there would seem to be in these odes if elision were allowed at the end of a verse. Thus we have Καλωδῶ/ν' (v. 106), ὕμνοῖ/νας/σ' (xii. 1), φῶ/θ' (xvi. 15), θέλοι/μ' (xvii. 41). This, be it observed, is in no way due to exigencies of space. There would always be room for the letter brought over, sometimes for many more. Moreover, examples of hiatus after a long syllable at the end of a line are frequent, and we have it even after short syllables in v. 172, 177, ix. 40, xi. 12, xiii. 82, 120.

We have said that the metres used are simple, the lines short, the strophic correspondence well maintained, the resolution of long syllables rare, and still rarer any variation in the quantity of corresponding syllables, except at the end of each line. There no quantitative uniformity is required, inasmuch as the last syllable of each verse is treated as common. There is not a single ode which does not illustrate this truth (many of them again and again) save one, the second, a very short ode containing only one strophe (with its antistrophe) of but five lines. The seventh and twelfth odes have only one metrical system, and so are not antistrophic at all. The fourth is too corrupt to afford any evidence. Therefore the whole theory denying the *syllaba anceps* at the end of the line is borne out only by one strophe and antistrophe five lines long. It is invalidated by all the other poems. Surely it is mere chance which has here produced the conformity in one ode. And is this fortuitous conformity, maintained for but five lines, to be set up as the standard, while the practice illustrated by all the other odes is to be set down to error and altered by arbitrary correction? Surely not. What would be said of a scientific observer who, professing to found a law of nature on induction, should then reject or garble every *datum* of observation or experiment which conflicted with his own preconceived hypothesis? Yet this is what some critics have attempted in applying wholesale correction in order to bring about a conformity against which the MS.—our only evidence—everywhere protests. These arbitrary changes are sometimes slight enough, sometimes considerable and highly improbable, sometimes impossible. And be it noted that if in one place a short syllable at the end of a line corresponds strophically to a long one, then the principle is established that the last syllable is common, and correction ignoring the principle is shown to be quite unscientific. We

will take only one case. In XI. 119 a short syllable at the end of the line corresponds to a long syllable in the two other epodes. The reading is undoubtedly sound. The attempt to restore $\pi\rho\acute{o}\ \gamma\omicron\nu\nu\omicron\iota$ for $\pi\rho\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\nu\omicron\iota$ can have hardly commended itself even to its author, who essays no explanation or defence of it except a quite irrelevant reference to III. 19, apparently to prove that $\pi\rho\acute{o}$ means 'in front of,' which we readily concede. Other attempts, such as $\pi\rho\acute{o}\alpha/\gamma\omicron\nu$, carry with them their own refutation. The true state of the case is that $\pi\rho\acute{o}\gamma\omicron\nu\omicron\iota$ here is right and indispensable, and that a short syllable at the end of a line corresponds strophically to a long one here as in some fifty other places in the poems. To make the poems before us conform to the rules laid down in some treatises on metre, we must either rewrite the poems or rewrite the treatises. The latter, we submit, is the more reasonable proceeding. But when the MS., with a very slight correction, presents a reading against which nothing can be urged except that it records an incident not elsewhere mentioned (so far as we know), could anything be more absurd than to reject it, and give instead a statement that 'they' (who? the Ἀχαιοί mentioned in l. 114?) 'instituted a precinct to be in front of (or in preference to) a knoll (slope)'; for no otherwise can we render 'if we read $\pi\rho\acute{o}\ \gamma\omicron\nu\nu\omicron\iota\ \epsilon\acute{\iota}\sigma\sigma\alpha\nu\ \epsilon\mu\epsilon\nu$?

There are in Bacchylides none of those impressive complications of conflicting, or at least exuberant, imagery—those maelstroms of metaphor—which flash from Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles, at those moments—

‘When a great thought strikes along the brain
And flushes all the cheek.’

There is no hurly-burly of feeling, like that in which Pindar cries*—‘Methinks a whetstone shrilleth on my lips; right fain it draws me on with a current of sweet breath’; or in which Sophocles† makes the chorus say that ‘the ray of hope which was shed over the last root of the house of Œdipus is mowed down by a handful of bloodstained dust’ cast on the corse of Polynices; or in which Cassandra in the ‘Agamemnon’‡ exclaims, ‘Lo, the oracle will no more peer from behind a veil like a bride new-wedded; nay, it is like to come and clear the welkin with a blast that will roll up against the bright horizon, like a surging billow, a horror far worse than this.’ We should look in vain in Bacchylides for such spiritual excitement or its outward and visible sign in the style. He must suffer from that comparison with Pindar which Dr. Kenyon deprecates,

* O. vi. 82.

† Ant. 600 ff.

‡ 1180 ff.

but which is really forced upon us. We hope, however, that the specimens of his work which we have put before our readers will have shown, even to those who do not propose to study the poems in the original, that our newly-found lyricist is a shrewd observer of life, and a masterly artist in verse, with remarkable command of limpid and graceful narrative. In the closing words of the third ode, which commemorates the victory of Hiero in the chariot race in 468 B.C., words which may have been his latest utterance, and which are certainly the latest utterance to which a date has been assigned, the poet exclaims :—

Hiero, thou hast held up to the view of men all that most gloriously adorns an high estate. On such triumphs as thine silence bringeth no honour. In telling them therewithal will men, launching the shafts of truth,* glorify too the meed of praise which the honeyed nightingale of Ceos could bestow.

We gladly join our voice to the chorus which hails the resurrection of the Ceian lyricist, and add the heartiest expression of our sense of gratitude to the trustees of the British Museum, to the editor, and to the scholars who have given him their aid, for bestowing on us a gift which is a precious addition to the literature of the world.

* We read βαλὼν for καλῶν.

ART. VII.—*Gardiner's History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*. Vols. I. and II. London, 1894, 1897.

MR. GARDINER'S History of the Commonwealth proceeds steadily but slowly. Histories, as they are written nowadays, make a greater demand upon the reader's leisure than the ancient quartos, or even the octavos of Macaulay and Froude. The modern historian gives the public too much of his material. He sorts it, it is true; but as the interest of his work grows, so also grows in him, apparently, the desire to associate his reader with the preparation of materials, and give him not results but processes. Kinglake's later volumes are loaded with details, topographical studies, bits of regimental history, and personal anecdote. Mr. Lecky's last volume is written (one may almost say) between inverted commas. The university schools of history have created such a rage for accuracy that historians are afraid to hazard any statement without giving full proofs. In old days, controversial matters or new views were stated by the historian in his text, and discussed in notes at the end of the volume. Now, everything has to appear at once: and the reader is made to be a judge as well as a learner. Hence comes a want of proportion, and some sacrifice of the authority which is claimed by Ranke and Döllinger, and which justly belongs to Mr. Gardiner. We look to a writer of Mr. Gardiner's calibre to instruct and enlighten, not merely to record. We want to know not only the facts, but his judgment upon them. There was, perhaps, too much philosophy in the old historians, Gibbon, Hallam, and Milman; and too much fervour in Macaulay and Froude. But they made rich the blood of the world; and we cannot well spare either the philosophy or the fervour.

History is not merely retrospective and scientific. For science we go to such books as Mr. Gardiner's own 'Historical Documents,' and Professor Prothero's companion volume. But these books are not histories. The Muse of history must not be excluded from literature, and turned over to science. If Clio listens to Sir John Seeley (who was better than his creed) and condescends to be dull, she will become a Danaid, not a Muse, and the public will not come to her empty or over-full pitcher. And if the public does not read, the publisher will not print; and so Clio is starved out. Not that there is not much reflection and instruction in these volumes: but we have to hunt for it; and we do not want to know all the opinions of all the colonels, and all the private history of the Verney family. Such things are to be found in their proper places. Macaulay would have painted the Verney family

family in three pages, in a group as vivid, perhaps as complimentary, as one of their own Vandykes. He would have touched off the colonels with lurid adjectives and brilliant generalizations in the style of Rembrandt. What then? the world is better for Vandyke and Rembrandt, though they did not paint men and women exactly as they were. We have a truer as well as a nobler idea of a time to which its painter has added more than he saw, than of one which is chronicled by a Holbein. Indeed we cannot do without either Vandyke or Holbein: we want poetry and accuracy too. And Mr. Gardiner has shown us in his portraits of Montrose and Ormonde, amongst others, that he is not without the finer touch which separates the historian from the annalist. Nor is it a slight merit that by making us, as it were, the contemporaries of Cromwell, he enables us to take a juster view of him than we can get either from Carlyle or Hume, or even from Guizot. Mr. Gardiner is too modest. We want him to tell us his own thoughts, and he sends us to 'Mercurius Politicus' and 'Putney Projects.' We lose ourselves in the crowd of inferior actors, just as in Mr. Lecky's '98. We are tempted to think the opinions of Ludlow, Fleetwood, Okey, or Desborough as valuable as those of Ireton and Hyde. Some men's opinions are valuable singly; some speak as members of groups; some as members of parties. A noisy, impracticable man like 'free born' John Lilburne, attracts more notice than his ideas are worth. His temerity and courage and his grasp of some fundamental principles make him respectable, but not representative; and like a crying child he occupies too much attention, both in his own age and in Mr. Gardiner's history.

So again, in the actions of the army between 1647 and 1649, we sometimes cannot see the wood for the trees. Either there was a common feeling which resulted in the coercion of London, Joyce's filibustering, Pride's Purge, and the High Court of Justice—measures all in turn disclaimed, accepted, and justified—so that events worked themselves out, as it were, by the momentum of past actions and the attractive power of hopes and fears; or they were prepared and transacted by a few deeply designing minds. The former is, or was, till the other day, the prevailing view since Carlyle wrote his 'Cromwell.' The latter was the old-fashioned theory, which liked to set Hector at Patroclus, Æneas at Turnus. 'Emathiona Liger, Corynæum sternit Asilas,' and a hundred more warriors slay and are slain to heighten the glory of the paladins. So Cromwell hunts down his destined victim, directing and dispensing life and death like an incarnate Fate. The rest of the actors are puppets; and the tragedy

tragedy of history moves on majestically to the *peripeteia* of Cromwell's failure. Shakespeare might have treated the tragedy so. It might not have been true to facts, but it would have been true to ideas, which make facts. Mr. Gardiner lacks the ambition or the comprehensive power to gather up the history in his hand and trace causes to their results, to throw light on the mutual influence of the Man and the Hour. He is somewhat too anxious to justify Cromwell; he will not let him have the credit of his crimes, if crimes they were; and he leaves us in doubt whether it is his opinion that Cromwell prepared as well as moderated, or whether he only acted on occasion as pointsman, directing what he had no power to control. There is something to be said for the latter theory. No man was ever more patient, more self-effacing, more determined to make the best of circumstances. But inferences may be drawn in the opposite direction. Cromwell's incapacity of seeing good in opponents; his power of personal influence, so unsparingly exercised; his command of the mind of an assembly or a clique; his 'suiting of the lettuce to the lips' of those who were to eat it; his double dealing; his grasp of every situation as it arrived, whether foreseen or not; his unscrupulous use of unscrupulous men; his changes of front; his deliberate ferocity; his sincere belief in the Cause, and in himself as its Moses or Joshua; these indications, and many more, forbid us to regard him merely as the channel through which the current of English politics ran its predestined course.

Though we have learnt in the last thirty years that the history of England is the history of the English nation, we cannot help ascribing much to the protagonist of the time. Henry VIII., Burleigh, Walpole, Chatham, never lose their interest; and when the nation is not guided by a great man, we feel that the times are dull, and that events welter in confusion. Such periods are periods of national sloth, or of reaction from high thinking. It is an exaggeration to speak of 'the long, long canker of peace.' But the canker of dulness, the domination of the average man, is a worse malady than the fever of ambition or faction; and it is always a danger to the body politic when for any length of time the country is not governed by high-minded men. Then domestic affairs stagnate; no plan directs our relations with foreign nations. We neglect our duties, we study practice rather than principle, we bid farewell to hope and energy; we suffer Poland to perish, we throw away America, we give over the Christian to the Turk and the Sudan to the Khalifa; we forget or slight our colonies, we let our ancient buildings in Church and State fall into disrepair. We do

do not advocate an ambitious policy; there is a time to keep silence and a time to speak, a time of war and a time of peace; and England owes as much to Burleigh and Walpole as to Chatham and Pitt. Even dulness may be for a time medicinal, if it does not turn into a chronic lethargy; it may be a period of repose and material progress, and have its place in the development of the country. A great minister says, as Chatham did, 'Be one people,' and the nation wakes to find its invincible locks not shorn but grown. The times of dangerous dulness are those when there is no leader, but only a rivalry of equals, when the points of the Parliamentary game seem of more importance than the interests to guard which Parliaments exist.

We look (as we said) to Mr. Gardiner to instruct us as to Cromwell's guiding of contemporary events, and we find that he leaves the question too much to the decision of his readers. He dwells too much in the present. He does not make much use of the reflected light shed from pamphlets, memoirs, and speeches, especially Cromwell's, of a few years later, upon the motives of 1650 to 1654. We have no wish to preach to Mr. Gardiner, who knows his own business, but we wish that he would more often, like his hero, get into the pulpit himself; and having the advantage of knowing not only what was going on at that particular moment, but also what came of it, and what was thought of it a few years after, would point the moral of his sermons by showing us, like the Psalmist, 'the end of these men.' For in the 'slippery places' of a revolution, many high ideas blossomed too early, and were blighted by the inclemency of every-day need; many honest precisians failed for want of understanding that preciseness is a rarity in human affairs; much of the fair promise of 1640 had been blasted by the passions and hatreds engendered in the six years during which Englishmen had sheathed their swords in one another's bowels; the traditions of two hundred years of peace had been upset; half the nation had been ruined to pay the expenses of the other half, their conquerors; property was precarious; authority resided nowhere but in the sword; nothing was constituted, settled, sacred; religion itself, which survives political changes, was in bondage to politicians. We know now that this state of things portended a Restoration. But he would have been a wise man who could have foreseen the Restoration in the first year of liberty by God's blessing restored. It would, we think, have enhanced the value of Mr. Gardiner's large addition to our knowledge of the facts, if he had given more space to the character of the facts as shown by their results. But the story

is here told fairly and fully, and in a clear and readable style; and if we miss the warmth of Carlyle and the brilliancy of Green, we can trust Mr. Gardiner's honesty for the faithfulness of the report, and his knowledge and wisdom for the choice of what to set down and what to omit.

It would be impossible, within the limits of an article, to follow the windings of policy and the turns of chance which, after the destruction of the King's party in 1645-6, first taught the army that power was in their hands, and that they had only to act to be obeyed; then showed their leaders that an army without an acknowledged head is but a mutinous mob, and pushed the foremost soldier into the foremost place, to finish the work of vengeance justified and made ready to his hand by the 'Second Civil War' of 1648: destroyed monarchy and aristocracy by the hands of civilians, granted unlimited power to the conqueror of Ireland and Scotland, after another civilian attempt to 'rear the temple of recovered freedom' without the help of the men of the sword; till the great man stepped out before the ranks, prepared by experience of every kind to undertake the task of ruling a nation. He, too, was doomed to failure, because, like the Parliament which he broke, he had ignored the source of power, the will of the people based on the habits of the people: so that if he could say 'Come, you are no Parliament,' the English people had the right to say to him 'Come, you are no king.' We must entirely pass by many matters of interest; the wars, domestic and foreign, the affairs of Scotland and Ireland and of the Royalist party; and only direct the reader's attention to some of the main currents of religious and political tendency which illustrate and are illustrated by the words and deeds of the chief actor.

In 1649 the Cause had prevailed. The King was dead, the Lords and the Church abolished, the Presbyterian party subjected to the Independents. Nothing was left for the victors but, as Sir Jacob Astley said, to 'fall out among themselves.' The peculiar difficulty of the situation was this. The war had its origin in an attempt to bind the Crown down to the letter of the old Constitution, with certain safeguards beyond it. The Crown refused to grant these safeguards; and the Whigs of the day, who had feared the development of constitutional absolutism into armed tyranny, took flight at the Grand Remonstrance, and fearing still more the republican ideas which seemed inseparable from Puritanism, joined the King's party. Thus, as happens in England now and then, the Whigs found themselves for a time in line with the Tories; and the conduct of the war
fell

fell into the hands of Radical leaders. This was the meaning of the New Model, described by its creators as no more than an effective engine of war. Extreme democratic ideas were developed in the army. As the higher Whigs had gone over to the King, so now the lower Whigs, the English Presbyterians, the fathers of the Revolution men of 1689, were swamped by the army sectarians.

The men of the Cause were triumphant; but the Cause in their hands was incompatible with the common feelings of Englishmen, and could only be upheld by the army. The tide of Puritanism had not ebbed so far as to re-admit the old religion, and there was no thought of restoring it. But the moderate part of the nation, recovered from the hot fit of Puritanism, and, cooling to its natural lukewarm temper, was impatient of the restraint imposed by the Saints.

'The intention of the Legislature was evidently to create a state within the nation, upon which authority should rest securely, thus following, in one respect at least, the Agreement of the People.'

Such a state would include neither Royalists, whether Cavalier or Presbyterian, nor any who would not subscribe the Engagement to be 'true and faithful to the Commonwealth of England as the same is now established, without a King or House of Lords.' It would exclude Roman Catholics and Anglicans, as well as the stricter Presbyterians. But moderate men of all shades of opinion would subscribe the Engagement; and if the Government as now set up proved able to establish itself firmly, the fanatics—so some may have hoped—could be dealt with later. Parliament, though Independent, represented the national feeling better than the army: and it was a true instinct which made Henry Marten say that the Commonwealth was 'much like Moses,' and the Parliament was 'the true mother of this fair child, the young Commonwealth, and they themselves the fittest nurses.' The natural conclusion was (as another had said) 'that the Parliament should not be dissolved till the people loved them'; that is, till the taxes had been lowered by the disbandment of the army.

But who was to disband the army? To disband an army implies a Government more powerful than the army, and resting on popular consent. But the Rump was but the expression of the army's power; and popular consent did not exist. The army was the only organized and recognized power in the country. 'We can no more live' (it was said), 'or live freely without an army than without food, as the state of affairs stand.' Military necessities, too, forbade disbandment, till Ireland and Scotland

Scotland had been subdued; and by that time the army was in no humour to betray the Cause by surrendering its position.

History has not done full justice to the government of the Rump, or remnant of the Long Parliament, from 1649 to 1653, four years full of important actions at home and abroad, in the conduct of which Parliament combined executive and legislative functions. The founders of the Commonwealth showed courage and political insight in a position of the greatest difficulty and danger. To them is due the establishment of the British navy both for war and for commerce, and therein of our Colonial Empire. They brought about the union of the three Kingdoms and the reform of our Parliamentary system, objects of national importance which were overlooked or negated at the Restoration, and not carried into effect till long after the Revolution, nor completely till 1832; and they raised the name of England higher than it had stood at any time since the days of Elizabeth.

'They were doing the business of a more distant posterity than that to which Eliot had devoted his life. Yet, though it is true that the proposals which they made were often such as to commend themselves to the men of the nineteenth, perhaps even to the men of the twentieth century rather than to those of the seventeenth, it is only by the immediate accomplishment of its aims that the value of honest endeavour is to be tested.'

They were 'a company of poor despised men,' discredited in the nation, because they only held their place by the pleasure of the army; despised by the army itself, whose creature they were; hated by a large majority of the people, because they seemed to have destroyed all the institutions of the country, and were stained with the sacred blood of Charles I.; slighted and scorned as men of no hereditary claims to rule, and little experience of office. As Lord Bacon says, 'the people love what they know,' and looked upon these unknown men as base usurpers, beggars on horseback far on their road to the Devil. Lilburne's acquittal was as popular as that of the seven Bishops forty years later. The Presbyterian clergy prayed for the King in the City churches, and preached against the Engagement; the extension of which to all official persons, from officers in the navy and army to university professors and benefited clergymen, was no sign of power. Such measures as the expulsion of Delinquents from the City, and the creation of a High Court of Justice, 'a new Star Chamber with power of life and death,' were only justified by the imminent danger of the Government.

If such was the feeling of most Englishmen, of all indeed except root-and-branch Independents and extreme sectarians, the

the army, on the other hand, distrusted Parliament as infected with the leaven of officialism, making the show of power do the work of the reality, angling for the support of Presbyterians and Neutrals, and blowing neither hot nor cold.

Such were the men who had to make head against a tempest unparalleled in this country for the violence with which it raged and the devastation it had wrought. All over England trade was ruined, houses were burnt and estates wasted, woods cut down, churches dismantled, men reduced to the primal necessity of self-defence, since the clamour of arms had silenced law. There was no constituted authority in Church or State, no use and wont to live by; families were divided by bloodshed, the natural life of Englishmen was turned to plots and fears of plots. Ireland and Scotland were in anarchy and rebellion, and there was no money in the Exchequer to pay the army which was to restore order. Foreign relations with a regicide Republic had almost ceased to exist, and every Court was willing to harbour the exiled Stuarts. England had for seven years ceased to belong to Europe. It was only because Europe also was distracted by war that no monarchical invasion had come to strengthen the hands of Charles I.; and if the home Government were to show weakness, Charles II. would be soon on his way to England with a French army at his back. That this was no chimera is shown by the fact that Charles II. built up his power upon French aid, and that the Dutch invasion under William III.—for invasion it was—found no difficulty in landing in England in the face of a weak and discredited Government.

A strong executive was wanted; but no Government could be strong which sat by the pleasure of the army and could be deposed at any moment by the General whom it had appointed. It was a case of the old adage 'when two men ride one horse'—each rider wished to sit next the reins. As it turned out, the one competent man had enough of war on his hands to keep him employed, and sense enough not to spoil the doing of good work; and as yet Oliver Cromwell had developed no taste for foreign intrigues and naval warfare. The time was to come, and indications of it were not wanting, when he would put an end to the executive-legislative constitution, a thing which he had tried in the army, and found that it led to anarchy, mutiny, and the drum-head, and had seen at work in Parliament, where its fruits had been corruption, financial mismanagement, ecclesiastical tyranny, delay, maladministration of justice—in a word, all the evils of government by a committee without a strong chairman. But for the present Cromwell left the control of affairs in the hands of Bradshaw, Vane, and Scot, and occupied himself

himself by putting down the Levellers and mutineers, enemies alike to parliamentary or monarchical government, and thereby did good service both to the country and to its present governors. To put down with a strong hand sincere men, of the same temper as himself in religion and politics, whose only fault was that they were not endowed with practical wisdom, must have been a bitter task to Cromwell. But Cromwell never shrank from the work which had to be done, and he knew that if this work was not done all England would be 'in blood and confusion on the account of Charles Stuart.'

How much the minds of the Parliament men were occupied by theory may be judged from the abolition of the House of Lords as well as Monarchy. Monarchy, 'the thing and the name,' was, they believed, blasted and set aside by God's judgment: there was a practical danger, realized fifty years later, in any system which gave room for a Pretender and set one family against another; but to abolish the most ancient institution of England, because the majority of its members had sided with the King, was mere constitution-mongering. The Lords could have been purged as well as the Commons, and new peers made to redress the balance, and to keep the Commons from that 'government by the vote of the day' which ruined the Athenian democracy. In law reform again, and in the relations between Parliament and Council, we see no appeal to experience, but rather a combination of high theory with unskilled practice. High Courts of Justice were set up and new definitions of treason framed, as if there were no courts and precedents in England. Neither the old nor any new rule was observed in religious affairs, pulled hither and thither by sects of every complexion, each anathematizing all the others; while in the matter of finance, where, if anywhere, practical knowledge is required, the wise heads of the Parliament could frame no better device than to fine and sequesterate, and sell lands, houses, and cathedrals for the value of the materials.

In spite of these drawbacks the Commonwealth prospered, and Chapter lands were bought at fifteen and seventeen years' purchase, so much faith in its own stability and solvency did the nation still possess. One Power after another acknowledged the new Republic. The navy was thoroughly organized by Vane, who probably thought its support might overbalance the hostility of the army. The Navigation Act, according to Adam Smith, 'perhaps the wisest of all the commercial regulations of England,' was passed to transfer the Dutch carrying trade to England, and was followed by the war, intended to cripple their navy for the moment, but destined to be the beginning of a sea-power

sea-power greater than any imagined by the Parliament or its opponents. To Vane and the Rump administration belongs the glory of having founded the trade, the navy, and the colonial Empire of their country.

The Parliament had little skill in 'healing and settling.' They talked about disbanding the army, as if the mice should propose to abolish the cat. They debated grand projects of law reform, but spent three months, says Cromwell, over the word 'incumbrances'; they could not settle the affairs of the Church; they could not remedy the abuses of taxation; they took bribes from delinquents, and imposed heavy fines on those who would not or could not buy justice; and to crown their shortcomings, they considered themselves the only persons in the country who were fit to rule it.

As Ranke says:—

'To sum up the case—the Republican authority had arisen from a union of the military and parliamentary leaders; according to Vane's constitution the parliamentary power would have secured the highest authority, and retained it perpetually in their hands. The army was of opinion that, in virtue of their victory and their divine mission, they had a right, if not to the supreme rule, yet at least to an independent position.'

It would seem that the right course for a patriot in 1649 was to support the Parliament and by degrees to 'build up the Commonwealth upon a broader basis,' by bringing it into harmony with the nation, whilst preserving religious safeguards. The existing constitution was called a Commonwealth or Republic; but in reality it was a middle-class oligarchy, Council of State and Parliament being practically one. It is to Cromwell's credit that, though he might any day have turned the Rump out of doors, as he did in 1653, he did not aim at any particular ascendancy in Parliament, but allowed Bradshaw, Vane, and their fellows to govern the country. Probably, like Cæsar, he felt he could wait for political power till he had established his military power in Ireland and Scotland. Possibly the inactivity of Parliament and Council in reforming abuses was a reason for letting them alone, for had they meddled more they might have done mischief. We may believe also, without much want of charity, that Cromwell, as was his habit, was willing to let those who did not reckon with him pursue, till it failed of itself, their ostrich-like policy of ignoring power. His position would be the stronger if those who ignored him could not do without him at last.

Cromwell, like Charles, was no lover of Parliaments. He had

had made up his mind that the Long Parliament should be dissolved, by fair means or foul, and now and then let them know that he was watching them. 'Relieve the oppressed,' he wrote after Dunbar fight; 'hear the groans of poor prisoners in England! Be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions; and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich, that suits not a Commonwealth.' If this is not a threat, it is a prophecy, when read by the light of 1653 and of Cromwell's own speeches. And he might have said with justice that if the Parliament stood higher in the world's estimation in 1653 than in 1649, it was because it had Blake to fight for it by sea, and himself by land. We are not antedating events in laying emphasis upon the fact that from 1648 onward Cromwell's 'omnipotence' was the common talk alike of those who hated and feared and of those who admired him; and this reputation was immensely increased by the Irish war and the campaigns of Dunbar and Worcester.

It was not merely a military reputation:—

'Once more, in Cromwell's hands, the sword had decided not what should be, but what should not be. Two years and a half before it had decided that England should not be ruled by a faithless king, who measured his obligations by the rule of his own interests. Now it decided that she should not be ruled by a king who came in as an invader. When Charles I. was sent to the block, Cromwell had but the support of the army and of a handful of enthusiasts. When he shattered the Scottish army at Worcester, he had on his side the national spirit of England. Even amongst the Royalists themselves the current of feeling ran so strong that scarce a man would rally round the standard of their king as long as it was borne aloft by Scottish hands. For the first time the founders of the Commonwealth were able to win considerable popular support for their cause.'

In 1651, after Worcester fight, Cromwell was contented that the Long Parliament should continue sitting till November 1654. When in 1652 the army called for an immediate dissolution, Cromwell did not support them. Indeed, he sent some of the most violent regiments on distant service. But he supported a petition drawn up in July of that year. The list of grievances which it contained was a long one—law reform; removal of profane and scandalous persons from places of authority; the public debt, especially to the army; treasury reform; employment of deserving soldiers;—all real causes for discontent, but not to be removed by the easy expedient of a general election.

Cromwell did not wish the Parliament to be dissolved (though he had 'little hopes of good settlement to be made by them') till

till it had passed the Bill for Parliamentary Reform, the mis-carriage of which was the occasion of the *coup d'état* of 1653. Above all things he desired a 'settlement'; and it would be unjust to him to suppose that he wished to effect that settlement by the exercise of 'arbitrary' power.

A constitutional sovereign or president yields to a majority. The head of a party when beaten in Parliament stands aside. The leader of a revolutionary army prepares the fall of institutions, and gathers existing powers into his own hand till the time comes when he can take all and rule by means of his soldiers. An adventurer like Louis Napoleon deludes a nation with phrases, drugs it with shows and vain glory, makes away with enemies and rivals—a trick learnt from the Uncle—and combines universal suffrage with militarism. Cromwell's position was something different from all these. He described himself fairly and honestly in a speech delivered in 1657. He was 'a constable to keep the peace of the parish.' He did not call himself to power. He did not wish 'to gripe at the government of the three nations without a legal consent.' But neither did he mean to abdicate. Standing as he did in the meeting of the ways; knowing the discontents of the army, whose spokesman he was, knowing that the Parliament, discredited in the nation as self-seeking and corrupt, and leaning to the Presbyterian interest, was letting legislation languish and making no progress either towards the building of a constitution or the ending of their own power; above all, determined not to desert the godly party, and, on the enthusiastic side of his mind, pondering upon God's witness in the war, the nature of his call, and the answers to his prayers, and doubting whether he would not soon be called to lead his people as a Moses or Joshua or even a Gustavus Vasa—Cromwell thought it his duty to reconcile discords rather than to exercise power. Had he been a man of ordinary ambition he might have marched his soldiers to Westminster, turned out the Parliament, and ruled provisionally as Lord General, with or without a Parliament. He might have to do this yet; for the idea of being used as an instrument in God's hand was never absent from his mind.

Two sayings of Cromwell are recorded about this time. In December 1651, at a Conference on 'Settlement,' he declared for 'a settlement with somewhat of a monarchical power in it,' and in November 1652, in a conversation with Whitelocke on a similar subject, he said suddenly, 'What if a man should take upon him to be king?' These portentous words (for Mr. Gardiner rightly puts aside Carlyle's suspicion of 'dramaturgy' on Whitelocke's part) foreshadowed a crisis and a determination

determination of the crisis. But Cromwell's 'subtlety' consisted not in guiding events to a preconceived issue, but in taking events as they came and knowing how to deal with them. The former class of politicians works through agents; Cromwell trusted no one but himself, though in a manner he may be said to have trusted all, leaving, as he did, honest men, knaves, and fools alike to the result of their own actions. Hence his actions often took men by surprise, though known to himself and resolved on beforehand as alternative contingencies.

Such being the character of the man with whom they had to deal, it was the height of folly to act as Vane and the Parliament leaders did on the morning of the 20th April, 1653, refusing to acknowledge manifest power and will to use it, and making believe that they could pass an Act which would bind Cromwell's hands.

The facts are these. The army and the Parliament were at variance. The army suspected and disliked the 'Rump' as 'not designing' (says Ludlow) 'to do those good things they pretended to, but rather intending to support the corrupt interests of the clergy and lawyers.' The army leaders were strong Puritans in religion, and in civil matters Republicans, but with no fixed ideas of a Republic. Their Republic must have ended in the despotism of Cromwell, probably after a war between the factions of the army itself.

The Parliament had that distrust of Cromwell which may be seen as early as the time of the Self-Denying Ordinance. They were afraid to trust the nation to make a free General Election, and thought that the best plan would be for Parliament to be re-elected by relays. Their design was to continue themselves as members of the new Parliament, and to impose some undefined test on newly elected members. They did not want to be governed by Puritan Notables, 'the old story again under a new name.' They were conscious of being the only legally constituted power. Probably there was present among them some idea of making terms with the Presbyterian party in England, the idea which a few years later was a large element in the Restoration.

We will not dwell upon details of misunderstandings. Cromwell called Vane a juggler, and Vane cried that Cromwell's action was 'against common honesty.' No doubt there was a misunderstanding; for Cromwell, it seems, had reason to believe that the Parliament would deliver up their power into the hands of a small body of the Godly—probably Harrison's suggestion; Cromwell himself was no maker of constitutions—

and

and no such matter was mooted when Parliament met; * or the promise not to proceed with the Bill the next day was conditional, or reached no further than 'to endeavour,' or 'the House had taken the bit between its teeth, and Vane and his companions, who had given the promise overnight—perhaps excusing their conduct on the ground that *they* were powerless to resist the current—either joined heartily in the work of the majority, or remained silent spectators of the scene.'

Cromwell stood between the two. If the Parliament wished to re-appoint Fairfax Lord General in his stead, the hot heads in the army were ready to set up Harrison as a rival. He was determined on the one hand to oppose the violent Radicals and Fifth Monarchy men who held by Harrison; and on the other to maintain the Cause, exclude all Royalists, and admit Presbyterians only with proper 'qualifications,' such as were not likely to be insisted upon by the sitting members, who according to the Bill were to be the censors of the newly elected.† He was strongly opposed to the 'recruiting' system of partial elections, believing that the old leaven would prevent the settlement of a working constitution and the reform of corruption and abuses; and that no justice would be done to the army if power was continued in 'hands that had not bled' for the Cause. Another cause of dissatisfaction with the Rump in every corner of the nation, expressed feelingly by Cromwell, and probably better known to him than to anyone else, was the hard and unequal measure dealt out to Royalists.

‡ Poor men, under this arbitrary power, were driven like flocks of sheep, forty in a morning, to the confiscation of goods and estates, without any man being able to give a reason that two of them had deserved to forfeit a shilling.' (Speech of September 12, 1654. Carlyle (Speech III.), vol. iv. p. 57.)

It must also not be forgotten that Cromwell believed in providences, witnessings, and his own mission. Not for nothing, he thought, was power put into his hands.

Here then was the question—Was the Cause to be given into the hands of the 'fag-end of a corrupt Parliament,' the army to be slighted, and Charles Stuart to be brought in, or kept out by a new civil war; or was he to complete Pride's Purge and bring about a settlement on his own lines? With Oliver on

* See the very important speech of April 21, 1657. 'We did press the Parliament, as I told you, that they would be pleased to select some worthy Persons who had loved this Cause . . . and we told them we would acquiesce and lie at their feet.' (Carlyle, vol. v. p. 46, Speech XIII.)

† It must be remembered that the recent invasion of England by Charles II. and the Scots was in the Presbyterian interest.

the one side and Bunyan's 'old Mr. Legality' on the other, the answer was not doubtful.

'Once more Cromwell, after long hesitation, had stepped forward as the destroyer. As he had broken the power of the King and of the Episcopal clergy, and had subsequently broken the power of the Presbyterian clergy and the Scottish army on which they relied, so he now broke the power of the little knot of men who, with parliamentary government on their lips, bitterly distrusted the nation on which all parliamentary right was based. The English Constitution was now but a sheet of white paper. King, Lords and Commons had vanished, and it was for Cromwell and those by whom he was supported to substitute for them such institutions as the feeling of the nation and the conditions of the time would admit. The work of reconstruction was the task of the day, and, unfortunately, Cromwell had never yet shown that his intellect, massive as it was, was such as to enable him to rise to the height of this great argument.'

It is strange that Mr. Gardiner has not a word to say of the rights and wrongs of the matter. A historian, however modest, may be expected to give his judgment on supreme moments such as these, and all the more when the problem is, as here, one of great difficulty. It is obvious that Cromwell was in a strait—that he disliked the business he was 'put upon,' and that he honestly endeavoured to avoid violence. But the man of Drogheda and Wexford, the slayer of Charles and Laud, of Hamilton and Lucas, the pitiless executor of martial law after Worcester fight, was too well used to violence to have a clear vision of its hatefulness. Such a man's deeds are not on a level with ordinary actions. His right decisions are acts of shining virtue; his errors may be crimes. The Drogheda massacre may have been within the rules of war, and justified by the public voice; but it was a crime against humanity. He based the present action on necessity, 'the tyrant's plea.' Charles I. had done no such deed against the liberty of Parliament. If all means of persuasion and pressure had been exhausted, the plea of necessity may be allowed; but it is hard to believe that it was so. Parliaments can be coerced without violence. Violence, whether in the form of Pride's Purge, or High Courts of Justice, or Courts Martial, or unmerciful confiscation of estates and destruction of ancient institutions, brings its own Nemesis in the end; and Carlyle's sophisms cannot defeat the verdict of history against the grand actor. Henceforward Cromwell was feared and hated as a man who would 'break Parliaments' and follow his own counsel to bring about his own designs. Such a man had before him two events alone—to establish a despotism, or to sink under the pressure

pressure of national disapproval. Cromwell would do neither; and therefore though his power continued as long as he lived, it died with him. A third course might have been open to a man of Fairfax's temper: to settle such a constitution as should win the people to approve it, and to retire like Timoleon or Sulla, when his work was done. But in the first place Cromwell, like Cæsar or Napoleon, was too great to abdicate; and, in the second place, the blood of Charles Stuart made reconciliation impossible to him. He might have had the fame of Washington. His place in history is that of a high-minded Napoleon.

Mr. Gardiner shows more clearly than it has ever been shown before what were the reasons that induced Cromwell to try the experiment of an assembly of Puritan Notables, after dispersing the Long Parliament. The idea of devolving the supreme authority upon 'known persons, men fearing God, and of approved integrity,' and of committing to them the government of the Commonwealth for a time, had originated in the army and had been urged upon, if not accepted by, the Parliament 'Grandeess,' in the conference of April 19, 1653. Lambert, it seems, advised that a small council—say five or six—should be appointed to help the Lord General in the conduct of affairs, and to draw up a scheme for a General Election and a New Representative. Harrison wished for a larger body—seventy, after the number of the seventy elders—to take the place of a Parliament, till a true Parliament should be chosen, on lines furnished by the Agreement of the People and Vane's Bill; which after redaction by Lambert and Cromwell appeared later as the Instrument of Government. There is nothing to prove that Cromwell favoured a dictatorship—on the contrary, he declared repeatedly and passionately that he neither called himself to 'arbitrary' power nor desired to hold it for a moment; that his chief aim was to put a limit to his own power; and it is obvious that trouble might have been spared and fruitless experiments avoided if he had taken affairs into his own hands, declared himself Protector or King, and summoned a Parliament under the Instrument of Government. He could have done this, but he would not act against his conscience.

So practical a man as Cromwell, who had opposed fanatics of all kinds, could not, we may believe, expect much from such an assembly as that which he now nominated. Here is his own account, delivered in a speech to Parliament, April 21, 1657:—

'Truly, I will now come and tell you a story of my own weakness and folly; and yet it was done in my simplicity, I dare avow it. I

say, it was thought then that men of our judgment, that had fought in the wars, and were all of a piece on that account, "why, surely these men will hit it, and these men will do it to the purpose, whatever may be desired." Truly, we did think, and I did think so (the more to blame of)—and such a company of men were chose and did proceed in action, and truly, this was the naked truth, that the issue was not answerable to the simplicity and honesty of the design.*

But in Cromwell piety and policy were so closely associated, that it was possible to him to believe sincerely that it was God's will that the rule of the nation should be put into the hands of the saints, and at the same time that it was not God's will that it should succeed. And if it did not succeed, it would be time enough then to take his own measures.

There is something of magnanimity as well as humility in his consenting—true, the sons of Zeruah were too hard for him—to comply with the wishes of the army, and obey witnessings and providences rather than the promptings of his own mind. He was himself always for 'healing' and 'settling,' and the offer to Fairfax (and perhaps to Vane) of a seat in the new assembly, together with certain instances of toleration recorded by Mr. Gardiner, shows what the bent of his mind was. Be this as it may, there seems to be a touch of contempt in his address† to the assembly which he had called into existence by an exercise of personal power; and two months later he was heard to say, 'I am more troubled now with the fool than with the knave.'

When it appeared that Parliament had more zeal than knowledge, and the saints, like the Kirk in 1650, had 'done their do,' there can be little doubt that Cromwell was prepared for the event, though we may well believe his assertion that he took no trouble to learn how the event was shaping itself.

The resignation of the Little Parliament was managed, not in the Parliament itself, but by Cromwell's friends in the army, and he must have had some inkling of what was going forward. It is incredible that between the 10th and the 16th of December the Instrument of Government should have been framed, discussed, and adopted, and the whole ceremonial of the Protector's installation arranged, a new constitution drawn up and set going. The Instrument must have been ready to hand, and approved by Cromwell, as an alternative to the existing

* 'Monarchy Asserted.' London, 1660; Carlyle, Speech XIII. (In spite of Carlyle's editing—partly in consequence of it—it is still desirable to go to the original sources, if we want to know what was actually said.)

† July 4, 1653.

form of government under the Little Parliament, before the resignation of that body was put into the Lord General's hands. Mr. Gardiner makes it clear that preparations were being made as early as November. 'The gentlemen that undertook to frame this Government,' Lambert at their head, 'did consult divers days together how to frame somewhat that might give us settlement,' and as the result of these consultations offered the government to Cromwell with the title of King, which he refused 'again and again, not complimentingly, as they knew, and as God knows.' The Instrument, then, originally contained the Royal title. Lambert was the penner of the Instrument, and it appears to have been accepted by Cromwell, not as the basis of his authority, but as a self-imposed restriction, upon the final discussions on points of detail which took place between the 13th and 15th of December.

Mr. Gardiner's account of the Instrument of Government under which Cromwell reigned, is clear and interesting. He is always at his best in tracing the connexion between events which do not appear at first sight to be connected. Here, he shows how the idea of binding the Sovereign by consent of Council and Parliament first took shape in 1642, in the nineteen 'Propositions of Deposition,' as the King called them, which 'claimed sovereignty for Parliament in every particular'; how the doctrine of the sovereignty of the Parliament was more crudely laid down in the Agreement of the People, in which the King is only mentioned incidentally as the public enemy; and how in the Instrument of Government the doctrine of government by 'a Single Person, a Council, and Parliament' (a phrase often in Cromwell's mouth) was asserted, with limitations to both powers:—

'Since the Agreement of the People had been presented to Parliament in 1649,* the governmental problem had been shown by experience to be more complicated than it then appeared to be. It was not enough to restrict a single House with sovereign powers from meddling with certain important subjects, as scarcely a point could arise on which it might not refuse legal redress to the persons injured, or might [not] assume administrative or judicial functions without any possibility of checking it.'

Government by Acts and Ordinances of Parliament, or by Committees of Parliament usurping the functions of the Courts of Law, a confusion of the Legislature and the Executive, such as had been unavoidable during the Civil War, was in Cromwell's

* It was drawn up in 1647.

view as 'arbitrary' as the power of the sword, and unendurable as a settled Constitution:—

'The framers of the Instrument of Government therefore abandoned the absolute supremacy of Parliament as set forth in the Agreement of the People, and even the parliamentary control as set forth in the Nineteen Propositions, in order to recur to the practice of the Elizabethan Monarchy amended in accordance with the needs of the time.'

The Instrument of Government in effect restored Monarchy, and set up again the royal office which four years before had been declared to be 'unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous to the liberty, safety, and public interest of the people.' By the new constitution a co-ordinate power existed in Protector and Council representing the executive, and in Protector and Parliament representing the legislature, as in ancient times; but with this difference, that whereas under the ancient constitution *le Roy s'avisera* was a final negative, the Instrument gave to the chief magistrate no more than a suspensive veto for twenty days, at the end of which time, if Parliament were then sitting, the vetoed proposition became law; and further, that the executive power, exercised jointly by Protector and Council, was removed from parliamentary control, and yet so limited by law as to make a Tudor autocracy impossible.

The other important novelties in the Instrument of Government were the union of Scotland and Ireland in one Commonwealth with England, a complete redistribution of seats according to population, and a provision for triennial Parliaments. The Protector's administrative power was only to be exercised in agreement with the Council. There was to be a standing army of 30,000 men.

Oliver was Protector, not Dictator, 'a child in swaddling-clouts'; a person 'limited and bounded,' by the Council on the one hand, and Parliament on the other, as he had consistently and from the first wished to be. But the validity of the Instrument proceeded from his writ; he still commanded the army; and to the world at large it seemed as if he had established his own absolute authority. It should not, however, be forgotten that the Protectorate was not, like the Napoleonic empire, a new creation. It was rather an attempt to re-create the Monarchy without its abuses: a return from the principles of 1649 to the principles of 1642. 'Amid the ruins of all authority, political and ecclesiastical,' says Ranke, 'Cromwell stood forth as the champion of the institutions of society, of property, of civil right, and of the inferior clergy.' The destroyer had become the saviour of society. The fault of
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the position was that it still rested on the sword. It was also its strength, for no King of England had had the command of a victorious army of 30,000 men.

'Whatever the future might reveal as to the fortunes of the Protectorate, there can be no doubt that the crisis out of which the new government sprang was a landmark in English history. From the day of the opening of the Long Parliament every change had placed the government in the hands of men more exclusively Puritan than their predecessors. . . . Now, for the first time, the tide began to run in a contrary direction . . . The events which called Cromwell to power made it certain that even under him Puritan zeal would be modified by political and mundane considerations. In course of time the question might be asked whether Puritanism was to be permitted to dictate its laws to statesmen and men of the world.'

Puritanism was not 'gone,' as Carlyle tells us in his melancholy epilogue; but it was soiled in the miry ways of war and politics, and had lost the 'far-shining miraculous' freshness of its heroic prime. The Cavalier idea, chastened by adversity, had now more poetry in it. A winning cause is seldom heroic.

Mr. Gardiner goes on to point out how the doctrine of the supremacy of Parliament, 'the soul of the body politic,' as Pym called it, with which the revolution had started, had been weakened by the expulsion of the Royalists, by the expulsion of the eleven members, and by Pride's Purge; and how 'finally, a so-called Parliament had been summoned, not a single member of which sat in virtue of election by any constituency whatever.' The Instrument of Government re-established elective Parliaments, though with restrictions.

'The time was expected to come . . . when even Royalists would be admitted to vote at elections and to take their seats in Parliament. Nor was the executive to remain for ever outside the influence of Parliament. Slowly enough, it is true, but still in some limited measure, Parliament would impress its ideas upon the Council and on the Protectorate itself.

'To the nominated Parliament, therefore, belongs a noteworthy place in the historical development of England. Its mere existence, irrespective of the good or evil it may have essayed to do, exhibits the high-water mark of Puritanism in Church and State, of a Puritanism which . . . upheld in opposition to the State, a purely voluntary ecclesiastical "system" . . . and strove to force this system—or rather absence of system—on a nation which had never demanded it, and was never likely to demand it within any reasonable limits of time. The establishment of the Protectorate was an effort to stem the tide after it had begun to ebb, to secure the gains of the Puritan Revolution whilst curbing its excesses.'

This

This passage seems to us an admirable statement of the conservative and even reactionary character of the Protectorate, and the manner in which it prepared the way for a restoration of the old system.

The new Monarchy was inaugurated with decent state, but with no enthusiasm. 'The people has given no demonstration of joy,' said the French envoy; the Venetian agent, 'every one shrugs his shoulders.' It is to be noted that men of strong opinions, such as Vane, Bradshaw and Ludlow, were kept out of the Council, which was composed almost entirely of practical men, half of them soldiers 'of the type of men who usually rise to efficiency after a revolution has run its course—men of practical efficiency, opposed to further changes in the State, and above all, to anything savouring of fanaticism. . . . Such were the instruments of Napoleon, and such too were the Councillors of Oliver.' We may notice too, as an omen of regality, that Lawrence, then Lord President of the Council, Desborough, Major, Pickering, Montague and Fleetwood, all Members of Council, were connected by marriage and otherwise with the Protector's family.

Cromwell's difficulties and temptations in the conduct of home affairs belong to a later period than that dealt with in these volumes. The foreign relations of the Protectorate bring out strongly the secular character of the new government, justly emphasized by Mr. Gardiner.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, the mind of Europe was chiefly occupied by the question of religious liberty. The monarchical tendency of the age had established on the one hand the principle *cujus regio, ejus religio*: on the other the principle of individual liberty of conscience, within certain theological limits, was maintained in England and Scotland, in Switzerland and in the Dutch provinces. The parliamentary party in England, from the reign of James I. onward, believed themselves to be the champions of European Protestantism. But a change had taken place in the religious relations of the European States. The revolt of the United Provinces and the Thirty Years' War had shifted the balance. The Treaty of Westphalia in 1648 was not only a final division of Europe as Catholic and Protestant; it was also the preamble to the long rivalry between France and Germany, in which Spain, after the Peace of the Pyrenees in 1659, appears for the most part either as an ally of France or as a neutral. In reality, it divided Europe into East and West by a line running north and south. The rivalry between France and Germany, and the extension of France eastwards along the Rhine and the

the Lotharingian and Alsatian border, were the motive of the wars of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Religion was still a disturbing cause, and the embers of the Thirty Years' War were still smouldering; but England had no more Veres and Hoptons to follow a new Duke Bernhard and fight for a new 'Queen of Hearts.'

The first step down from the high religious platform was taken in the quarrel with the Dutch Republic, set on foot as early as 1651, a quarrel of 'carnal policy' with little justification, religious or moral. The idea of uniting 'the two Protestant and commercial republics' in an alliance against Spain and other Powers had a smack of the old pan-Protestant theories current during the War of the Palatinate. It might seem to the promoters of the idea that they were furthering the Protestant cause; and that such was Cromwell's belief we know from his own words. Oliver St. John had imagined an actual amalgamation of the two republics—*unam faciemus utramque Trojam*—a chimerical idea, which did no credit to the common sense of the English statesmen by whom it was set forth as practical politics. Charles I. and Buckingham would not have made such a mistake as to ask a neighbouring State, which had recently established its independence after a glorious struggle for liberty, to exchange that independence for the privilege of sending a few representatives to a Parliament of foreigners, ranking a little lower than Scotland and Ireland in an ill-assorted Union, and receiving, instead of paying, the homage of the flag.

Yet so attractive to the stronger Power was the hope of towing the Dutch Republic in its wake, that three years later, in the autumn of 1653, when the Little Parliament was organizing Utopia, and the General looking on, ready to receive or give the signal for its dissolution, proposals were still afoot, not for 'the establishing of a league between two sovereign States and neighbours, but the making of two sovereign States one.' This proposal, hinted before the war but not formulated publicly till now, when the Dutch had lost all prospect of winning in the war, was 'courteously but decisively rejected' by the Dutch. To Cromwell, 'as an Opposition leader aiming at peace, while the recognized authorities were aiming at the continuance of war,' and more at home in Council than Parliament, and most of all at home when engaged in a private negotiation, it appeared that a stroke should be made for the Protestant cause and the commerce of England at once. He entered upon an unauthorized and secret negotiation with the Dutch Commissioners at Westminster for a perpetual defensive
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and offensive alliance between the two Republics, adding to this 'astounding proposal' one still more startling, the partition of the globe between them. England was to take America as her share, the Dutch Republic, Asia; there was to be a war of conquest against both Spain and Portugal, and missionaries were to be sent to all people willing to receive them.

'It scarcely needed this last touch to blast the whole project in the eyes of later generations. To evoke a Protestant alliance, not for the purpose of defending oppressed Protestants, but to wrest America from Spain and Portugal for the benefit of two Protestant nations, involves the utilizing of religion for purposes of self-interest, of which the modern world has learnt to be ashamed—at least, in its public professions. Yet the conviction that religious zeal might rightly lead to national aggrandizement and personal enrichment had been a dominant note with the Elizabethan adventurers whose exploits held so large a place in Cromwell's mind. . . . No one living was more eager to make the best of both worlds, and the tragedy of his career lies in the inevitable result that his efforts to establish religion and morality melted away as the morning mist, whilst his abiding influence was built upon the vigour with which he promoted the material aims of his countrymen.'

Is it then an illusion that the British flag is something to be proud of; and was last year's celebration a celebration of nothing more than successful selfishness? We should be sorry to think so. 'The Mission of England' is neither more nor less a cant phrase than 'the Protestant Cause.' In both, material interests have counted for much, but not for everything. We believe that there was some honesty in the Protestant fervour of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and that England may be proud of the warlike and civilizing spirit which worked with her commercial instinct; and that the commercial instinct itself is not a thing to be ashamed of.

The prospect of a joint instead of a rival commercial advantage might have had more attraction than that of a double-headed Republic; but here, too, the Dutchmen saw more risk than profit, and feared to sail down the commercial no less than the political stream in such unequal company.

The result of the quarrel of 1651, set on foot by national pride and commercial jealousy, was the Navigation Act, and following upon that the Dutch War; acts of carnal policy and self-seeking, and scandalous to the saints, it might be supposed, if the saints had not been the authors of them. In his dealings with the Dutch in 1653 Mr. Gardiner compares Cromwell to Chatham, fostering maritime power with a view to commerce. In his dealings with France and Spain as Protector in 1654 he
rather

rather resembled Mazarin. It is difficult to imagine Cromwell, Milton's Cromwell, the Defender of the Protestant Faith against Louis XIV., the Duke of Savoy, and the Pope, selling the help of England to the highest bidder of a few thousands of pounds, haggling at the same time with France and Spain for the possession of Dunkirk or Calais, and at last, with Queen Elizabeth's name in his mouth, leaving Condé and French Protestantism to compound with Mazarin, and making war upon Spain for the prospect of plunder in the West Indies. 'To the two Continental Powers it seemed that England was put up to auction, and that Oliver was the salesman.'

We do not always expect our rulers to act from the highest motives; but we sympathize with Mr. Gardiner when he turns with something of disgust from the 'sorry spectacle' of the man of deliverances and visitations making alliances for sordid advantage, and conjuring up to deceive himself and his countrymen the antiquated spectre of 'the Pope, the Spaniard, and the Devil.'

It may have mattered little in the long run whether England was allied with France or Spain. Cromwell could not foresee the *grand siècle*. Spain was likely in any case to become an appendage to France, and the natural expansion of England was in the Spanish main. The Navigation Act, the Dutch War, and the Conquest of Jamaica, were steps towards the maritime supremacy of England, and led in time to the greater wars of the eighteenth century; but at the time they were the result of no far-sighted policy, but rather the action of men imperfectly acquainted with Continental affairs, the hand-to-mouth expedients of inexperienced statesmanship.

'An attentive consideration of Oliver's variations' (says Mr. Gardiner) 'leads to the conclusion that the desire to attack Spain was the dominant note in his mind. . . . From time to time indeed he turned to Spain, but it was when he imagined himself to have reason to believe that the French Government was purposing to oppress the Huguenots, and to connive, if not to do more than connive, at a Stuart restoration in England. It was, indeed, a necessity of his nature to convince himself that whatever he did was done for the good of religion, and now that the danger of the French Protestants was seen to be imaginary, he was able to regard the attack on the Spanish West Indies as being in some way or other an attack on the Pope and the Inquisition.'

And we may add that Cromwell's speeches, both at this time (1654) and later, bring this aspect of his foreign policy into prominence.

Mr.

Mr. Gardiner proceeds:—

‘That the control of the sea should belong to England and not to Spain was the object for which these men of the seventeenth century were in reality striving, and it was on this material side of the conflict that the eyes of those men were mainly fixed.’

Rarely indeed does it happen in human affairs that nations make war for a pure idea; still more rarely, that they continue war for an idea. The Wars of Islam, the Crusades, the European wars of religion, the Napoleonic wars, the Spanish conquest of America, the Cromwellian conquest of Ireland and Scotland, were all floated as grand ideas; but the sordid side of national feeling soon made itself felt in all. Wars are begun from resentment, from loss of liberty, from desire of glory, from devotion to a leader or a cause. Treaties of peace are made on commercial considerations.

‘It is this predominance of material interest which made the resolution to send a fleet to the West Indies a turning-point with Oliver, and even with the Commonwealth itself. . . . The return of the mundane spirit announced itself in the Dutch war, in the break-up of the nominated Parliament, and now—more distinctly still—in the attack on the West Indies. What is yet more noteworthy is that the attitude of Oliver himself towards these changes is gradually modified. He opposes the Dutch war, he accepts the abdication of the nominated Parliament, and he urges on the mission of the fleet. It cannot be denied without the gravest injustice that the Puritan spirit is still strong within him; but he has now given the first place to mundane endeavour. If the Restoration is to be regarded, not as a mere change of the forms of government, but as a return to a mode of thought anterior to Puritanism, it may fairly be said that the spirit of the Restoration had at last effected a lodgment within the bosom of Oliver himself.’

These final sentences of Mr. Gardiner's volumes summarize the lesson of the period, that the noblest designs and the most energetic well-doing are likely to fail when they are not supported by the feeling of the nation. We hope, as we take leave of Mr. Gardiner, that he may soon be in a position to give us more, and, if possible, more frequent, instalments of the much narrated and little understood history of the Commonwealth, progressing as it did from noble fanaticism to humdrum but necessary common-sense, from revolution through absolutism to restoration, from the spirit of Pym to the spirit of Monk, from the reign of the saints on earth to the hurdle, the gibbet, and the quartering-block of Charing Cross, by which ten years later they passed to their reward.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Animals at Work and Play: their Activities and Emotions.* By C. J. Cornish. London, 1896.
 2. *Life at the Zoo.* By the Same. London, 1896.
 3. *Heligoland as an Ornithological Observatory. The Result of Fifty Years' Experience, &c.* By Heinrich Gatke. Edinburgh, 1895.

WE live in an age when problems—in the old-fashioned sense of the word, *i.e.* 'Questions proposed,' if not for solution, at least for minute dissection—are becoming more and more the one thing to be aimed at in almost every class of literature. This spirit has invaded not only the various domains of Science, from that of Theology to those of the newest upstarts. Not even the remoter kingdoms of Poetry and Romance have escaped invasion. 'How,' 'why,' and 'whence' have come to be points of vital import to the well-being and value of three-fourths of the thousands of new books which every season produces.

It was not to be expected that so tempting a field as Natural History should remain unannexed. How far the external world of Nature, as it appears even to the countless tribes of insects, and the wider and less known race of animals, at all agrees with its aspect in the eyes of men, is a question of curious interest that until of late years has hardly been asked, much less answered. How much they see, hear, discern, and think as we see, hear, and distinguish—how far their intelligence resembles that of man—are matters worth careful enquiry. To these and other kindred speculations Mr. Cornish has devoted his attention, and in his two volumes mentioned at the head of this article gives us the results of his studies. Wielding a ready pen, and writing in a style that is always clear, and often brilliant, he possesses a vein of pleasant humour which rarely crops out in the work of specialists. Though occasionally discursive, and prone to strain his theories too far, he is a delightful companion, especially for a walk through the 'Zoo.' We turn, therefore, to 'Animals at Work and Play,' before touching on his more finished work on 'The Effect of Music on Different Animals.'

The ordinary life of animals, taken as a whole, might seem to the casual observer to be more or less monotonous, excepting, of course, that of birds, whose day is one of endless variety, activity, and change. Our author calls it a life 'of pure routine'—a daily, limited series of actions, most of which seem to afford satisfaction rather than pleasure, making up the sum-total of animal happiness. They develop no new wants, and rarely

rarely appear to care for change or excitement of any kind; even the *Carnivora* wander only just so far as is necessary to find their prey. But, to a closer glance, this apparent routine reveals many features, varying, distinctive, and interesting. Thus, for instance, Mr. Cornish tells us how many animals 'make their beds'—beds of their own, or which they appropriate. A few, especially the prairie dogs, make them every night; throwing away the old grass or straw, and hunting about in all directions for fresh blankets; or turning round and round among the withered leaves and herbage until they have contrived a new and cosy retreat. Even in the Zoological Gardens, they cling to their old ways. There each has his own box, into which a handful of straw is put every other day. Every morning, however, each dog carries out every scrap of his previous night's bed, and throws it into the cage. Nay, more, about 3 P.M. in the cold wintry days, the dogs suddenly recollect that the 'beds are not made,' and fly off in a hurry to get it done before dark. Common straw, dragged in as it is, will not suit them; it has all to be cut up to a certain length, in bundles, and 'made up' inside. Mr. Cornish's words are worth quoting:—

'Each dog sits up on end, cramming straw into his mouth in an awful hurry, holding the straws across, and breaking them off on each side with his paws. As soon as he has filled his mouth till it can hold no more, he gallops off into his sleeping-box, arranges the cut straw, and rushes out again for a fresh supply; while from time to time the whole group will jump into the air and bark, as if suddenly projected upwards by a spring, like so many Jacks-in-the-Box.'

This last item has an element of fun in it that is rarely found among any animals, not even in the merry dormouse or squirrel. For dormice make beds for winter, but in a far neater and quieter fashion, being by no means so particular about a change of blankets. In their wild state, they often take possession of an old bird's-nest, filling up the inside with scraps of moss and wool, and fitting it with a roof of leaves that is somehow proof against cold and wet. A tame dormouse, with whom we were well acquainted, suddenly disappeared one autumn day, and after a long search was given up for lost. Early in spring he as suddenly reappeared from the top folds of a thick window curtain, where he had built himself a cosy nest of odds and ends of string and cotton, and shreds of wool, and slept soundly for five months, without a change of bed-clothes.

But of all hibernating animals the strangest is the badger, though his bed is but a handful of dry grass, which he does his utmost to keep clean and free from every scrap of offensive matter.

matter. On such a bed the wild badger sleeps, at the end of a deep burrow, all the winter months. But at the 'Zoo' he exhibits the strange peculiarity of actually sleeping on his head.

'Twice,' says Mr. Cornish, 'when the straw in which he buries himself has been removed, I have seen him, not curled up on his side, but with the top of his flat head on the ground, and the rest of his body curled over it, as if he had fallen asleep while turning head over heels.'

Mr. Cornish's chapter on 'Sleep' is well worth reading. To some animals much sleep seems to be a necessary luxury, for which a bed must be provided. Others, again, are content with far less, and even that of a broken kind—much, indeed, as it is with us their masters. But the chief difference between us and them is that they wake up instantly, in full possession of all their senses and wits. The dog, for example, wakens at the least sound, and growls, or grumbles, or barks, as the necessity of the case seems to demand. The fox is said to sleep with one eye open; whether this be so or not, he is, at the least alarm, fully awake, every muscle braced, every sense alert, for instant flight, and able, if need be, to fall at once into his gallop, and dodge the hounds with as much coolness, cunning, and knowledge of the ground as if just surprised, not in his sleep, but on his prowl, with all his wits about him. With us, it is wholly different. Some chance, but actual, noise is probably present with a man as he sleeps, and blends with his dream before it wakens him. Probably he will again fall into broken sleep, again hear the noise in his dream, then suddenly awake, and fancy it was a knock at the door,—the servant to call him,—or bringing his hot water. A sharp house-dog, though he may at times grow lazy, and decline to heed a call even by name, is roused at once by the sound of a well-known whistle, or the click of a lock. By no possibility, however, can he do what his master did before lying down to sleep,—i.e. resolve to awake punctually at 6 A.M., and carry out his resolution.

On such points as these Mr. Cornish has plenty to say that is interesting. On the toilette of animals, again, or on their sense of beauty, he is full of suggestion, though, in our judgment, his remarks on 'Animals' Etiquette' are far-fetched, and those on 'Animal Courage' superfluous. Nor does he entirely carry us with him in the chapter on the sense of humour possessed by animals. But, passing by much that is pleasantly and sometimes fancifully written, and omitting some chapters that we feel disposed to controvert, we come to a question of real interest and

and importance, 'What animals see.' On this point Mr. Cornish has far less to tell us than Sir John Lubbock told us in his observations on ants, bees, and wasps; but, though his work is not that of the patient and laborious student, it is stimulating and suggestive. At least he asks the right questions, if he cannot always answer them from his own observation. What, for example, does an ant see, as he climbs slowly up the stalk of a waving blade of grass, and looks down on the leafy world all round and beneath him? Does he make out that huge monster of a beetle foraging along the path a couple of yards away? As far as one can judge from his apparent unconsciousness of anything not within reach of his antennæ, he is guided on his way by nothing but a sense of smell, or a word from a passing traveller of his own species. Eyes he has, indeed, and of wondrous structure, compound, similar to those of all insects, presenting an image pieced together like mosaic, in a thousand facets. Of these eyes, ants have a large one on each side of the head, at the end of a tube connected with the optic nerve on the top of the head; as well as three *ocelli*, smaller, without facets, but simple, like our own. The vision of the compound eyes and the *ocelli* must surely differ in their express functions, or there must be a strange waste of power. With such an ample equipment, the ant ought to see many things, and, after a series of careful and minute experiments, Sir John Lubbock has proved beyond doubt that they clearly distinguish colour, in something like the following order of preference:—green, 50; red, 60; yellow, 50; violet, 0, some even avoiding violet *in toto*. Doubtless much the same ratio prevails among bees, and other Hymenoptera, in their choice of flowers. Ants, however, and other such insects, are guided by a wonderfully keen sense of smell, where vision seems to fail them; what serves for the organ of sight in the former case being in the antennæ, which *Formica* uses easily and swiftly in holding intercourse with her friends and companions.

So far we get some definite idea of vision in the insect world; but with animals whose eyes are 'simple' like our own, though far larger, the data are quite uncertain, and limited to range and accuracy of vision. As to whether objects appear to them as they do to us, suggesting the ideas of solidity, transparency, roundness, or squareness, and whether to many or all such creatures the world is not a mere scheme of black and white, or a harmony in green and gray, we know nothing. Even the trained human eye has to learn to see, and may, even after learning, lose the sense of colour, and have but an indistinct notion of form. Dr. G. Harley, to save the sight of one eye,

eye, or perhaps of both, when one was injured, imprisoned himself in a totally dark room for nine months. After those long dreary months, he guessed that his eyes had lost all sense of colour; for the world was all black and white and grey, the sense of distance was gone, his brain interpreted the picture wrongly, and his hand failed to touch the object he meant to grasp. It may be much the same with the animal brain, which receives little or no training, and in many cases may be unaware of the colours presented to it. The hunted fox, or the horse in pursuit, may hear the cry of the hounds, and each in his own way know well what the sound means; but neither the one nor the other may discern a red coat from a black; or see much difference in the varied stretch of landscape, hill, valley, stream, and meadow. It is more than doubtful whether the cleverest terrier identifies any object by its hue. We have known one walk suspiciously round a pile of old black rags, or of white newspaper, in the meadow, as if it were a living thing; not daring to touch it until his nose assured him it was safe. All that Mr. Cornish has to say on these and kindred points is full of interest, though want of space compels us to leave it for the reader's own discovery, and we pass on to one final point as to vision, of a singular importance.

The eyes of insects, of cats, owls, and eagles, and many other animals, are all wondrous enough in their way; but what shall be said of the eye of that extinct monster, the *Ichthyosaurus*, the gigantic 'Fish Lizard'? The beast himself was upwards of thirty feet in length, with an elongated snout, and beak-like jaws, six feet long, opening like those of the crocodile. His eye, according to Dr. Buckland, was 'as big as a man's head'; and it was not only enormous, but of peculiar construction; being at once microscopic and telescopic, as modified by special apparatus. Round the orbit ran a circle of osseous plates, with muscles attached, to alter the convexity of the cornea at a moment's notice, as circumstances required. If the object to be examined were near, the plates contracted and the eyeball protruded; if needed for distant vision the plates remained as usual. Thus the monster was armed against enemies near the surface, protected from the tremendous pressure of surrounding water when sailing through the cloudy deeps below, while, if he lay basking on the top of the water, and lifted those mighty orbs towards the heavens, for every star visible to an astronomer he might have seen a thousand.

Mr. Cornish is far more original in 'Orpheus at the Zoo.' Here he breaks entirely new ground. Of the Papuan gardener bird, the bower bird, and the chiff-chaff, and of their dainty

taste and picturesque skill in decking their nests, we have all heard and read many times and in many books. But when we come to the effect of the sweet sound of a violin or a fife, or the scent of lavender, on the king of beasts, on the stately elephant, or on the hooded snake, we open the door to a domain almost of fairy land, hitherto unexplored, leading to questions of curious interest. For example: sound, discord, music,—do animals at all appreciate the difference of meaning in these words? Every lover of dogs knows that they discriminate between mere noise, music, and discord; and if so, *a fortiori*, it would seem, all song birds, from whom we get such variety and profusion of sweet sounds, must possess the same power. It has often been asked whether birds really hear and appreciate their own song. For our own part we boldly say 'Yes.' If otherwise, why sing at all? If the skylark, at golden dawn, as, mounting swiftly to the gates of Light, he—

'For ever upward wins his liquid way,'

and fills all Heaven with a joyous flood of melody, be not conscious of the sweet sounds, his mate in her grassy nest below is equally unconscious, and all the music is a useless waste. Yet we know that by it he stormed the heart of his lady-love, a month ago, with the force and passion of that loving song, just as the nightingale and the thrush attracted, wooed, and won their sweethearts, when 'woods were green, and hawthorn buds appeared.'

If the burst of song gives no pleasure to the minstrel or to any one of his thousand listening kith and kin, to his rivals in love and in the *Joyeuse Science*, why the gift of song? Why should any bird utter a note of melody? The English choir of birds has nearly forty melodies, from the impassioned warble of the nightingale down to the plain chant of the cuckoo. Even now, as we write, in these amazing days of spring-like February, the thrush is in full song long before sunrise, when no courting or nesting has yet begun. And, surely, if for no other reason, *suo ipsius gaudio*, in very gladness of heart, to utter his own feeling of joy; at a whisper now flying through the bare woodlands:—

'They hear the whisper, and sing to the South wind,

The sweetest song that a bird can sing,—

Oh! the season of sunshine and love is coming,

The bonnie days of the bonnier spring.'

A hundred years ago we find Daines Barrington asserting that birds do not sing by instinct, but simply imitate the voices of their older companions, whether kindred or not; having, he
says,

says, brought up three linnets under larks, whose song the young birds caught up and made their own. But further and more careful experiments since then have proved beyond a doubt that each bird's song is really inherited, and that he will sing like his parents, even though he may never have heard their song; and Professor Lloyd Morgan, after many careful tests, found that young birds, even when brought up amidst a host of other caged minstrels, always kept to their own song. Mr. Darwin considered song to be a means of sexual selection, whereas Mr. Wallace, on the other hand, regards it chiefly as a means of recognition, or invitation of the male to the female. Be the motive what it may, every bird has some few notes of his own, of which he clearly knows the meaning, as do all listeners of his own kind. These notes serve to express his own special feelings, joy, sorrow, fear, surprise, or alarm; from the faint whisper of the swift, or the chirp of the tiny wren, up to the full melody of the blackbird or the nightingale. To take one final example, what but pure joy in his own utterance can urge that loudest of all the woodland minstrels, the missel thrush, or storm cock, to continue his song in all weathers? In seeming defiance of wind and rain, loud enough to drown the whole choir, he fills the air, and this, too, when the days of love-making are all but finished.

With this final example we turn naturally to Mr. Cornish's three chapters on 'Orpheus at the Zoo,' which tell us of the strangely curious effects of the sound of a piccolo, flute, or violin in the hands of a musician, heard for the first time by critics as wide apart as the tarantula spider and the lion. His first experiment was on the tarantula spider; his friend the violinist having a theory that spiders had a liking for harmonious sounds; and that one whose bite is said to make others dance must be specially gifted. To their great surprise the creature was deaf to sweet sounds, remaining in his corner, sulky and unmoved. But a nest of scorpions close at hand were very different. They had settled down into their usual sleepy state, when the musician played chords at first gentle and melodious, then rising to notes high, piercing, and sustained:—

'In a few moments the creatures began to move; the whole mass became violently agitated, and the torpid scorpions awoke into a writhing tangle of legs, claws, and stings. As the sounds ceased, they became still; but when the loud, shrill notes were again played, they sprang up into life again. The talking *mynah*, in the same room, sprang from end to end of its cage, with ecstatic hops, and whistled and coughed—showing that at least it was a critical listener.'

Their next visit was to the snakes and pythons, on the threshold of whose home they found the 'monitor lizard,' a huge and active saurian, five feet in length, whose watchful habits enable him, it is said, to give notice of the approach of the crocodile. On this occasion he did not belie his reputation. The very moment he heard the first sound of the violin he raised his head and was alert and listening. Then the forked tongue came out, playing incessantly round his lips; and as the music became soft and slow the lizard grew quite still but for a gentle swaying of the head. Next came two groups of black snakes from the Robben Islands, the first of which seemed deaf and absolutely torpid, inert as if they were carved out of polished ebony. In the next cage all heads were raised, and forked tongues played, while at a sudden discord every snake's head started violently back. Such, more or less, was the effect of music on all the snakes. The huge pythons showed not a grain of interest, and the boa was almost as indifferent; but the deadly cobra, which the Indian snake-master wins from his hiding-place in the old wall at the sound of a tiny pipe, was roused at once. He was lying sound asleep on the gravel at the bottom of his cage; but at the first note he instantly raised his head, and, with eyes fixed on the door whence the sound came, as the music grew louder, slowly stood erect on his tail, spread his hood, and swayed to and fro, in accordance with the measure of the tune. Every change in volume and tone instantly produced a corresponding change in the movements or poise of the snake. At the tremolo its body was puffed out; at a sudden change, imitating the sound of the bagpipes, its hood was expanded to the utmost dimensions, while a sudden sharp discord made the creature wince as if under a smart blow.

The Polar bear stood upon his hind legs to listen more intently, walking backwards and forwards, and humming a half-formed grunt of satisfaction. The two grizzlies, at the first chord, assumed a critical yet comic attitude of keen attention, each with its head on one side, and its paws clasping the bars. In the lion-house every head was turned at the first sound of the violin, and, as it grew louder, his majesty began to wave the black tuft on his tail from side to side, as a cat does when meditating a spring; while the lioness made her way straight up to the bars, as if to push him from the front seat. The old fable of the snap of a broken string causing terror to the wolf was next put to the proof, and seems to be founded on fact. Instantly, at the sudden crash, the common wolf set up its back, and with tail between its legs drew back into

into a hideous sneer, and slunk into a corner; while its Indian cousin sank down with erected fur in a fit of abject trembling fear. Jackals and some of the wilder foxes showed much the same signs of angry terror, varied here and there by a tinge of curiosity. Space will not permit us to note Mr. Cornish's amusing sketch of his visit to the monkey house, where the music caused the greatest wonder and excitement, and a crash of discord roused the whole audience to a passion of rage.

'The Malbrook monkey dropped the clay pipe he was pretending to smoke, and the white-nosed monkey stole a lady's veil, and tore it literally to pieces; while a big baboon put on a comical look of disgust and surprise, and walked off to the utmost limits of its chain.'

With a short glance at the African elephant, as one of the largest and least vivacious, though most intelligent animals, we must with regret take leave of Mr. Cornish's pleasant and striking pictures of 'Music at the Zoo.' The flute was chosen to open the concert, and seemed as potent as the lute of Orpheus himself; the huge beast stood listening with deep attention, one foot raised from the ground, and its whole body still: a strong sign of the effect of music on the most restless of animals. As long as the flute continued the stillness was unbroken; but at the first sound of the piccolo all was changed. Its sharp shrill note was everywhere resented. The elephant twisted round and turned his back on the performer, whistling, snorting, and stamping his feet. Even the ostrich was offended at the piccolo, writhing its neck, stalking uneasily up and down as if in dudgeon. The tiger, who clearly found pleasure in the violin, started up in fury at the first shrill cry of the tiny pipe, rushing up and down the cage, and lashing its tail from side to side. A soft air from the flute brought back immediate peace; and we may fairly infer that the violin and flute, which 'human taste has approved as the most pleasing of instruments, are, by some unknown law, most acceptable to the brute creation.' No creature seemed wholly indifferent to the charm of music, except the seals; while to all a discord was offensive.

On the mystery of Migration of birds, Mr. Cornish tells much that is old, and little perhaps that is absolutely new. A mystery it may well be called. What can be more marvellous than that a tiny bird, a thousand miles away, should be suddenly driven by an irresistible impulse to seek a certain Devonshire garden, where she had once before built her nest and reared a happy brood in the golden days of summer? Facing all the perils of the journey, guided across the waste of waters,
she

she makes her way, and once again, in the same tree or bush, rears her tiny home. The old theory that our '*spring migrants*,' such as the swallows and the nightingale, simply left our shores when driven by cold and hunger, or the approach of winter, for shelter in warmer climates, and came back to us with summer, had long ceased to satisfy modern naturalists. It was easy to understand why birds of all kinds should fly from cold and scanty food to warmth and abundance; but why they should leave the fields and woods of the South for a journey across thousands of miles of sea to a cold and icy desert under the Northern Pole, was a mystery, for which the most eager students could find no solution. They began to watch, and observe with double care. They sat up in light-houses all through long winter nights, noting the ceaseless coming and going of winged creatures of almost all sorts and sizes. Yet there seemed neither limit nor law in the incessant and perplexing streams of bird life. Among these watchers was the late Henry Seebohm, and by him the mystery was partly solved. The number of birds who go to the Arctic regions to breed is vast beyond conception; they go, not by thousands, but by millions, to rear their young on the '*Tundra*,' a moorland of treeless swamp far within the Arctic Circle. Here is the picture of what Mr. Seebohm saw, in his own glowing words, on being awakened at ten o'clock, to find the whole population moving towards the light-house at Heligoland, nets in hand, to capture the birds that stray from the main body:—

'The whole zone of light within range of the mirrors was alive with birds coming and going. Nothing else was visible in the darkness of night but the lantern of the light-house vignetted on a drifting sea of wings. From the darkness in the East clouds of birds were continually emerging in an uninterrupted stream, a few swerving from their course, fluttering for a moment as if dazed by the light, and then vanishing in the western gloom. Now and then one wheeled round the light-house, and then passed on, or fluttered against the glass like a moth against a lamp, tried to perch on the wire-netting, and was caught by the light-house man.'

How many hundreds of thousands must have passed in a couple of hours, it is, he says,

'useless to attempt to guess; but the stray birds which the keeper alone succeeded in securing that night amounted to nearly three hundred.'

Migration in this fashion may go on at many different points on the coast for many days and nights, and in such quick succession that the flocks are always in sight, while the
great

great host make their way like a fleet stretched out over a great width of sea; including birds of species as widely apart as cranes and chaffinches, the cuckoo, and the golden-crested wren. How guided—by what overpowering instinct first led—is a further mystery still to be solved.

In many cases, as in those of young birds, experience can neither urge nor guide; it must therefore be an inborn faculty or instinct. But, however inexplicable the facts, and however unfitted some of the migrants may appear to be physically, it is incontrovertible that millions of tiny frail creatures, some of them short-winged, do traverse Europe each year from end to end, congregating by thousands, at a score of places, and at different times, along our coasts, before they start for their long and perilous flight. Why they fly to the frozen North, and what they find there, we know from the striking picture of Mr. Seebohm.

The *Tundra*,* a vast stretch of treeless swamp, millions of acres, within the Arctic Circle, uninhabited by human beings, and for eight months out of the year covered with snow, and hardly known even by name to Europeans, drains the Old World of half its bird population. In this region, it must be remembered, the year is divided into six months of unbroken day, and six of unbroken night, the former forcing life to beat strongly under almost perpetual sunshine. Here buttercups, dandelions, forget-me-not, hawkweed, cuckoo flower, and saxifrage abound; no English meadow may outvie these Arctic pastures in masses of purple, blue, and gold. All round this glorious domain lie millions of acres covered with beds of abundant food, cranberry and crowberry and other berries of the same genus, in forty varieties. The crop is not ripe until the middle or end of the Arctic summer, and if the fruit-eating birds had to wait until it was all ripe, they might have to starve, arriving, as they do, on the very day of the melting of the snow. But the immense crop of ripe fruit of the previous season, ungathered by birds, was quickly covered up by the snow, and kept pure and fresh, 'like crystallized fruit,' until the melting of next year's fall; and is now ready for them. Meanwhile the insect-eating birds have but to open their mouths and be filled; for the air is at times black with swarms of mosquitoes or other such dainties for the chaff-chaffs,

* '*Tundra*' is a name given by the Samoyedes inhabiting the most northern portion of Siberia, along the shore of the Arctic Ocean, to many such desolate regions. Dr. Gatke speaks of them as 'the endless Tundras of the extreme North.' But that one specially mentioned in the text is very extensive, and referred to by him as 'the Great Tundra,' pp. 133, 134.

pipits, warblers, and wagtails, &c., which abound on all sides. Ages of long-inherited instinct have taught the birds the nature of the banquet in store for them in the air; while the frozen meal on the bushes stretches across the breadth of Asia, never decays, and is accessible the moment the snow melts. Such is the discovery, mainly owing to the enterprise of Mr. Seebohm, which Mr. Cornish describes with infectious enthusiasm. So far the mystery of migration has been cleared up.

By degrees, the veil once lifted, we may learn more, and perhaps not have long to wait. Already Dr. Gatke has advanced our knowledge, and we turn to his elaborate and comprehensive volume on *Birds and Bird Life in Heligoland*.

The first thing to strike us with wonder is that on so small, solitary, rocky, and barren an island, facing the Northern Sea, this patient observer has seen nearly four hundred different birds, each of which is described with a minuteness and accuracy not always to be found even in works of standard authority. The mystery of such a vast number of birds ever visiting a barren rock, and at times in countless hosts, is, however, hardly explained by the fact that Heligoland is in no sense a birds' home, but merely an inn, a resting-place, in passing, at the two chief seasons of spring and autumn migration, to or from the Arctic storm-swept coast. Heligoland is, in fact, scarcely more than a long narrow rock (nearly equidistant from the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser), only nine miles in circuit; rising in the centre to a round elevation, having at the north end a lighthouse, and on the south a haven for fishing-boats. To all appearance, a less likely place for studying birds and bird life it would be hard to find; and yet at this barren and wintry spot vast multitudes of birds are to be seen at certain seasons of the year; and here the author spent fifty years of his life in watching their arrival and departure, examining their habits, plumage, and peculiarities, and keeping an exact record of all that he observed. Arrive when they may, the birds find shelter in no sunny groves, or woodlands, flowery meads, cornfields, or valleys, but a mere waste of sandhills and rocky chasms, offering little shelter and scanty food.

Dr. Gatke may well regard the whole question of the migration of birds as a 'strange and mysterious phenomenon,' seeing, as he says, that it has for thousands of years roused the astonishment and admiration of men, and is still, in spite of all recent research, in some respects an unsolved problem. For example, as we all know, we can almost foretell the exact date at which certain well-known birds will reach us in spring, and leave our shores in autumn—the feathered visitors seeming to
know

know equally well when they are due in the woods and fields of a genial clime, and when they ought to leave us, to find better quarters and more abundant food elsewhere. But, though their instinct is in a host of instances a true guide—and though ‘the swallow and the crane observe the time of their coming,’ as exactly and as accurately as in the days of old—now and then it is grievously at fault. How else comes it to pass that in this present month of February the wandering voice of the cuckoo was distinctly heard in three different parts of England, by credible witnesses, one of whom not only heard the well-known note, but saw the bird herself fly from a tree in his own garden? She was nearly two months before her time, and within a week from her arrival deep snow had fallen in most of her favourite haunts. Ten inches of snow are reported to have fallen in parts of Devon, Somerset, and Hants, the favourite haunts of the nightingale, the cuckoo, and the swallow. Dr. Gatke, however, does not attempt to solve this, or any other similar riddle; though he has much to tell us that is new, and of the highest interest, not only of birds, but of other visitors to his rocky domain, of which few readers would expect to find any mention in such a record.

It is well to note that in all that relates to the amazing number of birds that visit Heligoland, described by Mr. Cornish and Mr. Seebohm as incredibly vast, Professor Gatke more than confirms their glowing picture in every respect. It is true that we miss the bright and vivacious style that adorns almost every page of ‘Orpheus at the Zoo.’ The learned Doctor is at times ponderous, diffuse, wordy. He revels in facts, rejoices in dates; and his translator, faithful to his text, seems equally fond of lengthy and laboured diction. Nearly six hundred closely-printed pages is a somewhat formidable mass of tough reading for the young student in these days of abridgments, compendiums, short cuts, and royal roads. Their compilation cost the author fifty years of patient toil, and few of his numerous readers can hope to devote half that number of decades to a volume so well worthy of careful study. Life is short; and we will in the brief space at our command endeavour to give them some idea of the varied contents of this goodly tome, illustrated here and there by Dr. Gatke’s own striking words.

The first nine sections of the volume are devoted to a full and careful discussion of such knotty questions as the *Course* of migration in Heligoland; the altitude and velocity of the migration flight; the meteorological conditions by which it is influenced; its order, according to age and sex; the exceptional phenomena by which it is accompanied; the signs by which the

the birds are guided; the causes of their movement; and finally, changes of colour and plumage, of many birds, without moulting. To these subjects the first 165 pages are devoted; the rest of the volume being occupied with a minute and separate account of each of the 398 birds found in Heligoland.

By the *Course* of migration Dr. Gatke means a full and exact catalogue of the birds which visit Heligoland, in due order, month by month—from the guillemots in January to the snow-buntings in November and December. The fulness and minuteness of this catalogue may be estimated from the fact that the December record alone occupies more than four pages; that being the month when the influence of the weather most strikingly affects the migration of a large class of birds. Should it be mild, vast numbers of starlings, blackbirds, field-fares and redwings, snipe and woodcock, continue to migrate up to the close of the year, all journeying towards the West. If frost and east wind set in, flocks of curlews, golden plovers, oyster-catchers, and sandpipers, rush in a single night towards their winter quarters; while during the day countless hosts of swans, geese, ducks, and mergansers are to be seen swiftly migrating across the sea.

But we are bound to give an example of our author's style in one of his lighter moods, where he is describing the course of events in October, when the tiny golden-crested wren makes its appearance in such amazing numbers that 'they swarmed round the light-house like so many snow-flakes, and every square foot of the island teemed with them.' One such night is thus described by Dr. Gatke:—

'The whole sky is now filled with a Babel of hundreds of thousands of voices, and as we approach the light-house there presents itself to the eye a scene which more than confirms the experience of the ear. Under the intense glare of the light swarms of larks, starlings, and thrushes career around in ever-varying density, like showers of brilliant sparks, or huge snowflakes driven onward by a gale, and continuously replaced, as they disappear, by freshly-arriving multitudes. Mingled with these birds are large numbers of golden plovers, lapwings, curlews, and sandpipers. Now and again, too, a woodcock is seen; or an owl, with slow beatings of the wings, emerges from the darkness into the circle of light, but again speedily vanishes, accompanied by the cry of some unhappy thrush that has become its prey.'

We doubt whether any such spectacle has ever been, or could be, witnessed elsewhere. Certainly no such scene has ever been so elaborately and faithfully photographed by any other writer. In such striking photographs, as clearly true to life,

life, the whole record of the entire year may be said to abound. The artist is always on the watch, and never weary. He seems to live, night and day, for the birds, and for them only; and having abundant time, a keen eye, and unwearied patience, at absolute command, no one detail of the picture is wanting.

The *Direction* of the birds' flight in emigration is a complicated and difficult question, which Dr. Gatke treats with his usual elaboration, giving innumerable facts, as observed by himself, and confirmed by other competent authorities, as to the points from which the migrants set out, the length of their journey, the dates of their departure and arrival, and their probable destination. The whole section forms a treasury of new and varied information for which the student will vainly search elsewhere. How minutely this enquiry is carried out into the utmost details may be seen from the following short paragraphs. The author, after tracing the great flight of migrants from Eastern Asia to the Atlantic shores of Europe, and explaining its latitudinal range, says:—

'In this long "wave of migration," however, each of the many hundreds of species which compose it does not follow a migration route, more or less narrowly limited, of its own; but all, on setting out from the breeding area, take up a westerly course, which, within the latitude of their nesting-stations, they pursue to its final goal, some making digressions to the south in the course of their journey, others not turning south until the concluding stage of their migration has been reached. Of course, it may happen that some fraction or other of a broad column, having got over a line of sea-shore lying far below its path, may continue its flight uninterruptedly along the same; but this is only because geological conditions have given the shore-line a course corresponding to the direction of the migration movement, either from east to west, or north to south, and ought in no sense to be attributed to any plan or purpose on the part of the wanderers.'

This extract is at once an example of our author's diffuseness and his habit of expatiating on minute details—a habit which renders it impossible, in the space at our disposal, to do more than indicate generally the character and contents of the remaining sections of a remarkable book.

'The *Altitude of the Migration Flight*' appears to be so great that Dr. Gatke considers it as 'completely beyond the powers of human observation,' such portions of the flight as are brought within the range of our notice being due to meteorological influences, and to be regarded as disturbances of the migration movement proper. To be able to wing their way at heights of 25,000 to 30,000 feet, birds must be so organized

as to be capable of enduring a very considerable diminution of air-pressure, and of existing in the scanty supply of oxygen obtainable in strata of such rare density. Into all these, and many other kindred, questions our author enters most minutely; illustrating and explaining as he goes on by many striking statistics, and confirming his own views by quotations from well-known authorities.

In the same fashion he deals with the 'Velocity of the Migration Flight,' the statistics cited being of unusual interest, tracing it from the progress of the sluggish hooded crow, who, however, attains an hourly speed of migration flight of 108 geographical miles, to that of the swift carrier-pigeon, and, swifter still, that of the falcons and the swallows, who in their wild state reach a far greater velocity. Yet, strange to say, one little bird, the northern bluethroat, was found to have travelled at the rate of 180 geographical miles in a single hour. This bird winters in the Nile districts, and, leaving its breeding home at the end of April, accomplishes its long and weary flight of 1600 miles to Heligoland, its first resting-place, within the space of about nine hours.

By the 'meteorological conditions which influence migration,' the Doctor means such factors as the force and direction of the wind; the degree of moisture in the atmosphere, and the special form which this moisture assumes—either diffused throughout the air as vapour of uniform density; condensed into fog or mist, taking the form of cirrhus clouds, or of the wool-pack type; or, again, in clear cold air, as hoar-frost. The exact effect of each of these separate conditions he illustrates by extracts from his diary, with his usual care and minuteness; noting one strangely curious phenomenon which few readers will anticipate, and some, possibly, might be inclined to doubt, if found recorded elsewhere. Birds of any kind, or of all kinds, one is prepared to meet with, but no one would dream of butterflies and dragon-flies among the feathered host. Yet thus stands the recorded fact:—

'Another very peculiar phenomenon, intimately connected with thunderstorms, is the regular but temporary appearance, in millions, of the large dragon-fly (*Libellula quadripunctata*) before such disturbances. Countless swarms of these insects make their appearance all of a sudden during the calm sultry hours preceding the outburst of the storm, while thunder-clouds gather on the horizon, and, heaped upon each other, project into the blue ether beyond, like so many giant mountains of snow. Whence these insects come cannot be ascertained, nor do they arrive in swarms or companies, but by solitary individuals, or scattered groups, gradually adding to the vast throng.'

Why

Why these insects should attempt any migration, or by what secret attraction they are drawn to assemble in such multitudes at one special spot looking out on the Northern Sea, is a problem at the solution of which Dr. Gatke does not venture even to guess. The insects vanish as suddenly as they appear; so that hardly a trace of them remains on the following morning, though on the previous evening the face of the cliff, all the buildings, hedges, and every stray bush on the island may have been covered with them. But if the appearance of dragon-flies be a mysterious phenomenon, what shall be said of white cabbage butterflies, that during August, 1883, were to be seen passing in such vast clouds as made it impossible to form any true conception of their actual number? On each of the above nights, also, two of the smaller night moths were seen at the light-house, passing from east to west, like the flakes of a sudden dense snowstorm; and it is to be noted, also, that even these tiny creatures manage to cross the North Sea in safety; for they often arrive on the east coast of England suddenly, and in such incredible numbers that we can only believe them to be immigrants. It is with such novel and strange incidents as these, and vivid notes upon rare birds, that this section abounds. In the succeeding chapter, where the author discusses 'The Cause of the Migratory Movement,' and, after carefully examining the various theories propounded by modern naturalists, of standard authority,—such as 'cold,' 'scarcity of food,' and 'hereditary instinct,'—he at last confesses that, with regard to this question of 'the immediate cause of the departure of birds in all their migrations,' we are confronted with a riddle which has hitherto defied every attempt at a solution, and of which we can hardly ever expect to receive a final explanation.

The concluding short chapter, which deals with 'Changes in the Colour of the Plumage of Birds without Moulting,' stands rather apart from the preceding sections, but, though it traverses some well-known ground, it has that special individuality about it which marks all the work of an original and careful observer, whose exact descriptions are the result of what he himself saw and handled. The changes of colour without moulting, of which he treats, are those that occur as spring draws near, and the season of courtship, nesting, and breeding stirs the feathered hosts to new life and gayer robes. These changes are not merely of a few feathers, a touch of scarlet on the breast, of gold on the head, or of white or crimson on the wing; but, in some cases, a positive and most striking mutation of pure snowy white into an intense glossy black, as displayed in the neck and head of the little gull, the upper breast of the
white

white and pied wagtails, and the dunlin. And of this remarkable change Dr. Gatke gives a minute explanation,—not, we think, to be found elsewhere:—

‘This curious and startling phenomenon is brought about in the following manner:—Commencing below, at what afterwards marks the line of separation between the black and white markings, the colour appears at first in scarcely perceptible dots of pure black at the extreme tips of the separate barbs of each feather—the lower portion of the edge being the first to be affected, and thus acquiring a narrow border of extremely fine black specks. By degrees these edges increase in breadth until the black colour, extending towards the roots of the feathers, finally comes to be spread over their whole surface. The whole change of colouring at the particular part of the body likewise proceeds in an upward direction, so that transitional stages of the change are to be seen during the whole course of its progress.’

The remaining 420 pages of this remarkable record of birds and bird life are occupied with an elaborate description of each of the 398 visitors met with by the Doctor during his long and arduous labours through half a century. These comprise some birds rarely seen elsewhere, and a still larger number that never visit Britain. Taken in round numbers, the list of British birds, including more than 100 of rare occurrence, does not amount to more than 361, which have been thus classified:—

Resident all the year	140
Summer visitors	63
Winter visitors	48
Capricious and rare visitors	110

361

Here, therefore, we have another proof, not only that Heligoland stands supreme as an observatory of bird life, but also of Dr. Gatke's unwearied labour through fifty years of patient observation. Every bird in his long catalogue is described at greater or less length with the careful and trustworthy fulness of detail that can result only from personal and original handling. The result is that his separate ‘Account of the Birds observed in Heligoland’ makes so far a complete handbook for the young student of ornithology, in a compact and convenient form. Before taking leave of Dr. Gatke, we select one final passage from the Catalogue of Birds, as an example of his general style. In describing the short-toed lark (*Alauda Brachydactyla*), he says:—

‘Formerly, hardly a year passed without this pretty little lark being observed here at the end of May or June. During the time I have

have been collecting it has passed through my hands about thirty times. The examples obtained in summer—which undoubtedly come from Greece and Asia Minor—are always more ferruginous, especially the males, than those shot here in October and November. The predominant colour of the upper parts of the October birds is a pale dull clay-yellow, the under side being almost of a pure white, suffused on the sides of the upper breast and flanks with the colouring of the back; while, in birds coming from the south-east, the prevailing colour is of a pale ferruginous cast throughout. There is a remarkable difference in the sizes of the autumn arrivals. Some did not exceed five inches in length, while one shot in November, 1870, measured upwards of six; the wing of the first measuring 3·26 inches, and the tail 1·96 inches; that of the second being 3·78 inches, and the tail 2·56. I kept one of these little birds in a cage for more than a year; it having been stunned by a very light shot that grazed the back of its head; but it soon recovered, and became wondrously tame. In the autumn it underwent a complete moult, managed to get safely through the winter, sang heartily during the spring, but, to my regret, died at the beginning of summer. I fed it on canary seed, which, like the Lapland bunting in the next cage, it used to peel before eating; its song being much more like that of a bunting than a skylark. Heligoland is the extreme northern limit up to which it has been observed as an exceptional visitor.'

Dr. Gatke's final paragraph, in closing his labours, may well serve us in parting with a writer to whom we have owed many hours of pleasant reading.

'It is not,' he declares, 'without a feeling of sadness that I take leave of those dear companions of many years, whose voices, many and familiar, have come down to me like friendly greetings from the heights above during many a late hour of night spent over these pages; whilst over the skylight of the room, at once my studio and museum, their countless hosts were speeding onward to their distant homes. May these records be a welcome gift to all my fellow-workers; and with this aspiration I lay down my pen on this 19th day of May, 1890, being my seventy-seventh birthday.'

- ART. IX.—1. *Elementa Astronomica*. Alfraganus. Amsterdam, 1669.
 2. *Origin and Progress of Astronomy*. Narrien. London, 1833.
 3. *Historical Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients*. Sir G. Cornwall Lewis. London, 1862.
 4. *Il senso geografico-astronomico della Divina Commedia*. Della Valle. Faenza, 1869.
 5. *Cosmografia della Divina Commedia*. Vaccheri e Bertacchi. Turin, 1881.

IT is a matter of regret that even students of ability and culture often refuse so much as to attempt to understand Dante's astronomical references. They assume either that they are not to be understood at all, or at least not without special astronomical or mathematical training. The truth is that, as we hope to be able to show, most of them are perfectly simple and clear to anyone with a knowledge of the most rudimentary facts of astronomy, modified by the manner of their presentation on the Ptolemaic system. This, however, does not in any way increase the difficulty. Indeed it may be said to have this special advantage in the way of intelligibility and simplicity, that it treats of the motions of the heavenly bodies just as they appear to an ordinary observer, without applying any of the corrections of such *prima facie* appearances required by Modern Astronomy. Those who thus give up such passages in despair may well remember the warning addressed by Beatrice to Dante:—

‘Se li tuoi diti non sono a tal nodo
 Sufficienti, non è maraviglia;
 Tanto per non tentar è fatto sodo.’

‘If thy fingers are not equal to untying such a knot, it is no wonder. It has become so hard from not trying.’ (Par. xxviii. 58–60.)

On the other hand many specialists—and examples of this may be found in some of the works mentioned above—have brought to bear upon these astronomical references and allusions in Dante such a wealth of technical knowledge, and have interpreted them by the aid of calculations so elaborate and minute, that they seem to forget that Dante's object was not to compose a didactic poem for teaching astronomy, but to use astronomy, as well as other branches of his very varied and extensive knowledge, in the service of poetry. He was a poet first and an astronomer afterwards.* Some of the laborious

* This applies to the ‘Divina Commedia,’ with which most of the writers referred to are mainly, if not exclusively, concerned. The case is, of course, different with the ‘Convito,’ a designedly philosophical treatise, the astronomy of which has as yet been most inadequately discussed.

investigations just referred to would seem to suggest the reversal of that order, and to leave us with the impression that one of the most indispensable adjuncts to the study of the 'Divina Commedia' would be the 'Nautical Almanac.'

It is quite true that astronomy occupies an exceptionally prominent position in the great poem of Dante. It is evident from the frequency and often the elaborate character of his references to it in the poem, as well as from many lengthy discussions of astronomical phenomena in the 'Convito,' that he was both profoundly learned and also specially interested in this branch of science. But besides this, the subject of the 'Divina Commedia,' especially in the 'Paradiso,' naturally invited a large number of such references. The grades of happiness of the redeemed are associated locally with the different spheres or 'heavens' of the current astronomical science. Besides this the belief in stellar influences on human affairs and character, shared by Dante with most, if not all, thinkers of his age, imparted a special interest to the study of astronomical phenomena. Some preliminary acquaintance therefore with at least the outlines of the Ptolemaic system and phraseology is necessary for the intelligent understanding of numerous passages in Dante. That acquaintance need not, however, be extensive or minute, and in some cases, not 'a little knowledge,' but the advanced study of a specialist, has proved 'dangerous,' in tempting its possessor beyond the limits of the legitimate interpretation of poetical allusions.

Of the works the titles of which we have prefixed to this article, the treatise of Alfraganus is selected as a type of those (if not indeed, as is probable, the actual work itself) from which Dante's astronomical knowledge would be derived. It is an epitome of the great work of Ptolemy, by an Arabian astronomer of the ninth century. It was translated into Latin first in the twelfth century by Gerardus of Cremona (d. 1187), who was also the first translator into Latin of the *Almagest* itself; and again, a little later, by Johannes Hispalensis (Seville), so that it would thus have become accessible to Dante. It has been five times printed, the latest and perhaps least inaccurate edition being that which we have cited. Alfraganus is quoted by Dante in *Conv. II. xiv.*, l. 95, as his authority for the dimensions of the planet Mercury (the passage being found in *Alfr. c. xxii.*). Again he quotes his work in *Conv. II. vi.*, l. 134, under the title by which it is sometimes known, as 'Libro dell' aggregazione delle stelle.' Besides this, most of the astronomical data, and even sometimes the comparisons and illustrations, given by Dante are found *totidem verbis* in Alfraganus. This, therefore,

or some similar epitome of the *Almagest*, he evidently used freely, and that it was in fact this particular work is made most probable by these definite citations of it.

To the elaborate and learned works of Professor Narrien and Sir G. C. Lewis, which follow next on our list, we wish to acknowledge our very large obligations. We have relied upon them for most of the facts relating to the early history of astronomy adduced in the following pages. After this we shall not consider it necessary to repeat this acknowledgment in respect of details from time to time. The former of these works deals mainly with the historical aspect of the subject. The latter in addition develops the mathematical problems involved in the theories of the early astronomers. Both writers, it will be understood, treat of the subject in its general aspect and without any reference to the works of Dante, who is never once mentioned by them in this connexion. The remaining works are taken as a type of the specialist learning that has been brought to bear upon this aspect of Dante's poem, and the list is one which might be considerably added to.

As our object is to help readers of Dante, whom Plato would describe as *ἀγεωμέτρητοι*, to understand his astronomical references and allusions, we may be pardoned if we sometimes seem to err on the side of over-explanation of points which appear simple enough to those who are even moderately versed in the rudiments of astronomy.

The correctness of many of the results obtained under the Ptolemaic system is quite astonishing, when we consider the imperfection of their instruments of observation and of their timekeepers, the paucity of recorded observations for comparison, and the falsity of the fundamental assumptions of the system. The last-mentioned defect, however, is not so serious a drawback as it might at first sight appear. The *apparent results* would not be affected by the falsity of the hypothesis by which they were explained. A familiar illustration of this may be given from common experience. When one of two trains is stationary and the other moving slowly and smoothly it is often impossible to detect by the sight whether we are ourselves in the moving or the stationary train. So, whether the sun revolves about the earth or the earth about the sun, there is absolutely no difference in the resulting visible phenomena, which are the subject of astronomical research and record. This is noticed by Cicero in respect of the revolution of the earth about its axis, and that of the heaven about the stationary earth.

We propose to use the term 'Ptolemaic' as a convenient designation of the geocentric or pre-Copernican system of astronomy generally.

generally. Though Ptolemy was himself a skilful geometer and astronomer, he was not the inventor, but only the most distinguished expositor and historian of the system that bears his name. Its leading features had already been traced by the labours of Eudoxus, Plato, Aristotle, Aristarchus, Eratosthenes, and above all Apollonius of Perga and Hipparchus, besides many others. On the other hand, the so-called Ptolemaic system includes some improvements or discoveries subsequent to his date. For it was the habit of Arabian translators and editors to introduce occasional up-to-date improvements in the works of the authors thus handled by them. There are some remarkable instances of this in the case of Aristotle, who in one so-called 'translation' of his works is made to quote the *Almagest* by name!

It will probably be found most convenient to divide our subject under the following heads:—I. Cosmogony, or the general conception of the construction of the universe. II. The Planetary motions, and the signs of the Zodiac. III. The measurement of time, years, days, and hours.

These subjects will be considered only so far as they are connected with the Ptolemaic system, and as they are implied or expounded in the writings of Dante himself.

Now the first and most obvious of astronomical facts is the apparent diurnal rotation of the sun, moon, planets, and fixed stars round the earth as a fixed centre from E. to W.; and another, which is almost equally obvious, is that the sun, moon, and five visible planets (which we shall, in accordance with Ptolemaic and Dantesque usage, describe as the seven planets) are each severally affected by a peculiar and much slower motion of their own about the earth, over and above that of diurnal rotation, and also in the opposite direction, from W. to E. These two primary facts of observation were in the earliest times accounted for by supposing each of these bodies to be carried round the earth, as the central point of the universe, in a series of concentric hollow spheres or shells. These were technically called 'heavens.' Thus there were at any rate seven of such heavens, one outside or, as the common phrase was, 'above' the other, corresponding to the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Outside these again was an eighth heaven, that of the fixed stars. To these were afterwards added a ninth and a tenth, for reasons to be explained presently. Thus the whole universe resembled a set of those curiously carved Indian balls, consisting of several hollow spheres or spherical shells, one within the other. At first, as Dante explains in *Conv.* II. iv. (which should be carefully read

in connexion with this part of the subject), there were thought to be only eight of these heavens, an error which he states was shared by Aristotle, '*seguitando solamente l'antica grossezza degli astrologi*' (Conv. II. iii., l. 20), though in the next chapter (l. 33) he makes rather a vague and lame attempt to show that Aristotle himself was conscious of a truer view, '*a chi bene lo intende.*' It was held that the eighth of these heavens was that of the fixed stars, and that beyond this there was no other ('*che di fuori da esso non fosse altro alcuno*'). The diurnal rotation of this eighth heaven from E. to W. was communicated in some way to the seven 'lower' heavens in addition to their own several proper rotations, which, as we have already noted, were all in the converse direction, viz. from W. to E.

Then came the important and very remarkable discovery by Hipparchus (c. 155 B.C.) of the 'Precession of the Equinoxes,' as it is called. This is frequently alluded to by Dante, and holds a conspicuous position among his astronomical references. It may be briefly explained thus. In Conv. III. v., where Dante explains at length, '*come il sol gira,*' he clearly distinguishes his diurnal motion from E. to W. in a plane parallel to the equator from his annual motion from W. to E. in a plane obliquely inclined to the equator, viz., the ecliptic ('*tortamente contra quello,*' viz. '*il moto diurno,*' l. 129). These two circles necessarily intersect in two points, when the sun passes from below to above the equator (as in March), or from above to below (as in September). These points are known as the equinoctial points, or more briefly as the equinoxes. Now when the Zodiac, a band of about 8° N. and S. of the ecliptic, was first divided into twelve equal parts, each designated by one of the twelve constellations or signs occupying that part of the heavens through which it passed, it was so arranged that the first of these signs, viz. 'Aries,' should commence at this spring equinoctial point, extending thence eastwards over one-twelfth of the Zodiac, i.e. 30°, and this point or 'equinox' was known as the 'first point of Aries.' But after two or three centuries it was noticed by Hipparchus that the sun no longer crossed the equator at the 'first point of Aries,' but some little way back westwards in the constellation Pisces. Considering the meagre nature of his appliances and resources, and the very minute amount of this annual displacement, this discovery of Hipparchus must be considered to be a very remarkable achievement. For this backward movement of the equinoctial points is no more than about 50" of space in a year. Hipparchus determined it approximately as being not less than 36", or more than 50". Ptolemy afterwards assumed it to be 36". Hence it would
amount

amount to only 1° ($= 3600''$) in 100 years, and this is (as we shall see) the amount assigned to it in several places by Dante, as well as by Alfraganus in his 'Elementa.' Consequently it would take, according to this estimate, just 36,000 years to traverse the whole circle of the ecliptic, after which the equinox would again be found to be at 'the first point of Aries.' As a matter of fact, the amount of 'precession' assumed by Ptolemy and accepted by Dante is too small, and the whole revolution will really be accomplished in about 26,000 years. The true cause of this important phenomenon was first explained by Sir Isaac Newton. Its visible result will be practically the same as if we suppose the whole firmament to be revolving slowly round the pole of the ecliptic from W. to E., and the equinoctial points therefore to be gradually receding along the ecliptic from E. to W., at this very slow and, as Dante calls it, almost imperceptible rate ('movimento quasi insensibile,' Conv. II. xv., l. 102). Now the longitude of all celestial bodies is measured along the ecliptic, the zero line (like the meridian of Greenwich in terrestrial longitude) being the meridian of the spring equinoctial point. It is, however, always measured eastwards round the whole circle, so that a star 1° W. of that meridian would be described as having a longitude of 359° . Consequently, as the true equinoctial point gradually recedes westward along the ecliptic, it is evident that the E. longitude of all the stars, as measured from the meridian of that point, is correspondingly increased. And as this increase has now been going on for more than 2000 years since the first point of Aries corresponded with the true equinoctial point, it will be seen by a simple calculation that, at the rate of about $50''$ a year, the longitudes have now increased by nearly 30° , and consequently that the true 'equinox' has now worked back nearly through the whole sign of Pisces.

Unastronomical readers should perhaps be cautioned against confusing seconds of space with seconds of time. We have said that the point where the sun crosses the equator is $50''$ of space further westwards every year. Now if the sun takes one year to traverse 360° of space, it will appear by a simple rule-of-three sum that he will take a little more than twenty minutes to traverse this $50''$. Now as the sun is going from W. to E. along the Zodiac and the equinoctial point is coming, so to speak, to meet him in the opposite direction at the rate of $50''$ a year, the sun will, as we may say, be saved going over that amount of space each year before he reaches the equator; or in other words, he will reach it rather more than twenty minutes sooner each year. Hence the 'tropical' year, as it is called—

i.e.

i.e. the year which is regulated by the *seasons*, and the beginning and end of which is marked by the moment of the sun's reaching the equator at the spring equinox—is about twenty minutes shorter than the 'sidereal' year, which depends on one exact revolution of the earth in its orbit. Thus the equinox may be said to occur twenty minutes sooner every year, and hence arose the expression '*precession of the equinoxes*.'

Apologizing for the length of this preliminary explanation, we next ask how was this discovery of (as it was then thought) a slow eastward movement of 1° in a century of the whole starry heavens, contrary to their diurnal motion from E. to W., adapted to the theory of the eight revolving heavens which we have already explained. It was done in two ways. In the first instance astronomers supposed the eighth heaven to be affected by this motion in combination with that of diurnal rotation, this second motion also being (according to some astronomers, but not according to others) communicated to the seven lower or planetary heavens,* in the same manner in which we have seen that the movement of diurnal rotation was communicated to them. But, as Dante points out in *Conv.* II. iii., l. 36, it was felt to be inconsistent with the symmetry and simplicity of nature that the eighth heaven should be subject to complicated movements of this kind, and in fact to two simultaneous revolutions in contrary directions, and moreover in different planes (l. 38). [In the case of the seven planetary heavens, in which the same objection might seem to hold, one of the movements (the diurnal) was not 'proper' to them, but only 'communicated' from the eighth heaven to them all alike, and in addition to their own proper motion.] Hence Dante says that Ptolemy, compelled by philosophical principles—'*costretto da' principii di filosofia*'—which demand a *Primum Mobile* of absolute simplicity, assumed another and a ninth heaven, above and beyond the eighth, to which the simple diurnal revolution from E. to W. was due. This left only the slow motion of precession from W. to E., at the rate of 1° a century, to the eighth heaven, that of the fixed stars. Hence this is often referred to by Dante as the slowest, and the ninth as the swiftest of the heavens. Also, in the beginning of *Conv.* II. iv., where Dante enumerates the nine heavens in order, he further observes of the ninth heaven that it is not visible to the senses except by the diurnal motion spoken of in the previous chapter. We see by the context that he means that the other eight heavens are manifest to the senses by the planets or stars

* As it obviously ought to be, and as it is in Alfraganus, c. xiii., *sub init.* which

which are, so to speak, attached to them; but there is no visible or sensible object thus associated with the ninth heaven, or *Primum Mobile*. Its existence is inferred by the mind to account for observed phenomena of sense.

The enumeration of the heavens was now complete as far as human observation or reflection could reveal them. But Dante adds that 'by the Catholic religion' we are bound to believe in a tenth heaven, the *Empyrean*, the calm and motionless abode of God and of His angels and the glorified saints. This is the teaching of the Catholic Church, which cannot say that which is false, '*che non può dire menzogna*.' This is the supreme edifice of the universe, '*sovrano edificio del mondo*,' beyond and above which there is nothing, and this itself has no local limitation,* but was formed and abides in the Divine mind. And he adds that the Psalmist refers to this when he declares that God has 'set His glory *above* the heavens.' Thus the construction of the universe is finally complete with the recognition of these ten several heavens; the first eight by the evidence of the senses, the ninth by necessary inference, and the tenth by the aid of revelation. And so, as Dante says in *Conv.* II. iii., l. 18, in spite of the diverse opinions that have prevailed on this subject, 'the truth has at last been discovered.'

We will next draw attention to some of the chief passages in Dante which are illustrated by the general system of cosmogony now expounded. First, as the old astronomers were not always agreed as to whether these spheres were material or not, we may remark that Dante clearly held them to be so. In *Par.* xxviii. 64, the heavens are described as '*cerchi corporai*.' In *Par.* ii. 112, we read, '*Dentro dal ciel della divina pace, Si gira un corpo*,' &c., and this is seen by the context to describe the ninth heaven, or *Primum Mobile*. In *Conv.* II. iv., l. 87, he describes the very bright star of Venus as 'fixed' (*fissa*) upon its epicycle. And (not to quote other passages) in *Purg.* iii. 29, he compares the non-casting of any shadow by Virgil's 'spiritual body' to the permeability of the several heavens by the light of the others—'*Che l'uno all' altro raggio non ingombra*.' Unless they were in some degree material, this would not afford a suitable illustration. Next, it is to be observed that Dante is not quite consistent in attributing the diurnal motion to the ninth and the precessional motion to the eighth sphere, as we have just seen that he did in *Conv.* II. iii., l. 45, justifying this moreover by philosophical necessity. The

* '*Esso non è in luogo ma formato fu solo nella Prima Mente*' (*Conv.* II. iv., l. 37). So we read, in *Par.* xxvii. 109: '*E questo cielo non ha altro dove Che la mente divina*.' Compare also *Epist.* x., §§ 24, 25.

same view is implied in Conv. II. iv., ll. 10, 19, and in vi., ll. 140-3. Also in V. N. ii., ll. 9 *seqq.*, where the age of Beatrice at their first meeting is described in a very characteristically Dantesque manner. 'She had been so long in this life that during her time the starry heaven had moved in an eastward direction $\frac{1}{12}$ of a degree, so that she appeared to me almost at the beginning of her ninth year.' Now, as Dante conceived this precessional motion to be at the rate of 1° in a century, the age of Beatrice would be $\frac{100}{12} = 8\frac{1}{3}$ years. But notwithstanding, in one passage, viz., Conv. II. xv., ll. 95 *seqq.*, he distinctly attributes *both* motions to the eighth or stellar heaven, and he bases upon this a fanciful point of analogy between this heaven and the science of metaphysics, which is also elaborated by other arguments equally convincing. Yet almost immediately afterwards, in the very same chapter, when tracing a similar analogy between the Primum Mobile, or crystalline heaven, and moral philosophy, he returns to his usual theory, and attributes to *that* heaven the diurnal motion, which governs that of all the other heavens without exception, and argues that in like manner all the actions of life are controlled by moral philosophy.

A very difficult passage then follows, to *prove* this controlling influence of the Primum Mobile by a consideration of the disastrous conditions which would result from its absence. Supposing, says Dante, that this ninth heaven had no motion, then the one-third part of the heavens would never yet have been visible from any place upon the earth. This seems at first a very hard saying; but its meaning comes out clearly on a little reflection. It being assumed that the earth is itself motionless, then on this further supposition that there was no *diurnal* revolution of the heavens, they too would remain fixed, and would always present the same hemispherical surface to us; in other words, the same 180° would always be above the horizon, and the other 180° would never be seen by us at all. The only modification of this rigid condition would be due to the slow *precessional* motion of the heaven of the fixed stars, amounting to 1° in a century; but in the approximately 6000 years since the beginning of creation this motion would have only traversed about 60° . Thus, besides the 180° at present visible, there would have been at one time or another since creation a further 60° exposed to the eye of man. Hence, the total amount of the heavens ever seen up to the present moment by man would be $180^\circ + 60^\circ = 240^\circ$, though of course only the same 180° would ever be seen at any given time. Consequently, the remaining 120° would never yet have been

been visible at all. Since 120° is $360^\circ \times \frac{1}{3}$, therefore, as Dante said at first, one-third of the whole heavens would never yet have been seen from any part of the earth. Another obvious result of this supposition would be that the sun, moon, and planets would perform one-half of their orbital revolution round the earth behind our backs, so to speak, i.e. in that 180° of the heavens which, on this hypothesis, would be always invisible to us. Hence, the sun would be invisible for half of each year, the moon for half of each month, Saturn for fourteen and a half years, Jupiter for six years, and so on of all the other planets. These figures in each case correspond to one-half of the time of each planet's year, or annual revolution, according to the elements given by the Ptolemaic system (which are in fact remarkably correct), and as Dante would have found them set forth in c. xvii. of the 'Elementa' of Alfraganus. All this would result in the death of animals and plants, the reduction of the world to chaos, and the complete frustration of all the influence of the stars. The purpose or 'moral' of all this curious disquisition is to show that in like manner the suspension or removal of moral philosophy would reduce all human life and all human science to chaos and oblivion.

We cannot find space for a full explanation of Par. ii. 112 *seqq.*, but we think that the explanations already given supply materials for the solution of the difficulties which the passage at first sight involves. It specially illustrates two points—(1) the communication of the diurnal motion of the Primum Mobile to the 'inferior' heavens; and (2) the influence of the stars upon human life, character, and events.

In connexion with the latter point we must briefly explain a very obscure passage which occurs in Par. i., ll. 37 *seqq.*: 'The lamp of the world rises upon mortals through several points (or passages), but from that which combines four circles with three crosses it is most propitious,' &c. Now, for a variety of reasons which will readily suggest themselves, it is certain that the most propitious moment of all the celestial motions or influences would be thought to be that of the Spring equinox. If we turn to any good globe we shall see at the point where the equator and the ecliptic intersect, another vertical circle passing through the same point. This is one of the circles known by astronomers as the colures. These were two great circles cutting the equator at right angles, one of which passed through the two poles and the two equinoctial points, and the other through the poles of the equator and of the equinox and the two solstitial points, or tropics. The former was called the equinoctial, and the latter the solstitial colure.

colure. Here Dante is speaking of the point of sunrise upon the horizon (see *foci* and *surge* in l. 37). Now the actual point of sunrise evidently differs each day as the days lengthen or shorten. And these points are the *foci* (= *fauces*), through which the sun passes at rising. The most perfect then of these spots is the due E. point, at which the sun rises at the vernal equinox, and at that point the three circles above mentioned, i.e. the equator, the ecliptic, and the equinoctial colure, all intersect the fourth circle of the horizon, and so make three crosses with it. It will be observed that Dante uses the qualifying word *quasi* here, because the actual day of the equinox was already past, on any explanation of the initial day of the vision, and, according to what we take to be the most probable theory, it was now supposed to be April 13, 1300.

Next we may cite a few passages in which Dante refers to the extremely slow motion of the eighth, and the extremely swift motion of the ninth heaven.

The slowness of the eighth heaven is alluded to in *Purg.* xi. 103 *seqq.*, where the vanity of human fame is exhibited by the reflection that before 1000 years are passed it will utterly have perished, and yet that period bears a less proportion to eternity than the twinkling of an eye to the revolution of the slowest sphere in the heavens, i.e. to the 36,000 years occupied in the revolution of the eighth heaven. In connexion with this there is a passage in *Conv.* II. xv., l. 114, which calls for a word of explanation. Dante has said that this slow motion, being in fact endless, is a fit symbol of those incorruptible things which form the subject of metaphysics. That it is endless he proves thus. Since the creation only a little more than one-sixth part of the revolution has been accomplished, and we are already in the last age of the world, awaiting the consummation of all things. Consequently this revolution will never be completed while the world lasts. It is at first sight rather puzzling to find Dante declaring that a little *more* than one-sixth of the revolution is already accomplished, for, on his own *datum* of 1° in a century, this would imply that in or about 1300 A.D. the world had existed for more than 6000 years. This, however, corresponds with the chronology which would be found by Dante in two authorities with which he was familiar. In Orosius I. i., § 5, the time from Adam to Ninus is given as 3184 years, and that from Ninus (contemporary with Abraham) to Christ, 2015. This would make the Incarnation of Christ to be in the year 5199. If to this we add 1300, we have 6499 as the *Annus Mundi* in the time of Dante. Hence the statement 'a little more than one-sixth,' in the passage just quoted, is explained. So, again,
Brunetto

Brunetto Latini gives the alternative dates of 5500 or 5290 as the year of the Incarnation. The same or a somewhat similar computation appears from other mediæval writers to have been popularly accepted.

As to the ultimate cause or source of all these celestial motions Dante expresses himself thus. All motion whatsoever is regarded by him as an effort and striving after some higher condition; and as this at last 'al sommo ping' noi di collo in collo,' it represents ultimately and in effect a struggle to attain the perfect rest and quiet of the Divine Essence, whose home is the Empyrean, or the motionless tenth heaven. This is expounded clearly in Epist. x., § 26:—

'Omne ergo quod movetur est in aliquo defectu et non habet totum suum esse simul. Illud igitur cœlum quod a nullo movetur, in se et in qualibet sua parte habet quidquid potest modo perfecto, eo quod motu non indiget ad suam perfectionem.'

Hence, though it seems at first somewhat paradoxical, in any *created* object the swiftest motion is the most divine, because its swiftness is the evidence and the measure of the intensity of its desire to reach the Rest of God.

'Che tutto il cielo move,
Non moto, con amore e con disio.' (Par. xxiv. 131.)

This exposition of the 'laws of motion' is a very favourite thought with Dante. Thus, in Par. i. 76, the general revolution of the heavens is described as—

'La rota che tu [Dio] sempiterni
Desiderato.'

And again, in Conv. II. iv., l. 19: 'This is the reason why the Primum Mobile moves with exceeding swiftness, because through the most fervent longing of every part of the ninth heaven, which is next to this (*i.e.* the Empyrean), to be united with every part of this tenth divine and peaceful heaven, it revolves within it with so much desire that its velocity is almost inconceivable.' Other passages, which we have no space to quote, to be compared with this are Purg. xxxiii. 90; Par. i. 123, and xxvii. 99; and Par. xxviii., ll. 22–78.

Perhaps it may seem that we have already been tempted too far from 'astronomy,' properly so called, in illustration of this point. But we must remember that Dante lived before the days when such *a priori* and semi-theological considerations came to be thought out of place in physical science. Consequently this explanation of the 'laws of celestial motion' would be held to be as real and legitimate a part of the 'science of astronomy

astronomy as the enunciation of the 'law of gravitation' would be to a modern physicist.

In reference to the eighth heaven, that of the fixed stars, there is one other point to be noticed. Dante, following Ptolemy and Alfraganus (c. xix.), held the total number of the stars to be 1022, and he is at no loss for mystical reasons to justify this precise number (see *Conv.* II. xv., l. 21). In regard to the milky way or galaxy, or 'Via di San Jacopo,' as Dante says it was vulgarly called (probably from a confusion or supposed connexion between Galassia and Galizia!), he mentions three or four theories, including that which treated it as a multitude of minute stars. He does not formally adopt any definite conclusion on the subject, being deprived here of the guidance of his master, Aristotle, for the curious reason that 'his actual view cannot be ascertained, owing to the discrepancy between the "Old" translation and the "New."' (*Conv.* II. xv., ll. 45 *seqq.*).

II. PLANETARY MOTIONS AND THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.—

We pass on now to speak of the motions of the planetary heavens. It is obvious that these are very complicated and baffling, on the supposition of a circular revolution about the stationary earth. For, as a matter of fact, we now know (1) that the earth is not stationary; and (2) that the planets do not revolve about it at all, but round the sun. Consequently, when viewed from the earth, they seem sometimes to advance, sometimes to retrograde, and sometimes to be stationary for a time. To complicate the difficulty still further, it was a fundamental assumption of all ancient astronomers that, the circle being the most perfect of all geometrical figures,* only circular motion could possibly be attributed to the heavenly bodies. Yet we now know that they do not revolve in circles at all, but ellipses. Hence the most complicated mechanical combinations of circular motions in different planes and various directions were invented or imagined in order to account for the motions of sun, moon, and planets, on the supposition that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that they all revolved about it through a series or combination of movements, each one of which was circular.

Now there are three principal types under which such theories or devices fall. They may be described as those of (1) revolving spheres; (2) of eccentric orbits; (3) of epicycles, either in combination with or in substitution for that of eccentric orbits. The first of them, and the earliest in date, seems to have been

* As Dante states, on the authority of Euclid, in *Conv.* II. xiv., l. 211.

suggested

suggested rather than formulated by Plato, but to have been created into a systematic theory by Eudoxus (406-350 B.C.). On this theory the complicated movements of the sun, moon, and planets were explained on the supposition that they were controlled in each case by either three or four hollow spheres or spherical shells. One of these always corresponded in its revolution round the pole of the equator with that of the heaven of the fixed stars, or of the *Primum Mobile*, with which at that time, at any rate, and before the discovery of precession, the heaven of the fixed stars was identified. A second revolved in a contrary direction round the pole of the ecliptic; and a third, and in some cases a fourth, round a pole or poles different from either of these. The result was that the universe was thought to be composed of twenty-seven such revolving spheres or shells, including that of the *Primum Mobile*. Before long, however, as the planetary motions were more accurately observed, additional spheres were required to be added in order to explain them, raising the number to thirty-three. Aristotle increased the number further to fifty-five (*Metaph. xi. 8*). A short-lived revival of this theory in the sixteenth century by Fracastorius postulated as many as seventy-nine such spheres. Of such a system it may indeed be said that '*mole ruit sua*'; but even in early times it was felt that the growing complexity of this hypothetical machinery deprived it of all claim to afford a rational explanation of the phenomena.

The next attempt was the theory of eccentric circular revolutions, *i.e.* a revolution in some sense round the earth, but about some centre different from that of the earth. Each planet was supposed to be subject to two influences of revolution, besides, of course, the diurnal rotation common to all the heavenly bodies: (1) a circular movement of the planet itself round the centre of the earth in the direction of the signs of the Zodiac, *i.e.* from W. to E.; and (2) a circular movement of its orbit,* so to speak, round some different central point, and in the opposite direction. This latter was technically called its '*eccentric*.' Now, by assigning different velocities to these two revolutions, and different degrees of eccentricity in different cases, the irregular movements of the planets were roughly accounted for, without abandoning the fundamental axiom that all celestial motions must be circular. The author of this theory was

* This '*orbit*' seems to have been conceived as a sort of disk or plate revolving excentrically about the earth from E. to W. Meanwhile upon the surface of this disk or plate the planet was supposed to be itself revolving about the earth as a centre from W. to E. The apparent motion of the planet, as seen from the earth, was the resultant of these combined motions.

Apollonius of Perga (c. 230 B.C.). He, however, soon abandoned it in favour of another and far more celebrated theory, of which he was also the author, and one which was destined to dominate the field of astronomical research for more than 1700 years, viz. that of epicycles. It is this theory which it specially concerns us to explain, as it was the system universally accepted in the time of Dante, and by him frequently recognized and described. The epicycle was a small revolving circle, to the circumference of which the body of the planet was supposed to be attached. The centre of this revolving circle was situated on a much larger circle, which was the equator of the sphere, or heaven (as it was called), of the planet itself, which sphere was revolving round the earth, either about its centre, or as an 'eccentric' about some other centre, in the manner previously explained. This circle was technically termed the 'deferent,' in relation to the epicycle which it carried. Alfraganus commonly refers to the 'deferent' as the 'eccentric,' and as to Dante, a passage in *Con. II. xiv., l. 14*, rather points to his adoption of the eccentric rather than the homocentric position of the 'deferent' circle. It is clear that the *principle* of the last two theories which we have explained is the same, as is recognized by Ptolemy himself. A combination of these opposite movements of epicycle and deferent, due regard being had to their relative velocity and the magnitude of their diameters, was so contrived as to account fairly well for the more obvious phenomena of planetary motions. But, as in the case of the more primitive hypothesis of revolving spheres, the progress of observation required the assumption of a further epicycle, with its centre fixed on the revolving circumference of the original epicycle, and sometimes of another even on this, until this system, like the other, became impracticably cumbrous and intricate. This is referred to in the well-known lines of Milton:—

'How [they] gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.'

No wonder that King Alfonso of Leon, surnamed the Astronomer, who died when Dante was in his twentieth year, cynically declared that if he had been consulted at the making of the universe, he could have suggested a much simpler arrangement.

All this will be found very clearly described by Dante in the '*Convito*,' in reference to the planet Venus. (*See II. iv.*) After pointing out that in any revolving sphere or heaven the equator is the noblest part, because its revolution is obviously the most rapid, he declares that on the back of this equatorial circle in the

the heaven of Venus, of which he is at present speaking (the same being applicable to all the planets alike), there is a little sphere (*speretta*) which has a revolution of its own within that heaven; the circle (*i.e.* equator) of which astronomers call the epicycle; . . . and on the arch or back of this equatorial circle or epicycle is fixed (*è fissa*) the very brilliant star of Venus. He then proceeds to say that in a certain sense this *speretta* might itself be called another heaven, and in that case the number will be much more than ten, but it is more convenient to consider it as one with the main heaven of the planet itself to which it is attached. Another clear and instructive passage occurs in c. vi. of the same book, where Dante quotes the 'Libro dell' aggregazione delle stelle,' *i.e.* Alfraganus, to show that the planet Venus is subject to three motions of rotation: (1) that by which the star moves round its own epicycle; (2) that by which the epicycle moves together with the whole 'heaven' (*i.e.* of the planet) equally with that of the sun [these last words apply only to the motion of the 'eccentric' or 'deferent' of the two inferior planets, as may be seen on reference to Alfraganus, c. xvii., *sub fin.*]; (3) that motion by which the whole of the heaven (of the planet) moves, following the movement of the starry heaven (*i.e.* the eighth or 'crystalline' heaven) from W. to E., 1° in one hundred years [or in other words the precessional motion already explained]. Then Dante adds that, besides these three motions, there is also that of diurnal revolution, which is common to all the nine heavens alike. It may be added that the periods of revolution in the epicycle for the several planets, as given by Alfraganus, very fairly correspond with the true 'synodical' period of each planet; and those of the revolution of the eccentric or deferent, except in the case of the 'inferior' planets (for reasons which will be explained), with the true 'sidereal' period of each, or, as these elements are sometimes called, its 'synodical' and 'periodic' revolution. Even as early as Eudoxus, these periodic times (*i.e.* the length of their respective 'years') were given with considerable accuracy in the case of the three exterior planets, while those of Mercury and Venus are stated to be just one year in each case. All these periods are mentioned by Dante, as we have seen in Conv. II. xv., ll. 142 *seqq.*

It may be well to explain here this important distinction of 'synodical' and 'periodic' (or as it is in some cases called, a 'sidereal') revolution. A 'periodic' revolution is when a heavenly body has just gone once round its orbit. A 'synodical' revolution is when it has come round again to the same position in reference to the earth and the sun, whatever the starting-point

starting-point may be, but generally it is understood to be the point of 'conjunction' or of 'opposition.' As the length of this revolution is affected by the motion of the sun or earth meanwhile, it will be greater or less (according to circumstances) than the planet's revolution in its own orbit. The familiar illustration which has been given from the hands of a watch will make this distinction clear at once. Suppose the hands together, say, at twelve o'clock. A 'periodic' revolution of the minute hand occupies, of course, just one hour, and will be completed at one o'clock; but a 'synodical' revolution will have been completed when the two hands are exactly together again, and that will evidently be a little after five minutes past one. So in fact 1 hour and $5\frac{5}{11}$ minutes is the 'synodical' period of the minute hand in this particular case. We shall have occasion again to refer to this distinction.

The peculiarity in the motions of the inferior planets which is indicated in the above passage respecting Venus—i.e. that its 'heaven' (as also that of Mercury) has the same period of revolution as that of the sun—will be best explained in connexion with another passage of some obscurity, and also of some special interest, in which Dante once again refers to the motions of the planet Venus. It occurs at the beginning of ch. ii. of the Second Trattato of the 'Convito':—

'The star of Venus had twice revolved in that circle of hers, which makes her appear as an evening and a morning star according to her two different periods, since the passing away of that blessed Beatrice, who lives in heaven with the angels, and on the earth with my spirit, when,' &c.

Now as the inferior planets perform the whole of their revolutions *within* the orbit of the earth, and between it and the sun, the whole of their orbits bodily, as well as that of the sun, must appear to revolve round the earth in a year. In other words, the earth (as we now know) revolves round the sun, and consequently also round the orbits of Venus and Mercury, which lie between it and the sun, in a year. So, if these planets were stationary, as the sun (practically) is, they would necessarily appear to have just the same period of revolution as the sun. Such is in effect the motion attributed to the larger or 'deferent' circle, or in other words, the 'heaven' of those planets in the Ptolemaic astronomy. But we know that they are not stationary, but that they have their own proper orbital motion round the sun. In effect they might be regarded as satellites of the sun from the point of view of the earth. Indeed this actual suggestion was made by one or two writers quite

quite early in the Christian era, but this curious foregleam of the truth seems to have passed unnoticed. The effect of this independent orbital motion is that they appear to us now on one side of the sun and now on the other, *i.e.* sometimes as morning and sometimes as evening stars.* The old astronomers did not know the true reason of this, but these observed facts had to be accounted for, and this they did by the motion attributed to the epicycle of the planet. Hence we find that the periods of one complete revolution of the epicycle itself (*i.e.* the 'sidereal' as distinguished from the 'synodical' period), *viz.* : c. 225 days for Venus and c. 88 days for Mercury, correspond pretty nearly with the modern computation of the 'orbit' or 'year' of each of these planets. Hence when Dante speaks in the above passage of 'the revolution of Venus in that circle of hers which makes her appear as an evening and a morning star at different periods,' he describes in effect her revolution in her epicycle. Taken thus, two of these revolutions of which he speaks will therefore amount to 450 days, or, roughly speaking, fifteen months. His statement is that this period had elapsed between the death of Beatrice, *viz.*, June 1290, and the first appearance to him of the Donna Gentile, who symbolized for him philosophy. (See *Conv.* II., c. xvi., and especially the concluding words.) This vision therefore is thus fixed to have been in September 1291.

Venus is the only planet whose motions Dante refers to in such detail, and the reason for this is her mention by implication in the expression 'terzo ciel' in the canzone here commented on. It will be remembered that the 'Convito,' 'Convivio,' or 'Banquet,' consists of a prose commentary on three of Dante's own canzoni, the same plan having been further designed in reference to fourteen of these poems. A single word is often a sufficient peg on which to hang a long disquisition astronomical, physical, metaphysical, &c. Hence the 'Convito' forms a sort of encyclopædia of Dante's knowledge or thoughts on almost all subjects, and by consequence an encyclopædia of the highest knowledge then current or attainable on all such subjects. Thus, all the passages already quoted from the 'Convito' are merely introduced by way of commentary on the expression 'terzo ciel' in this canzone. A still more elaborate disquisition on the motions of the sun originates from a passage in another canzone, where the sun is mentioned in a manner involving no necessary astronomical knowledge whatever.

* Hence Venus is described in *Par.* viii. 11, 12, as—

'la stella

Che 'l sol vagheggia, or da coppa, or da ciglio.'

To this remarkable chapter (III. v.) we now pass. It is at first sight probably the most abstruse and difficult to be found in the works of Dante. This difficulty is increased by the corruption of the MSS. and by the officious would-be corrections of some modern editors, especially Giuliani. It would be impossible here to expound this chapter as a whole, but we will reproduce some of the most salient passages, which show the extraordinarily clear conception and accurate knowledge which Dante possessed respecting the solar orbit. The expression commented upon is merely this (see l. 19 of the canzone): 'The sun, who encircles the whole world, sees nothing so gracious as in that hour when he shines upon my lady,' &c., a sentiment which other poets have often felt, and perhaps still more often expressed. Now when we come to the commentary in c. v. Dante says that to understand this we must have a perfectly clear conception (l. 20) of how the sun revolves about the earth; and then follows a long and abstruse astronomical disquisition. To us this seems much as if a modern divine were to preface a sermon on the text, 'Praise Him, sun and moon,' with a scientific explanation of the lunar theory and the phenomena of nutation and evection.

He first explains the diurnal revolution of the heavens generally round the earth as a fixed centre (see l. 64). This revolution implies two poles and an equator equidistant between them. The N. pole is marked by the pole-star, and supposing a stone could be dropped from the N. pole of the heavens, it would fall upon this earth on the surface of the sea (i.e. the circumambient 'Oceanus'), in a spot where, if a man were standing, the pole-star would be directly above his head. Dante adds that he believes that spot would be 2700 miles, more or less, to the north of Rome. To fix our thoughts ('per meglio vedere') Dante supposes a city on that spot called 'Maria,' and many of the subsequent phenomena are described as they would appear to the 'inhabitants of Maria.' A similar description is given of the S. pole, and another imaginary city is supposed to exist there, to which Dante gives the name of 'Lucia.'* This he believes to be about 7500 miles south of Rome, so that the cities of Maria and Lucia are exact antipodes, and the distance between them 10,200 miles, which was then believed to be that of the semi-circumference of the globe. The place of the equator is then laid down, with sundry geographical details which do not concern us at present.

* We are of course reminded of the prominent part played by Maria and Lucia in the recovery of Dante in Inf. ii., and also of the special assistance given to him by Sta. Lucia in Purg. ix.

Next he proceeds to describe 'come il sol la [terra] gira,' or, in other words, the proper motion of the 'heaven' of the sun itself. It revolves from W. to E., not directly, but obliquely, contrary to the diurnal motion from E. to W. That is, its revolution is from W. to E. not along the equator, but along a circle inclined to the equator, viz. the ecliptic, 'upon which is the body of the sun.' This intersects the equator, or 'il cerchio delli due primi poli,' in two points, viz. the first point of Aries, and the first point of Libra, i.e. the two equinoctial points already spoken of; and so it forms two arcs or loops (l. 136), one to the N. and the other to the S. of the equator, the highest points of which arcs are $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ distant from the equator, one being at the first point of Cancer, and the other at the first point of Capricorn. Hence (and this graphic piece of description should be noted) the people of 'Maria,' when the sun is upon the equator at the first point of Aries, see him go round the world down upon the ground, or rather the sea, like a millstone* (i.e. with a horizontal revolution), of which only the upper half of its body is visible; and then they see the sun rising higher and higher day by day like the screw of a press,† until it has completed a little more than ninety-one revolutions, i.e. for three months, or $89\frac{1}{4}$ days, which = $91\frac{1}{4}$ days; and a person in 'Maria,' looking directly at the sun, would see him always moving from left to right. The sun will then have reached the first point of Cancer, or, as it is called, the tropic of Cancer, because he then turns downwards again, having now reached the highest point of the ecliptic. The same spiral or screw-like revolution downwards occurs for $91\frac{1}{4}$ days, and then the sun passes below the equator, and the people of 'Maria' see him no more for six months, during which precisely the same phenomena are repeated before the eyes of the people of 'Lucia' at the S. pole, where any one looking at the sun would see him always revolving from right to left. This is obviously the case, as the sun is always N. of them. Hence, these cities will have only one day and one night, each of six months, in the course of the year.

It is interesting to note how Dante proceeds just as graphically to describe the solar phenomena at the equator, the actual experience of which was as impossible in his days as that of the polar phenomena. He considers the Garamantes, mentioned

* This metaphor is used by Alfraganus, 'molse trusatilis instar,' c. vii.

† This upward motion of the sun in spring is again described in a similar way in Par. x. 32:—

'Si girava per le spire
In che più tosto ognora s' appresenta.'

by Lucan, to be the nearest actual inhabitants to that spot, and so describes what would be seen by them, using them as he does the supposed inhabitants of Maria and Lucia, *per meglio vedere*. They would see the sun when at the first point of Aries revolve right over their heads, not like a millstone, but like a wheel,* i.e. with vertical, and not horizontal revolution. Then he is seen to go away from them for $91\frac{1}{2}$ days towards Maria, and then to turn back to them for a like number of days, and after his passing into Libra the same phenomena are repeated in the direction of Lucia. This situation (*luogo*), which goes all round the earth (i.e. its equator), has perpetual equality of day and night; and now notice particularly this point, which could only be stated as the result of accurately conceived theory—*twice* in the year it has a summer of most intense heat, and it has two slight winters. Thus Dante perceived clearly that the two hottest times of the year on the equator must be at the equinoxes, when the sun is directly overhead, and the two coolest times (the 'two slight winters') at the times of the tropics when the sun is furthest away, either to the N. or the S. of the equator. Finally, the varying aspects of the sun as presented to those dwelling between these extreme points are briefly touched upon, and the chapter ends with an outburst of admiration for the ineffable wisdom of God by which all this is so ordered for the well-being of the 'habitable parts of the earth.' The same thought occurs in Par. x. 13–21, where the obliquity of the ecliptic ('L' obbliquo cerchio che i pianeti porta') is declared to be just such as to order the condition of the world in the best possible manner.

There is a passage relating to the sun's motions in Purg. iv. ll. 58 *seqq.*, which may be briefly noticed. Dante, now supposed to be in the southern hemisphere, and outside the tropic, expresses his astonishment at seeing the sun in the north, it being then within a few days of the equinox, and the sun consequently only a little above the equator. Virgil says that if it were later in the year, and the sun in Gemini, he would see him much further north (ll. 61 *seqq.*). He further explains that Jerusalem and the Mountain of Purgatory are exact antipodes, so that they have 'different hemispheres and a common horizon' (ll. 70, 71), viz. that plane through the earth's centre which divides the whole heaven into two distinct hemispheres. From this it results that the altitude of the equator is the same northwards in the one case as it is southwards in the other, since this is

* Would it be believed that this admirably clear and graphic illustration has been altered by Giuliani thus: 'non a modo di vite ma di mola'! thus obliterating the very point which Dante took such pains to make clear?

merely a question of latitude, and the latitude of antipodes is the same, though N. in one case and S. in the other. The equator is described as 'the mid-circle of the celestial motion, which always lies between the sun and the winter.' This is clear, since in each hemisphere the six winter months are simply those in which the sun is on the *other* side of the equator.

In connexion with the solar theory in Dante, we may call attention to some of his numerous references to the signs of the Zodiac, of which we have noted nearly thirty in the '*Divina Commedia*' alone, and these include allusions to every one of the signs, except, apparently, Virgo and Sagittarius. He often employs their position in relation to the sun to indicate the season of the year, or the hour of the day or night at a given season, that being generally the spring equinox, with which the whole Vision is associated. A few salient instances, or such as call for some comment, may be selected, for some of the allusions are rather far-fetched, not to say sometimes even fantastic. In Par. xxviii. 117 we read that the eternal spring (of Paradise), which no Ram rising by night ('*notturmo Ariete*') despoils, keeps their hosannas for ever free from winter. Now the Ram becomes thus a night constellation between the autumnal and the spring equinox, so that the 'Ram rising by night' is an accompaniment of winter, and this, therefore, amounts to saying 'there is no winter in Heaven.' The curious word '*svernare*' occurs again in a remarkable passage (Purg. xxvii. 142), which will be discussed later.

Not unlike this is the rather obscure manner in which Dante conveys to us that the apparition of St. John in Paradise was 'as the sun shineth in his strength' (see Par. xxv. 101). His words are: 'So that if the Crab (Cancer) possessed such a gem, the winter would have one month of a single day.' Now in mid-winter the sun is in Capricorn* (December—January). Therefore Cancer is in 'opposition' with him, and is, consequently, the sign which is on the meridian at midnight. Hence if the day is 'ruled' by the sun in Capricorn, Cancer might be said to 'govern the night,' and if he had a similar gem (like the appearance presented by St. John) to illuminate the night also, that wintry month would consist of one uninterrupted day.

The particular constellation to which Dante is transported when visiting the stellar heaven (see Par. xxii. 111 *seqq.*) is that

* Strictly speaking, owing to the precession of the equinoxes, this is not actually the case. But popularly the spring was still associated with the sun entering Aries in March, and the other months with corresponding signs on this supposition. In a poetic passage, at any rate, it would have been pedantic, and probably also misleading, to go beyond this.

of the Twins, or Gemini. He tells us that this was so because he was born under this sign, for he who is the father of every mortal life (the sun being so described by Aristotle) with them was rising and with them setting 'when first I felt the Tuscan air.' That is, the sun was in Gemini, and therefore Dante's birthday was late in May or early in June. (Probably, for reasons that we need not expound here, it was one of the very last days of May.) And in accordance with the current belief already alluded to, he traces to the influence of these stars whatever genius or ability he might have. A somewhat obscure reference to Gemini occurs in the beginning of *Canz.* xv. 'I have come to that period of the revolving year, when the horizon, as the sun is setting, comes to its birth with the twin-bearing sky,'—'geminato cielo.' In plain language, it was the time when the sign Gemini is rising as the sun is setting, or when that constellation is in opposition to the sun,* and so the time indicated is when the sun is in Sagittarius, *i.e.* November or December. A somewhat similar calculation is involved in the interpretation of the hour of the day, when it is indicated, in *Purg.* ii. 57, by the statement that the beams of the rising sun had 'chased Capricorn from the meridian.' Though that sign would not be visible under these circumstances, it is obvious that when the sun is in Aries (as he then was, shortly after the spring equinox), and also on the horizon, the first quadrant of the sky would be occupied by Aries, Pisces, and Aquarius (counting the signs backwards, as the sun travels through the Zodiac from W. to E.), and therefore Capricorn would be just descending from the meridian at the beginning of the second quadrant. Again, a few hours earlier, and before sunrise that same morning, the beautiful morning star Venus, preceding the sunrise, quenches by her brilliancy the feeble stars of the constellation Pisces (*Purg.* i. 21). And the dawn, or rather the termination of night, at a similar hour on the preceding morning in hell, is indicated by the statement that 'the Fishes are quivering on the horizon' (*Inf.* xi. 113). In *Purg.* xxv. 2, 3, the early afternoon is described (*c.* April 10) as the hour when Taurus is on the meridian of day, and (as would naturally follow) Scorpio on the meridian of night.

There are two allusions to the constellation Leo, one implying that in the spring of 1300 Saturn ('settimo splendore') was in that sign (*Par.* xxi. 14); the other, giving a chronological datum, the explanation of which is very much

* Similarly, when the moon is full at the vernal equinox, and the sun is rising and the moon setting (or *vice versa*), Dante describes them as covered by the Ram and by the Scales respectively. (See *Par.* xxix. 1-3.)

disputed, the difficulty being complicated by a difference of reading. In Par. xvi., ll. 37 *seqq.*, the birth of Cacciaguida* is said to have occurred when Mars (where Dante then was) had returned to rekindle himself beneath the feet of his Lion 500 and 50 and 30 times (*al.* 553 times), the *terminus a quo* no doubt being the Christian era. Now the sidereal period of Mars, according to Ptolemy, and as Dante might have seen it in Alfraganus, c. xvii., was 1 year, 10 months, and 22 days, nearly (*ferme*), *i.e.* c. 687 days. Now $687 \times 580 = 398,460$ days, which would give the date 1091 for Cacciaguida's birth, making him 56 at the time of his death in the 2nd Crusade in 1147. This seems quite a suitable chronology. Some commentators, however, objecting to this date, and appealing to Conv. II. xv., l. 145,—where Dante is speaking professedly in round numbers (*quasi*) as was suitable to the object for which the reference is *then* made, whereas *here* it is for the purpose of giving a very precise date—suppose him to have taken the period of Mars at two years, or 730 days, and use this as an argument for reading 'tre' instead of 'trenta,' a reading almost entirely devoid of manuscript support. It is true that this improbable supposition, combined with an unsupported reading, supplies quite a suitable date, viz. 1106.† But there is no reason for preferring it to the date 1091 obtained by a more reasonable process. In fact the only objection made to it is the absurd one, that at 56 Cacciaguida was too old to go crusading!

It remains to say a few words on the relative order of the planetary spheres or heavens, which was much disputed by some of the early astronomers, but as the Greeks generally ‡ agreed in that order which is found in Ptolemy, and expounded by Dante in Conv. II. iv. *init.*, in order to show that 'terzo cielo' in the canzone refers to Venus, we need not enter into the question further. That order is—1, The Moon; 2, Mercury; 3, Venus; 4, The Sun; 5, Mars; 6, Jupiter; 7, Saturn. That the moon is 'below' at any rate both the Sun and Mars is argued by Dante in Conv. II. iii. *fin.*, by appealing in respect of the former to eclipses of the sun by the moon; and in respect of the latter, to an occultation

* Observe again how appropriately the brave crusader is born under the sign of Leo.

† The period of two years, or 730 days, combined with the reading 'trenta,' would give the impossible date 1160. The 'synodical' period of 780 days (also in Alfraganus) is still more out of the question, with either reading.

‡ Dante, however, acknowledges that Aristotle erroneously supposed the heaven of the sun to follow immediately after that of the moon, misled by earlier writers. (See Conv. II. iii., ll. 25 *seqq.*)

of Mars by the moon observed and recorded by Aristotle. We may further observe here that the name 'inferior' planets still applied to Mercury and Venus is an interesting survival of the old Ptolemaic idea that their spheres or heavens were *below* that of the sun, while those of the other planets (still called 'superior' planets) were above it. The chief point, however, to notice in this generally accepted order is that the true position of Mercury and Venus relatively to the earth and to the sun is transposed. The same order is again implied in the orrery-like view of the solar system, which Dante describes as presented to his view from the sign Gemini in the eighth heaven, in Par. xxii. 139 *seqq.*

But, as bearing on another passage in Dante (Par. ix. 118), we find in Alfraganus (c. xxi.), besides the order of the planets, also a statement of their supposed several distances from the earth. Now it is evident that the combination of eccentrics and epicycles in the planetary orbits would cause their distance from the earth to vary, even on a geocentric theory of the universe, which would not be the case if they revolved round her as a centre in circular orbits. Hence each planet has a maximum and a minimum distance, and Ptolemy assigns to them a very curious *a priori* law which seems to be quite independent of actual observations. This also contributes a further detail to the system of cosmogony explained in the first division of this article. He assumes the principle that 'inter orbes nihil est vacui,' and this can only be the case on the supposition that the maximum distance of each planet corresponds with the minimum distance of the one next beyond (or 'above') it. This would seem to imply that the equatorial diameter of the *speretta* (Conv. II. iv., l. 80) forming the epicycle of one heaven would just touch the similar diameter of the epicycle of the next heaven above it. Hence the greatest distance of the moon is stated to correspond with the least distance of Mercury, and the greatest distance of Mercury with the least distance of Venus, and so on of all the rest. He then proceeds to give the amounts of these distances in multiples of the semi-diameter of the earth, which is taken at 3250 miles (as Dante takes it in Conv. II. xiv. and IV. 8). We have not space to give these details, but we refer to them so far, because they throw light upon Par. ix. 118, where Dante says that the heaven of Venus is that which is reached by the conical shadow cast by the earth into space. Now the length of this shadow is estimated by Ptolemy at 871,000 miles (see Alfr., c. xxviii.), and this will in fact be found to pass beyond the sphere of Mercury, and to reach

reach into that of Venus according to the Ptolemaic figures given by Alfraganus in c. xxi.

III. MEASUREMENT OF TIME.—Little space remains for the consideration of this practical application of astronomical science. We take first the computation of the length of the year, leading to the formation of the calendar. There is one very curious passage in Dante bearing on this subject. In Par. xxvii. 121 *seqq.*, he is denouncing the terrible corruption that is in the world through 'cupidigia,' a subject to which he often reverts. Yet he says there are signs and hopes of coming deliverance, and these are indicated in the remarkable statement that this change will come 'before January passes wholly out of winter owing to the hundredth part (of a day) that is neglected in the world below.'

'Ma prima che gennaio tutto si sverni
Per la centesma ch' è laggiù negletta.' (ll. 142, 143.)

This refers to the fact that owing to a seemingly small error in the assumed length of the year in the Julian Calendar, the true equinox had in Dante's time fallen back to about March 12th. He here anticipates the time when the continued operation of this accumulating error would throw the equinox back even as far as December, in which case January would be 'entirely unwintered' (*tutto svernato*), and would become one of the months of spring. Now, it is a very striking illustration of this passage, though it is one which we do not remember to have seen noticed, that when Julius Cæsar undertook the reformation of the calendar this very result had actually taken place, though in an opposite direction to that contemplated by Dante. The Roman Year of 360 days, *i.e.* twelve lunations (roughly taken at thirty days) had, in spite of many occasional and irregular intercalations, got as much as three months wrong. The spring equinox had moved *forward* into June, and the autumn equinox into December. Hence January held the same position in respect of the seasons that October should do. Thus, January was in fact *tutto svernato*, and had become an autumn month. Curious traces of this are found in two or three passages in the 'Civil War' of Julius Cæsar. In one of these, the narrative of a siege commencing in January and carried on for a considerable period, is concluded with the remark, 'Jam hiems appropinquabat.' Julius Cæsar, in his capacity of Pontifex Maximus, corrected this error, and guarded against its recurrence by taking the year at $365\frac{1}{4}$ days and introducing the leap-year arrangement with which we are all

all familiar. But he slightly over-corrected the error, and the year was now a little *too long* by 11' 12". This error in the length of the Julian year is what Dante refers to in the 'centesima negletta,' since it may be taken roughly as $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of a day. (It is really between $\frac{1}{128}$ and $\frac{1}{129}$.) The result of this was that now the equinoxes began slowly to fall back in the year, just as they had formerly rapidly moved forward at the rate of more than five days in the year. The accumulated error, which in Dante's time amounted to about nine days, had reached ten when Gregory XIII., in 1582 (also in his capacity as 'Pontifex Maximus'), corrected it, and eleven days when the Gregorian calendar, or 'New Style,' was at last accepted in England in 1752.

The period of time required for the result imagined by Dante, *i.e.* not less than about eighty days, would be so enormous—indeed more than 8000 years—that its introduction here is at first sight a little surprising. It is, however, clearly a rhetorical figure, alike in principle, though converse in character, to that which is familiarly known as 'litotes.' Similarly Dante himself uses 1000 years in the passage already referred to in *Purg.* xi. 106, and so also does Petrarch in *Trionf. Amor.* i. 81. We ourselves sometimes employ such an idiom in conversation, in reference both to time and distance.

From the astronomical measurements of the *year* we pass to those of the *day*. We observe that in one passage Dante shows that he was aware of the difference in length between a 'sidereal' and a 'solar' day. This is the same difference as that between a *periodic* and a *synodical* revolution already explained, and it is in fact only a particular application of that distinction. A sidereal day (= 'periodic') is the exact time which any star takes (speaking according to appearances) to go round the earth, or, in point of fact, the exact time which the earth takes to revolve once upon its axis. But since in the case of the sun the earth has in the meanwhile moved on a day in her orbit going from W. to E. (or, as the older astronomers would say, the sun has meanwhile moved on a day in his annual course round the ecliptic from W. to E.), the earth will, so to speak, take a little longer, or have to revolve a little further round on her axis (also from W. to E.) before the sun comes up with the same point in her again, or before any given point in her is in the same position in reference to the sun. This would not apply to the fixed stars, which have no such orbital revolution, or which are at such an infinite distance that the earth's orbital motion does not affect their apparent position (*i.e.* technically, they have no parallax).

The

The result is in fact that, as a solar day is 24 hours, so a sidereal day is 23 hours 56' 5" very nearly, i.e. about 4 minutes shorter. Now recurring to what has been said about the revolution of the Primum Mobile, i.e. the revolution which accounts for the diurnal motion of the heavens, it is clear that this must correspond not with a 'solar' but with a 'sidereal' day. Accordingly we find Dante clearly stating in *Conv.* II. iii., l. 45, that the revolution of this ninth heaven 'is completed almost in 24 hours, that is, in 23 hours and 14 parts out of 15 of another hour, setting it down roughly.' Now $23\frac{14}{15}$ hours = 23 hours 56'. Thus the 'rough' calculation apologetically adduced by Dante was within about 5" of the exact amount.

But the most interesting practical application of the measures of the length of the day in the Ptolemaic system is derived from the observation of the length of the longest day at different places, which leads at any rate to a rough determination of terrestrial latitudes. We have already seen how Dante recognized that the equable day of the equator never exceeded twelve hours, while at the poles it reached six months. Consequently in going northwards from the equator to the pole the maximum length of the day would gradually pass through every stage from twelve hours to six months, and as this was entirely dependent on the latitude of the place, it would afford a rough measurement of it. The application of the method indicated was limited to the (supposed) habitable globe, since, as Strabo declares, anything beyond those limits has no interest for geographers. That habitable space was thought to be contained entirely within the N. hemisphere and to be limited to 180° in longitude and about 30° in latitude, viz. c. $20\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ to $50\frac{1}{2}^\circ$. This space was divided into seven 'climata' or zones, which were defined by the maximum length of the summer day, each clima covering a space within which the mean length of the day was increased by half an hour. Thus in the first clima the day varied from $12\frac{1}{2}$ hours at the S. limit to $13\frac{1}{2}$ at the N. limit, the mean length being 13 hours. In the second clima it was $13\frac{1}{2}$, and so on to the seventh, where it was 16 hours. Beyond that it was not thought worth while to proceed, though some Scythians (see *De Mon.* I. xiv. 43) were found further N. As this limit only just reaches the southernmost latitude of these islands, it is a practical illustration that we were thought to be 'penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.'

Now the two chief passages in Dante on which this explanation bears are (1) the enormously difficult one in *Par.* xxvii. 79 *seqq.*, the full discussion of which here would be impossible, and nothing short of this would be of much use, so that we can do

do no more than call attention to it. (2) The singular statement in Conv. III. vi., ll. 23 *seqq.*, where Dante says that assuming the day and night together to consist of 24 equal hours, sometimes the day has 15 hours and the night 9, and sometimes the night has 16 hours and the day 8. Now this is very curious indeed, for we naturally ask: (1) Why does Dante, who, as we have seen, was aware of the prolongation of the day and night to six months, stop at the limits of 15 or 16 hours? And (2) Why does he give a different length for the maximum day and the maximum night, since clearly if he is speaking of the same place, or of the same latitude, such a difference could not exist? The only explanation that suggests itself as to the form of these questions is that Dante was probably speaking of the limits of his own personal experience. If so, and if we further enquire what are the latitudes corresponding to the differing phenomena of daylight here described, the result is very curious and significant. The first condition, *i.e.* when the longest day is 16 hours and the shortest night 8, corresponds with the latitude of Paris or thereabouts. The second condition, where the longest day is 15 hours and the shortest night 9 hours (or, as Dante puts it, *vice versa*), corresponds with the latitude of Rome or thereabouts. Now these are just about the N. and S. limits of the travels of Dante, of which we seem to have something like authentic information. At any rate this passage, so interpreted, seems to give some support to the belief that he had travelled sufficiently far N. to have had actual experience of the conditions here described, *viz.* a day or a night 16 hours long. It seems difficult otherwise to suggest any explanation for the figures here selected. It may be added that our English longest day is about 16½ hours. The difference, however, is too small on which to found an argument for or against Dante's supposed visit to England, the positive evidence for which is extremely slender.

The passage just quoted conducts us to the last point to be noticed in connexion with the measurement of time, *viz.* the length of the *hour*. Dante is continuing the illustration of the same sentence of the canzone which led to the discussion of the solar motions in ch. v. As he there spoke of the 'hour' in which the sun shone upon his lady, he now declares:—

'Wherefore it must be known that the 'hour' is taken in two different ways by astronomers; one is that they make of the day and of the night twenty-four hours, *i.e.* twelve of the day and twelve of the night, whether the day be long or short. And these hours themselves become short or long in the day and in the night, in proportion

proportion as the day and night increase and diminish. And these are the hours employed by the Church when she says Prime, Tierce, Sext, and None, and they are called "temporal hours."

Then follows the passage already commented on, in which a variable number of hours is assigned to the day and to the night, and these are called 'equal' hours.* This strange, and, as it seems to us, very inconvenient distinction of 'hours,' is commonly found in ancient and mediæval astronomy (both methods being employed by the Greeks and Romans), and it is to be found explained in Alfraganus (c. xi.). We believe that the use of these 'temporal' hours still prevails in Turkey.

It is hard for us to realize the constant difficulties and strange shifts to which people were put before the invention of clocks, which was not until the twelfth century, A.D., but their use seems to have been extremely rare until well into the thirteenth, and they were far from common even in the time of Dante. The passage in Par. x. 139-144, in which he refers to an 'orologio' in this sense is well known. In monasteries the hour was ascertained at night by a rude observation of the stars, or by the gradual burning of a candle, or sometimes, when it could be afforded, by a clepsydra or water-clock. A monk was appointed for the special duty of observing the time, and S. Peter Damian (quoted by Sir G. C. Lewis) recommends him on dark nights to repeat several Psalms, a known quantity of which will empirically represent a certain lapse of time. This may throw light on a quasi-astronomical passage in Brunetto Latini, in which the Arctic day is unscientifically described as being so short as hardly to allow time to sing a Mass! It is curious to find an old writer, even after the invention of clocks, giving elaborate directions for remedying their inconvenient regularity, and for making them mark longer or shorter hours according to the season! These 'temporal' hours were the result of the introduction of the sundial. The period of daylight, whether long or short, was divided into twelve equal periods or 'hours,' and tables were constructed giving the length of the shadow of the gnomon of the sundial at each of these hours. The first sundial, and consequently the first recognition of hours, is said to have been introduced at Rome in 263 B.C. The dial in question was taken from Catana in the First Punic War, and as it was constructed for the latitude of Sicily, it was inaccurate at Rome. Yet one

* They are also sometimes called 'equinoctial' hours, because their length (as Dante goes on to explain) is the same as that of the 'temporal' hours on the equator, or equinoctial line.

hundred years are said to have elapsed before this error was corrected! Before this date we do not hear of hours, but only sunrise, noon, and sunset. Sir G. C. Lewis quotes a fragment of Plautus (c. 220), preserved by Aulus Gellius, giving us a curious glimpse into these primitive and pre-orarian days. He introduces a slave complaining of the new-fangled introduction of sundials and hours, because his meals were now made to depend upon the sun, whereas, when he was a boy, he used to eat when he was hungry! Is it not indeed surprising to think of the advances made in astronomy by the ancient Chaldeans, Egyptians and Greeks, in the absence of any better conditions for recording the lapse of time? It seems almost incredible that such accuracy can have been obtained in the determination of the planetary orbits, and above all that such a minute inequality as the precession of the equinoxes should have been detected in the third century before Christ.

We conclude with two brief remarks: (1) In whatever direction we sound the depths of Dante's wonderful knowledge and culture, we gain the same impression that it is as profound as it is varied and extensive. In theology, in scholastic philosophy, in metaphysical, moral, and physical science, and in classical literature, if judged by the standard even of a contemporary specialist in each, he will not be found wanting. (2) From this we understand why Dante is often found to be difficult to understand. To adopt a distinction made by Coleridge, he may be 'hard,' but he is seldom, if indeed ever, 'obscure.' In other words, the difficulty lies in the subject rather than in the writer. For surely no writer ever had more entirely clear ideas on every subject on which he speaks. They are as sharp in outline as if they were graven on a rock with a pen of iron. And not only this, but he very often displays besides a power of luminous exposition and apt illustration which is scarcely less exceptional.

- ART. X.—1. *L'Espionnage et la Trahison*. Par Robert Detourbet. Paris, 1898.
2. *Une Erreur Judiciaire—La Vérité sur l’Affaire Dreyfus*. Par Bernard Lazare. Bruxelles, 1896.
3. *Une Erreur Judiciaire—L’Affaire Dreyfus*. Deuxième Mémoire. Par Bernard Lazare. Paris, 1897.
4. *La Revision du Procès Dreyfus*. Par Yves Guyot. Paris, 1898.
5. *Le Procès Esterhazy: Le Procès Zola. Les comptes rendus sténographiques du ‘ Temps.’* Paris, 1898.

IN the very earliest days of the human race, we can imagine that espionage must always have been obligatory to our primeval ancestors under the conditions of life rendered necessary by the great struggle for existence. No sooner had palæolithic man acquired the rudimentary art of fashioning rough stone implements, than he must also have availed himself of equally rude methods for obtaining clandestine information before he could raid the supplies stored in the cavern of a more provident troglodytic neighbour. From our childhood we were taught the traditional story of Joseph’s brethren accused of being spies, and we have all been interested in Joshua, the Captain of the Israelitish host, the very text of whose instructions, whose report, and the popular fury it excited, are they not all recorded in the Old Testament with minute fidelity? At a far later period, frequent allusions to the general use of spies by the great captains of Greece, Rome, and Carthage prove that no important campaign in classic times was ever undertaken without preliminary information thus obtained. It is certain that espionage figured prominently in the Roman military code, among the various *stratagemata* permissible in all honourable warfare, and clearly distinguishable from treachery (*Dolus malus*), which was rightly stigmatized as unworthy of the Roman citizen and soldier.

It is this distinction between espionage and treason which M. Detourbet undertakes to elucidate in the work before us, for, as he tells us, in many works on military and international law which he has consulted, these terms are too often confused; some authorities treating them as synonymous, whilst others but vaguely differentiate between these really distinct offences. Before giving his own definitions of them, our author analyzes the discrepancies and anomalies presented by the principal text books on these particular crimes and the penal laws concerning them, which last he finds to be frequently misleading and generally defective. To the same opinion the

French

French military authorities have been recently brought by a remarkable case, which has necessitated fresh legislation on the subject.

Guelle, for instance, gives the following definitions: 'A Spy is he who *clandestinely* searches for information'—'Treason consists in his doing so for the enemy of his country.' According to Holtzendorff, espionage, although lawful as a ruse of war, is nevertheless punishable by death on account of its danger; whilst Martens declares the usage of spies not to be contrary to the laws of warfare, and defines a Spy as one who disguises his true quality. Pinheiro Ferreira finds the employment of spies to be immoral and dangerous; whilst M. Morin thinks espionage especially blamable because it is usually premeditated and not spontaneous. This writer is one of those who do not differentiate espionage from treason. He blames espionage because paid for; and, although he admits it to be sometimes lawful when untainted by perfidy, considers its use ought to be reserved solely for cases of absolute emergency. He also insists on the clandestine methods, and lays down these rules: that a spy is not liable to penalty of death unless taken in the act; that if captured subsequently he ought to be treated as a prisoner of war; and that, in any case except one of urgent necessity, no spy should be condemned without trial.

Professor Lieber, in the official instructions of the United States, agrees with M. Morin, as also does Herr Bluntschli, who adds that capital punishment is inflicted on spies not because of the ignominy of their act, but on account of the necessity of imposing the severest penalty as the best defence against an imminent danger. M. Billot declares that any person found disguised inside military lines may be presumed a spy, and that any non-combatant, resident in territory occupied by an enemy's force, acting in aid of the late Government, is liable to punishment for treason and to suffer death with possible extenuating circumstances.

The employment of spies, writes M. Pradier-Fodéré, is legitimate. He finds the penalty of death applied to espionage to be out of proportion with the gravity of the act; stating his opinion that it is illogical to punish spies with death and yet to employ them on one's own account. He distinguishes between espionage and treason—only if the spy is a compatriot is he guilty of treason. M. Pillet names two characteristics of military espionage, viz. clandestine methods and intention of transmitting intelligence to the enemy's army. Calvo asserts that a spy cannot shield himself behind the orders of his Government or the exigencies of military duty. The hateful duty

duty of a spy, he says, can never be obligatory, and Vattel only admits the contrary in certain instances, because he confounds true espionage with secret missions of military officers.

In the Declaration of Brussels, agreed to at the International Conference of 1874, Art. 19, it is determined: 'Est espion l'individu qui, agissant clandestinement et sous de faux prétextes, recueille ou cherche à recueillir des informations dans les localités occupées par l'ennemi et avec l'intention de les communiquer à la partie adverse.' At the same Conference it was ruled that a spy shall never be condemned without a regular trial. Baron Léopold de Neumann agrees with M. Pradier-Fodéré, that espionage is permissible, and that if punished, it is not as a crime against the law of nations but in view of its danger and to terrify others by the example. He approves the opinion held by MM. Funck-Brentano and Sorel, relating to the guide who deceives the enemy who has forced him to show the way, that in such circumstances he can only be treated as a prisoner of war. So also Sir Henry Sumner Maine concurs in the opinion that a prisoner cannot be forced to betray his country nor an individual be compelled to act as a spy.

The best definition that M. Detourbet has been able to find is that of M. Garraud: 'Espionage consists in obtaining or collecting information more or less secret on the policy, military resources, and offensive or defences organization of foreign States, and delivering this information either gratuitously or for money to another Government;' but our author finds even this definition too vague and objects to the insertion of the final paragraph as to the delivery of information obtained as superfluous. The merit of the definition in his eyes consists in its applicability in times of peace as well as in time of war; for, as a rule, most writers only mention espionage in time of war; whereas, as we well know, it is in fact practised as often as not in time of peace.

We now reach M. Detourbet's own definitions of *l'Espionnage* and *la Trahison*, in close agreement, we notice, with those of Halleck, which have been adopted by Lord Thring in our official 'Manual of Military Law.' He writes:—

'Pour moi, il [*l'Espionnage*] consiste à rechercher clandestinement et avec l'intention de les communiquer à un gouvernement étranger, toutes espèces de renseignements sur un autre gouvernement, de nature à nuire à celui-ci. . . . Quant à la *Trahison*, je ne la trouve pas en général définie, ou définie d'une façon satisfaisante, chez les auteurs. Je mets donc de rapporter ce que j'ai trouvé à son sujet, et je vais simplement indiquer ce que j'entends par ce mot. Je la

crois le fait de celui qui favorise un gouvernement étranger au dépens du sien.'

Now that the Republic and the Empire of the Tsar are in alliance, it may be interesting, for the sake of comparison, here to insert the official aspects of espionage, as set forth in the Russian military code, which, as Klembowsky* informs us, recognizes a peculiar form of *treason of war*. Thus, every breach of obligations of military service committed with the object of favouring the enemy in his belligerent proceedings or other hostile enterprize, is considered an act of treason, and is punishable by death, with loss of civil rights. All kinds of espionage *in time of war*, as well as the act of receiving or conducting an enemy's spy, are considered as treason and punishable by death, with deprivation of civil rights. Espionage *in time of peace*, without intention of bringing on war, is punishable by deportation to Siberia; while communication of secrets of State to a foreign Government with a view to bringing it to declare war with Russia, or to commit acts of hostility against her; also any premeditated embezzlement, or destruction of documents which could serve to establish Russian rights, &c., are treasonable crimes punishable by death, with deprivation of all civil rights. Any Russian subject who in time of peace sells a secret of State, or delivers plans of fortresses, ports, arsenals, &c., or whoever publishes such plans without authorization, is deprived of all civil rights and sent into the most distant regions of Siberia. To the French penal codes dealing with like offences we shall refer presently.

After thus presenting a brief review of the various opinions held by the Continental Powers on the subject of military espionage as differing from or equivalent to high treason against the State, M. Detourbet goes on to discuss the cause of the general antipathy against spies everywhere entertained by the public. The dominant reason, he says, springs from the assimilation of ideas suggested by the words of spy and spying. People instinctively confuse the public spy with the private spy, or police detective, who penetrates into families and households for the purpose of betraying or selling the information he may acquire. But secret agents officially employed by Governments as public servants, performing dangerous duties involving self-sacrifice and devotion, can be and not seldom are most honourable men. We can, in fact, cite two notable examples

* Colonel Klembowsky was, from 1890 to 1894, Professor of Military Science in the Cavalry School at Twer, and subsequently at the head of the Staff of the 1st Brigade of Chasseurs at Plotak on the German frontier.

of soldiers who have suffered death as convicted spies, who yet are regarded by their countrymen as heroes. For instance, in the City Hall Park, at New York, stands the statue of Nathan Hale, captain of Knowlton's Rangers in General Washington's army, who, having been captured in disguise as a schoolmaster within the British lines, was hung by order of Sir William Howe as a rebel spy in September 1776. Lafayette relates how on an English officer remarking, 'This is a fine death for a soldier,' Hale replied, 'Sir! There is no death which would not be rendered noble in such a cause. I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!' Four years after Major André, when also in plain clothes, was captured by a classmate of Hale, and hung by Washington. Both these gallant men have ever since evoked commiseration for suffering an ignoble fate without the least ignominy resting on them, and they have deservedly won the admiration of Americans and Englishmen alike for their patriotism and dignity of conduct.

In dark contrast to the foregoing examples of officers executed as spies in the field during the times of war, may be quoted a less known incident which had occurred seven years before, in days of peace, on this side of the Atlantic. It appears that one Alexander Gordon, a lieutenant of the 49th Foot, having got into trouble at Cork, fled over to France, where he resided some time on the Isle de Ré, as the guest of M. Lutter. On proceeding later to Paris, it is told how he was persuaded by the British Ambassador to visit Brest to obtain exact details of that port, for which service he was provided with funds. At Brest the lieutenant was freely entertained by the officers of the garrison, until his incautious behaviour led to his denunciation and arrest as a spy in May 1769. In spite of strenuous diplomatic attempts to save him, the unfortunate young man was tried, convicted, and executed in the following November.*

During the French Revolution espionage of all kinds was freely practised; and, as we know, the celebrated *Bureau de la partie secrète* was mostly utilized to serve private ends and personal animosities; its agents being more often employed in watching compatriots than in obtaining information of foreign Governments, which were better served by their secret agents. Nevertheless, the Revolution possessed many clever and disinterested spies, whilst on the side of the Royalists may be mentioned Fauche Morel and Mallet-du-Pan, whose memoirs have been published.

* Extracts from the official records of this trial were published by M. Levot, Archiviste, in the 'Bulletin de la Société Académique de Brest,' t. i. 1861.

Frederick II. divided spies into four categories: (1) Spies ordinary, or common people who made a business of it. (2) Double spies, or those who served on opposite sides. (3) Spies of consequence, such as officers on service. (4) Forced spies. Then we must not forget distinguished spies, for the Abbé de Wicquefort * states:—‘Un ambassadeur est un *espion* distingué qui est sous la protection du droit des gens.’

The best ordinary spies were, it appears, generally found by Frederick and by Napoleon's generals among peasants, smugglers, priests, pedlars, and lastly Jews, whose mercenary instincts were often successfully appealed to. Thus, previous to the passage of the Beresina in 1812, the Jews of the neighbourhood, we are told by Ségur, were assembled and enquiries made concerning the crossing of the river in another direction, for which they were instructed to find guides on the following day. As expected, the plans of the Russians were formed in reliance on this information, and the French troops made the passage without opposition.

One of the most remarkable of the double spies under Napoleon was Karl Schulmeister, whose chequered career has been traced out by M. Müller. This secret agent certainly obtained some surprising results; his greatest success being the capitulation of Ulm, which was brought about almost entirely through his machinations. He exercised his lucrative profession with perfect propriety; was highly esteemed on both sides by his employers, whom he served faithfully; and is held up by M. Detourbet as a signal example, ‘to show how espionage, even when paid for, can be honourable.’ Should he not rather say respectable?

The acknowledged presence of permanent military attachés as forming part of the staff of foreign Embassies was not officially recognised before 1864; but, previously, military officers had been despatched on special missions duly accredited to the Courts where their services were required. In the recently published memoirs of Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe Ingelfingen we obtain curious details of the methods he employed to obtain military information when sent by the King of Prussia on a mission to Vienna in 1854. The prince having paid assiduous attentions to Mademoiselle Taglioni, the famous *danseuse*, soon ingratiated himself with her family:—

‘I was sure of finding every evening from four to eight young officers at Mlle. Taglioni's, and as they could not be all talking to her at once, they gossiped among themselves—about what? Of what

* ‘L'Ambassadeur et ses fonctions,’ 2 vols. 1730.

they were generally busied about—of military affairs of the moment. It was thus, that on leaving these parties I learnt everything without questioning anybody and by taking good care not to appear to be interested. This system succeeded perfectly. At last I gained my information so rapidly that one evening I had learnt of an order, as yet secret, which had only just been planned; yet the report I made of it reached Berlin the very day on which this order was signed at Vienna.'

Prince Hohenlohe also tells us of a certain spy with whom he had dealings—one Jeremias—presumably a Jew, who was in the pay both of the Russian and Austrian Governments. In central Europe, where Jews have been for generations driven from one country to another by constant persecutions, it is no wonder that there must always be a large class of cosmopolitan wayfarers, without any particular nationality, ready for well paid employment which involves no conscientious scruples; for there can be no treason or patriotism to such as have no country, no home, no protection of their interests. Such considerations also make it easy for the leaders of the anti-Semitic party to find materials for exciting suspicion and hatred against the respectable Jewish families settled and flourishing in Russia, Germany, France, or elsewhere.

Before the German invasion of 1870 the military authorities of the Empire must have been well aware that Moltke's agents permeated France in all directions. General du Barail has told us in his memoirs how the Foreign Legion was crowded with these 'spies of consequence' (Moltke's officers):—

'They all pretended that they had been expatriated in consequence of the traditional duel, in which they had killed their superior officer. Most of them were emissaries of the General Staff, who had come to study a special point of our organization. One fine day we heard that they had been pardoned and that they had re-entered the Prussian army. . . . In our infatuation, we were flattered at foreigners coming to learn at our school, for we were convinced that our military system had reached a degree of perfection which could not be surpassed or even reached; that we had nothing to borrow; that, on the contrary, we were rich enough to lend. . . . Seven years later we were to meet again these comrades of ours, not side by side, but face to face on the field of battle.'

During the years preceding 1870 the eastern borders of France were inundated by German officers touring in civilian costume; some were found sounding the river Marne under pretext of fishing; others detected sketching as artists in the vicinity of the forts at Langres and Belfort. Bismarck himself several times reconnoitred the frontier approaches; and Lieut. Froment quotes a curious telegraphic despatch from an officer engaged

engaged in shadowing Moltke in 1868.* From this it would appear that the delicacy of the dividing line between legitimate reconnaissance and espionage is measurable by the very finest hairbreadth in days of peace.

Whilst the French authorities were too careless or indifferent to the wholesale espionage practised by their neighbours in the last days of the Empire before the invasion, it was far different with the officials of the Republic after the capitulation and the constitution of the new frontier.

For many years every foreign tourist who happened to leave the beaten track with a sketch book was liable to be looked upon as a spy. Great pains were taken to watch the movements of any one whose nationality was suspicious; yet by various ruses the general staff at Berlin have managed to obtain more or less certain intelligence of what goes on beyond the Rhine, and within that grim line of fortresses devised by the late General Seré de la Rivière. Of this Lieutenant Froment gives a characteristic illustration. It appears that in the summer of 1883, General Thibaudin, the Minister of War, desiring to inspect the south-east frontier, and careful of the susceptibilities of the Italian Government, travelled incognito, alone and in plain clothes, by a third class carriage, yet before he reached Lyons two German officers likewise disguised had joined his train and followed him to Grenoble.

As a matter of course women have always played an important rôle in the secret service of all nations, and no one has understood better how to make use of female agency than Bismarck. In 1875, General de Cissey was, for the second time, Minister of War, being a Member of the National Assembly as well. A *liaison dangereuse* brought about his dismissal in this wise. Whilst a prisoner of war at Hamburg, having lost his

* FORBACH,

9 avril 1869, 9 h. 10 matin.

* À GUERRE, PARIS,

Depuis lundi, je suis le général de Moltke, qui visite la frontière de France et étudie les positions.

‘Lundi, je l’ai rejoint à Mayence.

‘Mardi, il s’est arrêté à Birkenfeld et a pris des notes sur la hauteur près des ruines du vieux château; il a couché le même jour à Sarrebrück; il y a pris des dispositions de défense à la gare et au canal.

‘Hier, il était à Sarrelouis, où il se trouve encore.

‘Ce matin, malgré le mauvais temps, il est sorti en voiture pour visiter les hauteurs environnantes de Vaudevange, de Berus.

‘Je suppose, d’après les informations, qu’il se rendra ce soir ou demain à Trèves et qu’il descendra la Moselle.

‘Faut-il continuer à le suivre?

‘Adressez la réponse au bureau télégraphique de Forbach.

‘CAPITAINE SAMUEL.’

Réponse.—‘Sulvez-le. Paris, 1 h. 10.’

wife,

wife, he succumbed to the charms of a certain Baroness de Kaulla, who had been the wife of Colonel Jung, and after peace had been made she accompanied her elderly admirer to Paris. It was, we are told, his usual habit to breakfast with his mistress after attending the Council of Ministers, and during the meal his portfolio of official papers was examined by the Baroness, who regularly remitted copies of its contents to Berlin. Although this scandal was brought to light over twenty years ago the recollection of it has not been forgotten, and it has no doubt tended to render the successors of the too confiding Cissey peculiarly sensitive of anything touching upon the subject of espionage.

The Parisian newspapers have never wearied of recalling to mind this theme whenever it has been found desirable to throw mud at the Government or any of the Ministry for the time being; and those who have read Mr. Courtenay Bodley's recent work on France will understand to what a pitch of scurrility some sheets of Parisian journalism can attain on such a subject. The Baroness de Kaulla was a Jewess, and the above incident has long furnished the anti-Semitic organ, the '*Libre Parole*,' with diatribes against the War Office. In 1892, its editor, M. Drumont,* published a series of articles under the title of '*Les Juifs dans l'armée*,' directed then principally at the unoffending head of M. de Freycinet, but the same note has prevailed in the succeeding issues till the present day, denouncing Generals Mercier and Billot for allowing Jews to be officers in the army, and more especially for admitting them into the Bureaux of the General Staff.

We know from the experience of our own Government offices that confidential information from time to time does come to the ears of outsiders in spite of all precaution,† and in such an establishment as the Ministry of War in France it was manifestly impossible to prevent altogether similar breaches of confidence. In fact, when four years ago General Mercier‡ was appointed Minister for War, he was informed that what is called a *fuite* (i.e. an escape or leakage of official

* M. E. Drumont, the author of '*Mon Vieux Paris*,' in 1879, became well known by his publication, '*France Juive*,' in 1886. Mr. Bodley writes:—'The "*Libre Parole*," primarily an anti-Semitic organ, professes devotion to the Church, and is one of the few Parisian journals read by the country clergy. Its editor, M. Drumont, whose writings on uncontroversial subjects show that a literary talent of great charm has been sacrificed to the furies of polemical journalism, attacks indiscriminately all who differ from him.'

† Witness the Marvin affair at our Foreign Office, which led to the passing of the Official Secrets Act of 1889.

‡ Général de division Auguste Mercier, Ministre de la guerre, 3 décembre 1893–27 janvier 1895.

secrets), had existed for some time previously in the offices of the Headquarters Staff of the Army. It had become evident to the military attachés at Berlin and Rome that certain projects and modifications of former plans had reached the German and Italian authorities. Already a remarkable document had been brought to light in the summer of 1893. A letter from a German attaché, Captain von Schwarzkoppen, *en route* to an Italian Staff officer, Captain Pannizardi, had been intercepted by the *Cabinet noir*, photographed, and sent on its way. It contained a significant paragraph: 'Cette canaille de D . . ., est-il toujours aussi exigeant?' At first suspicion fell on a harmless clerk in the offices, whose movements were watched for some time; but it was not until April 1894 that more evidence became available. This consisted of some writing on transparent photographic paper, which had been folded and torn into several pieces, *said* to have been extracted 'par une source occulte' from the waste-paper basket of an attaché at the German Embassy. The text formed a memorandum* or draft of certain confidential papers which the anonymous writer was apparently forwarding to the foreign attaché to whose possession it had been traced. The Minister, having placed this last document in the hands of General Gonse† for identification,

* The text of the so-called *bordereau* did not become known to the public until an inaccurate version of it appeared in the 'Eclair' newspaper of the 15th September, 1896. A photographic facsimile of the actual document subsequently appeared in the pages of the 'Matin' on the 10th of November, 1896. It reads as follows:—

'Sans nouvelles m'indiquant que vous désiriez me voir, je vous adresse cependant, monsieur, quelques renseignements intéressants:—

'1°. Une note sur le frein hydraulique de 120 et la manière dont s'est conduite cette pièce:

'2°. Une note sur les troupes de couverture (quelques modifications sont apportées par le nouveau plan):

'3°. Une note sur une modification aux formations de l'artillerie:

'4°. Une note relative à Madagascar:

'5°. Le projet de manuel de tir de l'artillerie de campagne (14 mars 1894).

'Ce dernier document est extrêmement difficile à se procurer et je ne puis l'avoir à ma disposition que très peu de jours. Le Ministre de la guerre en a envoyé un nombre fixe dans les corps et ces corps en sont responsables. Chaque officier détenteur doit remettre le sien après les manœuvres. Si donc vous voulez y prendre ce qui vous intéresse et le tenir à ma disposition après, je le prendrai. À moins que vous ne vouliez que je le fasse copier *in extenso* et ne vous en adresse la copie.

'Je vais partir en manœuvres.'

[It may be noted that 1° refers to details of the hydraulic brake of short howitzer of 120 mm. (4·62 inch), not then introduced into the service; 2° to measures for troops covering the detraining at base of concentration; 3°, reference to the formation of 28 new batteries after the disestablishment of the pontoon companies; 4°, the plan of operation contemplated in Madagascar, drawn up by General Renouard, Sous-chef d'état-major de l'armée, &c.]

† Général de brigade Charles Arthur Gonse, Sous-chef d'état-major général de l'armée.

was informed that the handwriting,* although disguised, strongly resembled that of Captain Dreyfus, an officer of artillery, who had been attached to the Headquarters Staff and was at this time serving with an infantry regiment in Paris. Steps were taken to have Dreyfus shadowed by detectives, who reported that he had relations with a person strongly suspected of being in the pay of the German Staff. Meantime information was collected concerning the antecedents of this officer, his conduct, habits, means, and private life, &c.; then, when all these preparations had been made, his guilt being taken for granted, the order for his imprisonment was made out; but it was resolved, previous to arresting him, to test the suspected individual by putting him through that peculiarly French ordeal known as *la confrontation*. For this purpose Commandant Mercier du Paty de Clam met Captain Dreyfus by previous appointment at the War Office on the morning of the 15th October, when the following preconcerted drama is said to have taken place:—

‘Dreyfus, who was far from suspecting any trap, arrived punctually at the hour appointed dressed in plain clothes. “I’m glad to see you, my good fellow,” said the Commandant. “If you don’t mind we will go out presently and I will tell you what I have to say; meantime, as I’m rather busy, will you kindly write a letter for me to General Boisdeffre,† which I’ll dictate to you, whilst I am putting up some papers for him?”

“Certainly!” said Dreyfus, as he sat down to write, whilst the Commandant dictated a letter in nearly the same sense as the words of the *bordereau*,‡ enumerating the documents figuring in that incriminating missive.

* The first expert consulted, M. Gobert, of the Bank of France, on comparing the *bordereau* with Captain Dreyfus’ letters, declared the document *not* to be in Dreyfus’ handwriting. This opinion did not satisfy General Mercier, who thereupon consulted M. Bertillon, of the Police, Chef du service de l’identité judiciaire, who came to this conclusion: ‘Si l’on écarte l’hypothèse d’un document forgé avec le plus grand soin, il appert manifestement que c’est la même personne qui a écrit la lettre et les pièces communiquées.’

† Général de division Raoul François Charles Le Mouton de Boisdeffre, Chef d’état-major général de l’armée.

‡ This ‘lettre d’expérience’ was also published in facsimile by the ‘*Matin*’ of the 10th November, 1896, as follows:—

‘PARIS, 15 octobre 1894.

‘Ayant le plus grave intérêt, Monsieur, à rentrer momentanément en possession des documents que je vous ai fait passer avant mon départ aux manœuvres, je vous prie de me les faire adresser d’urgence par le porteur de la présente qui est une personne sûre. Je vous rappelle qu’il s’agit de—

‘1^o. Une note sur le frein hydraulique du canon de 120 et sur la manière dont il s’est comporté aux manœuvres:

‘2^o. Une note sur les troupes de couverture:

‘3^o. Une note sur Madagascar . . .’

It should be stated that this incident is strongly denied by the friends of Dreyfus.

'As soon as Captain Dreyfus recognised the object of this letter, his handwriting, states du Paty de Clam, up till then regular and normal, became irregular, and he himself agitated. When asked the reason of his agitation he declared that his fingers were cold. In fact, the temperature was moderate in the office, whilst the first few lines written did not show any trace of the effect of cold.'

Commandant de Clam, thereupon, called in Commandant Henry, who, accompanied by a police officer, at once arrested Captain Dreyfus and conveyed him straight to the prison of Le Cherche-Midi, with an order from the Minister of War to have the prisoner placed in solitary confinement, without inscribing his name on the register of entries, and prohibiting the officer in charge from communicating the fact of this incarceration to anyone—even to General Saussier, the Governor of Paris. Throughout these proceedings Captain Dreyfus never ceased protesting his utter innocence of the charge, and alleging that there must a hideous mistake somewhere. On the same day a search was made at the private residence of the prisoner, where, however, no papers of any importance were found.

It is interesting to read the report of M. Forzinetti, the Governor of the military prison, by which we can form a slight idea of the procedure employed at this stage of the case to wring admissions from the defenceless person accused of treason. He deposes:—

'Du 18 au 24 octobre, le Commandant du Paty de Clam, vint muni d'une autorisation particulière du Ministre de la guerre pour l'interroger. Avant de voir Dreyfus, il me demande s'il ne pouvait pas pénétrer sans bruit dans sa cellule, porteur d'une lampe assez puissante pour pouvoir projeter un flot de lumière au visage du capitaine, qu'il voulait surprendre de façon à le démonter. Je répondis que ce n'était pas possible. Il lui fit subir deux interrogatoires et lui dicta, chaque fois, des fractions de phrases puisées dans le document incriminé, dans le but d'établir la comparaison entre les écritures.

'Pendant cette période de temps, la surexcitation du Capitaine Dreyfus était toujours très grande. Du corridor, on l'entendait gémir, oier, parlant à haute voix, protestant de son innocence. Il se buttait contre les meubles, contre les murs, et il paraissait inconscient des meurtrissures qu'il se faisait. Il n'eut pas un instant de repos, et lorsque terrassé par les souffrances, la fatigue, il se jetait tout habillé sur le lit, son sommeil était hanté par d'horribles cauchemars. Pendant ces neuf jours d'une véritable agonie, il ne prit que du bouillon et du vin sucré, ne touchant à aucun aliment.

'Le 24 au matin, son état mental, voisin de la folie, me parut tellement grave que, soucieux de mettre ma responsabilité à couvert, j'en

j'en rendis compte directement au ministre ainsi qu'au Gouverneur de Paris. Dans l'après-midi, je me rendis, sur convocation, près du Général de Boisdeffre, que je suivis chez le ministre de la guerre. Le général m'ayant demandé mon opinion, je répondis, sans hésitation: "On fait fausse route, cet officier n'est pas coupable."

'A partir du 27 le commandant du Paty de Clam vint presque journellement lui faire subir de nouveaux interrogatoires et épreuves d'écriture, qui n'avaient d'autre but, chaque fois, que d'obtenir un aveu contre lequel Dreyfus ne cessait de protester. L'instruction fut longue, minutieuse, et pendant qu'elle se poursuivait, Dreyfus croyait si peu à sa mise en jugement et moins encore à sa condamnation, qu'il dit plusieurs fois: "Quelle compensation vais-je demander?" . . .

At this early stage of the proceedings it is noticeable that someone at the War Office was in communication with the anti-Semitic press, for anonymous information of the arrest of Captain Dreyfus was communicated to the 'Libre Parole' on the 28th October, before any outsider could have had notice of the event. By the 3rd of November, General Saussier, having received from the Minister of War the *dossier* of the affair, was ordered to assemble a general court-martial to try the accused, on the following charge, viz.: '*of having, in 1894, practised machinations with or furnished intelligence to one or several agents of foreign Powers with the object of procuring for them the means of taking hostile action or making war against France, by delivering to them secret documents*'—a crime provided against by Article 76 of the Civil Penal Code, and, curiously enough, not provided for by any of the articles in the Code of Military Justice against treason and espionage. Nevertheless, Article 267 of the Military Code states that military tribunals can apply the punishments laid down in the ordinary civil penal code to all crimes or misdemeanours not otherwise provided for by military laws.

The court-martial was assembled at the Hôtel du Cherche-Midi, on the 19th of December, under Colonel Maurel. After the preliminaries at the opening of the Court the prosecutor, Commandant Brisset, requested that the case might be tried with closed doors, the publicity of the proceedings being of a nature dangerous to good order. 'Vous connaissez les pièces qui sont dans le dossier. Je n'ai pas besoin d'insister, et sais qu'il me suffira de faire appel à votre patriotisme.'

The counsel, Maître Demange, employed for the defence, protested against this request of the prosecutor, but was peremptorily overruled by the President, who declared: 'Il y a eu jeu dans ce procès d'autres intérêts que ceux de l'accu-
sation

sation et de la défense'; and the remainder of the proceedings was conducted in profound secrecy. Since the trial, however—indeed, quite recently—the whole of the indictment (*acte d'accusation*) has been published, and from this material we can gather a fair idea of the case for the prosecution. This voluminous document, drawn up by Commandant d'Ormescheville, commences by stating the *base of the accusation* against Dreyfus to be the anonymous note on foreign paper—in fact, the famous *bordereau*—the writing of which presented a remarkable resemblance to that of the accused. The secret document containing the expression 'cette canaille de D . . .' is not mentioned in this indictment, and the weight of the charge seems, therefore, to have rested on the evidence of the experts in regard to the question of the handwriting. Of the five experts two among them, MM. Charavay and Bertillon, affirmed that the writing was by the hand of Dreyfus, the three others, MM. Gobert, Pelletier, and Teyssonières, were less decided, and hesitated to support the identification.

The trial lasted four days, and of course nothing can be known for certain of all that passed. A few significant words dropped by Maître Demange, however, indicated that the defence was not proving successful—'Ce qui se passe est inouïe; la défense n'est pas libre!' and it was understood that Colonel Maurel had repeatedly threatened to place the advocate under arrest. What has been since acknowledged, however, is certain—that a secret postscript, unknown to the prisoner or his counsel, was produced to the Court, whilst deliberating on their finding, and served to decide the judges.

On the 23rd of December the public were admitted to hear judgment pronounced, the Court having found the prisoner guilty. The sentence was then announced, that Alfred Dreyfus was condemned 'à la peine de la déportation perpétuelle dans une enceinte fortifiée'; moreover, the Court pronounced—

'la destitution du Capitaine Alfred Dreyfus, et ordonne qu'il sera procédé à la dégradation de cet officier à la première prise d'armes de la garnison de Paris; le déclare déchu de ses décorations et privilèges et du droit de porter à jamais les armes; le condamne aux frais envers l'État.'

We again quote Commandant Fornizetti:—

'Après le verdict, Dreyfus fut ramené vers minuit dans sa chambre, où je l'attendais. À ma vue, il s'écria en sanglotant: "Mon seul crime est d'être né juif! Voilà où m'a conduit une vie de travail, de labeur. Pourquoi, mon Dieu! suis-je entré à l'École de guerre? Pourquoi n'ai-je pas donné ma démission tant désirée par les miens?"

Le

Le lendemain son défenseur vint le voir. M^e Demange, en entrant dans la chambre, lui ouvert les bras et, tout en larmes, le pressant sur sa poitrine, lui dit: "Mon enfant, votre condamnation est la plus grande infamie du siècle!"

On the 4th of January the prisoner was conducted to the garrison parade at the École de guerre. Each regiment in the garrison had furnished three companies, together with detachments from the artillery, cavalry, and military train, the whole under General Darras. In front of these troops, formed up in three sides of a square, Dreyfus was publicly deprived by an Adjutant of his sword and accoutrements, the lace on his sleeves and *képi* torn off, besides the buttons of his tunic and the broad red stripe from his trousers. In this ragged condition he was then marched round the square. The unfortunate prisoner loudly exclaimed—'Je suis innocent, je le jure sur la tête de ma femme et de mes enfants. Vive la France!' On which the crowd outside the iron railings howled, 'À mort! À mort!' Again he cried, 'Vive la France! On dégrade un innocent,' &c., until the ceremony was over and the wretched convict taken away.

Within a fortnight after his degradation Dreyfus was transferred to the *dépôt* on the Île de Ré, being mobbed at La Rochelle, on his way thither, by an excited crowd, at whose hands he narrowly escaped being lynched when temporarily parted from his escort. Shortly afterwards he was transported to the Île du Diable, the outermost of the Îles du Salut, which lie thirty miles north-west of Cayenne. This islet, previously a place of isolation for lepers, was now prepared expressly for the accommodation of Dreyfus, and here he has remained ever since. By day allowed to move about the island under surveillance, at night he is strictly confined to his hut under the immediate watch of an armed guard, who is never to lose sight of him. Once only has any amelioration of his condition of existence been proposed, and that was when M. Chautemps, sometime Minister for the Colonies, asked the Governor of Guiana if it were possible for Madame Dreyfus to join her husband, but the responsibility was judged too great, and the proposal was declined.

Directly after the court-martial an Army Commission was appointed to enquire into the project of a new Law on Treason and Espionage introduced by the Government, the chief clause of which enacted that any functionary convicted of procuring secret official documents for a foreign Power should suffer death. This Commission reported that it was essential to distinguish between the act of a French subject and that of a foreigner—

foreigner—'L'un en temps de paix comme en temps de guerre commet un abominable forfait. . . . L'autre . . . ne mérite à aucun degré la qualification du traître, ni son châtement, même devant la loi du pays dont il compromet la sûreté.'

The wife and relations of the ex-artillery officer, firmly convinced of his entire innocence, were resolved to leave no steps untried by which a reversal of the verdict might be attained; but the experience of Maître Demange at the court-martial was not calculated to encourage much hope of obtaining the re-hearing of the case on appeal to any military authority. Influential friends of the Dreyfus family set about making enquiries in order to obtain sufficient evidence to lay before the Court of Cassation, and of these cautious attempts the anti-Semitic party soon became aware.

As early as May 1895, Madame Adam's '*Nouvelle Revue*' denounced M. Weyl* as a friend of 'the traitor Dreyfus,' for seeking information in his favour at the Colonial Office; whilst the '*Libre Parole*' and other like papers followed suit during the ensuing months.

Serious doubts as to the guilt of Dreyfus had, by this time, entered into the minds of more than one of the officers of the Army Headquarters Staff. In May 1896, Lieut.-Colonel Picquart,† having succeeded the late Colonel Sandherr as head of the Intelligence Section of the 3rd Bureau, on looking over certain files or *dossiers* connected with the Secret Service, found some fragments attributed to the same source whence the famous *bordereau* had been extracted. Pasted together they formed a *carte-télégramme*, or *petit-bleu*, bearing the following message:—

'J'attends avant tout une explication plus détaillée que celle que vous m'avez donnée, l'autre jour, sur la question en suspens. En conséquence, je vous prie de me la donner par écrit, pour pouvoir juger si je puis continuer mes relations avec la maison R—, ou non.—C—.'

'À Monsieur le commandant Esterhazy, 27 rue de la Bienfaisance, Paris.'

Colonel Picquart, on making enquiries, learnt that this Esterhazy, hitherto unknown to him, bore but an indifferent reputation in his regiment, led an irregular life, and was generally pressed for money. With the assent of his superior officers Picquart now procured some of Esterhazy's letters,

* M. Émile Weyl—editor of the '*Journal des Débats*.'

† Lieut.-Col. Picquart had been the representative of General Mercier at the Dreyfus court-martial.

L'Ecriture du Commandant ESTERHAZY

Je reçois, Monsieur avec surprise la
lettre que vous m'avez écrite m'adressée. J'en
devis avec deux ou trois amis intimes. A l'égard
de mon mariage et des bruits qui couraient, je
suis l'objet des tentatives fort vives de chantage
de la part d'un certain monsieur Helkion et de
ses amis de mon ancienne parenté, et par suite, j'en
ai été grandement affecté à ce moment de ma vie
troubler par ces indignes manœuvres. Cette affaire
m'entraîne ainsi diverse, même et même parfois
une agitation. Elle est à cette occasion comme agitée
consistant à incriminer (et si j'en ai peur) un
certain Bally yangi ou comme j'ai pu s'en être jamais
vu. Quant à la dévotion je n'ai contracté
l'habitude d'être en état de ce genre de choses, que
je n'ai eu à jamais rien senti, jamais rien dit, rien
écrit et de la prouver. Il y a encore un
cas qui peut avoir été une fois exposé, mais
je m'abstiens à la fin et refuse de payer un
billard pour que mon fait présente par la suite

Le Bordereau

Sans nouvelle modification que son
dirigé au voir, j'en ai été le représentant
démontre que les renseignements intéressants
1^{re} une note sur le plan hydraulique
du 180 et le manière d'abaisser les conduits
à la paille.

2^{re} une note sur la forme de construction,
(quelques modifications sont apportées par
la commission plus).

3^{re} une note sur les modifications aux
formations de l'intérieur.

4^{re} une note relative à Madagascar.

5^{re} le projet de manuel de loi de
l'intérieur de Madagascar (18 mai 1892.)

Le dernier Document est extrêmement
difficile à se procurer et j'en ai pu
l'avoir à mes dispositions que très peu
de jours. Le ministère de l'Intérieur
en a envoyé un nombre fixe aux
les corps et ces corps en sont responsables.
chaque affaire doit être
renvoyée la suite après la mesure.
Si donc vous voulez y prendre
que une note et la tenir
à vos dispositions après, j'en
prendrai. À noter que vous ne
voulez que j'en fasse copie
ou c'est-à-dire que vous en adressez
la copie.

Je m'occupe en conséquence.

L'Ecriture du Capitaine DREYFUS

Vue
Le Chef de Bureau
de l'Administration pénitentiaire

Monsieur Salad, 5 Mars 1897

Ma chère et bonne amie,
 J'ai écrit quelques lignes à
 la famille, en attendant de leur écrire, que
 je suis tout par vous parvenant à vous
 et de leur apprendre, que par suite d'un
 procès de Mouchon, le parquet qui fait
 le procès des hommes, n'est pas encore
 parvenu à l'œuvre.

Comme j'ai dit dans ma
 dernière lettre, nous sommes très bien, et la
 mère et le père, quelle est l'horrible
 douleur de nos souffrances, mais qu'il faut
 être d'en parler.

Mais ce dont j'aurais impieusement
 le grand et grand regret, c'est de tout ce que
 nous avons écrit pour toi, pour nos
 enfants. A tout instant du jour à la
 nuit, tu pourrais dire que les paroles
 est avec toi, avec eux, et que l'œuvre nous
 est si en avant plus, que le long temps
 après le divorce, c'est un monument à
 leur nom que nous leur avons écrit, c'est
 en me disant toujours: nous aussi, pour

me remettre
 Crispin-Jean

THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED
THE MOST REMARKABLE
EVENTS OF HIS REIGN
AND THE DEATH OF
THE PRINCE OF WALES
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upon receipt of which he was at once struck by the extreme resemblance their handwriting bore to that of the *bordereau*. Several of his brother officers on comparing the documents spontaneously declared 'qu'il y avait identité entière avec l'écriture du *bordereau*.' *

General Gonse, Sous-chef of the General Staff, then requested Picquart to continue his investigations in the direction indicated, and each step in the investigations served to confirm the gravest suspicions thus directed against Esterhazy as the veritable author of the *bordereau*, on the strength of which piece of evidence the unfortunate Dreyfus had been, or was supposed to have been, condemned in 1894. Exposure was imminent—'Il est temps de faire justice,' said the Colonel; to which the General replied, 'Vous avez raison, il n'est plus possible d'éviter la lumière, mais il faut être prudent.' This officer and General de Boisdeffre, on consulting with the Minister for War, seem to have been of opinion that the light of the truth might expose some ugly facts connected with the administration of the War Department. For want of courage it was imprudently resolved to let the whole matter rest in obscurity.

Such was the state of affairs when in 1896 rumours of Dreyfus's escape reached Europe; and, on the 15th of September, an authoritative article headed 'Le Traître' appeared in the 'Eclair,' the materials for which must certainly have been furnished by some official at the War Office. It was from this officially inspired communication that the public first became aware of the method by which a conviction had been assured at the court-martial by the production of the now celebrated postscript dealing with 'cette canaille de D....' In fact, the publication of this article gave to Madame Dreyfus the sought-for opportunity of presenting an address to the Chamber of Deputies, protesting against the condemnation of her husband and petitioning for justice by the revision of the Court's proceedings and finding. At the same time public attention was called towards the case by the appearance of a *brochure* † by M. Lazare, which led to notice of an interpella-

* The accompanying specimens of handwriting from the *bordereau* and from letters of Esterhazy and Dreyfus are given for comparison, slightly reduced in size, from the photographic facsimiles published in a sheet entitled 'La Clé de l'affaire Dreyfus,' published in Paris, by Paul Lemaire. We owe our acknowledgments to M. Gabriel Monod, Membre de l'Institut, maître de conférences à l'École normale, président de l'École pratique des hautes études, directeur de la 'Revue historique,' for the use of this authentic document.

† 'Une Erreur Judiciaire.—La vérité sur l'affaire Dreyfus.' The first edition was published at Brussels, but a second edition was published by P. V. Stock, Paris, in 1897.

tion in Parliament with a view to repressing any agitation for the rehabilitation of Dreyfus. On the eve of the debate matters were further complicated by the 'Matin' publishing a facsimile of the *bordereau*, whilst the 'Soir' reported an interview with Maître Demange relating how M. Salles had himself heard from members of the court-martial that their decision had rested on the secret postscript exhibited to them by the prosecutor, but concealed from the knowledge of both Dreyfus and his counsel.

The Minister of War and his colleagues of the General Staff were now fully alive to the discredit which must be attached to their department by reopening the Dreyfus affair, and as Colonel Picquart seemed resolved to press the matter forward, and even to force their hands, that officer was despatched out of the way to the frontier of Tunis, and later on appointed to the 4th Tirailleurs at Susa, in March 1897.

The debate on M. Castelin's interpellation was distinguished by the formal declaration of General Billot that the security of the State was at stake. He added that the instruction, the proceedings, and the judgment had all been carried out in strict conformity with the regulations of military procedure. The court-martial had unanimously pronounced its sentence, and the Court of Revision had unanimously rejected the appeal of the condemned—'Il y a donc chose jugée, et il n'est permis à personne de revenir sur ce procès!' The Prime Minister supported his colleague in declining to re-open a debate on an *affaire jugée*.

In November 1897, M. Lazare published a second memoir,* in which he dwelt chiefly on the discrepancies of the experts who had pronounced on the handwriting of the much vexed *bordereau*; and shortly after, M. Mathieu Dreyfus, the brother of the convicted officer, formally denounced Commandant Esterhazy to General Billot as the actual writer of this document. In consequence the Minister of War stated to Parliament that, having been requested by M. Scheurer Kestner (Vice-President of the Senate) to open an enquiry on certain documents, he had replied that the *chose jugée* could not be questioned; but, since the Dreyfus family had publicly accused an officer, justice would be done by calling on that officer to

* 'Une Erreur Judiciaire—L'Affaire Dreyfus.' Deuxième Mémoire. Par Bernard Lazare. Later, another document was issued from the same source, which is noteworthy as indicating the wealthy classes who were so greatly interested in this case, viz.:—'Un peu plus de lumière sur l'Affaire Dreyfus.' De Bernard Lazare au Baron Edmond, avec les facsimiles du *bordereau* et d'une lettre de Dreyfus. Plaque, in 18, sur peau de vélin, écrite à la manière de Jarry; 50 pp. 1000 frs. (chez Victor Bouton, Rue de Maubeuge 15, Paris). 1898.

meet the charge preferred against him. For this purpose Commandant Ravary, being ordered to draw up a statement on the case, concluded his report thus:—

‘Pour conclure nous dirons que, si les accusations contre le commandant Esterhazy ont été portées avec une précision et une mise en scène susceptibles d’émouvoir l’opinion publique et de la troubler, en réalité il n’a été établi aucune preuve probante, juridique, de sa culpabilité, et l’instruction laborieuse à laquelle il a été procédé n’a pu recueillir des charges suffisantes pour étayer la prévention de haute trahison dirigée contre l’inculpé. En conséquence, nous sommes d’avis qu’il y a lieu en l’état de rendre une ordonnance de non-lieu. Paris, 31 décembre 1897.—Commandant Ravary.’

Nevertheless, a court-martial was ordered to try Esterhazy to satisfy public opinion. Now, as Mr. Bodley informs us, ‘there is no public opinion in France, as we understand it in England,’ but the sentiments of the Boulevards, as interpreted by the journalists of Paris, were well-nigh unanimous in their outcry against the ‘Dreyfusards,’ as they styled all who expressed any doubts on the sanctity of the *chose jugée*. In the midst of this excitement a long communication addressed to the Minister of War by M. Trarieux, Senator, and a former Minister of Justice, appeared in the ‘Temps,’ giving cogent reasons why the forthcoming court-martial should not be held within closed doors, and, simultaneously, M. Yves Guyot, formerly Minister of Public Works, who, from the first days of the Dreyfus affair, had consistently held that an injustice had been committed, published in his paper, the ‘Siècle,’ the text of the original indictment* preferred against Alfred Dreyfus, from which the public now learnt for the first time how the whole basis of the accusation rested on the handwriting of the *bordereau*.

In such circumstances the result of the court-martial on Commandant Esterhazy, which assembled on the 10th of January, 1898, was a foregone conclusion. The Court refused to allow Maîtres Labori and Demange to appear as representatives of the Dreyfus family, and was, as we venture to think, well within its rights in so ruling; but as soon as the *acte d’accusation* had been read, it was apparent that the prosecution was aimed rather at the exoneration of the accused, and the

* ‘Le Siècle,’ January 7, 1898. ‘L’Acte d’accusation contre Dreyfus.’ Rapport sur l’affaire de M. Dreyfus (Alfred), capitaine breveté au 14^e régiment d’artillerie, stagiaire à l’état-major de l’armée, inculpé d’avoir, en 1894, péroré des machinations ou entretenu des intelligences avec un ou plusieurs agents des puissances étrangères dans le but de leur procurer les moyens de commettre des hostilités ou d’entreprendre la guerre contre la France, en leur livrant des documents secrets, laquelle a fait l’objet de l’ordre d’informer donné par M. le général gouverneur militaire de Paris, le 3 novembre 1894.

indirect inculpation of Colonel Picquart for improperly getting up any case whatever against the officer before the Court. The witnesses were examined in public; but, since the *chose jugée* was regarded as proof positive that Dreyfus had been the writer of the *bordereau*, and as that important original document could not be produced in evidence to compare with Esterhazy's writing—nor, indeed, could handwriting alone have been regarded as conclusive evidence against him—a verdict of acquittal was unanimously returned. The boulevards and journalists were filled with delight, and the former Chief of the Intelligence Division at the War Office was placed under close arrest in the fortress of Mount Valérien.

Previous to the assembly of the last court-martial, the eminent writer, M. Émile Zola, had published a 'Letter to France,' complaining with characteristic vehemence that the mind of the people had been poisoned, until they had begun to regard as enemies all men who sought to obtain the truth. But M. Francis Charmes, after the Esterhazy trial, more nearly expressed the general feeling of the cultivated classes in the Republic when he remarked:—'*Il est permis de douter de la justice des hommes; il ne l'est pas d'exprimer son doute sur la chose jugée sans avoir eu d'autres preuves ou d'autres raisons que ce doute même.*'

At the same time the hearts and minds of many leading men of learning and position suffered acute doubts as to the legality of the Dreyfus court-martial; and a protest was now circulated which received many influential signatures, headed by that of M. Zola. It was worded as follows:—

'*Les soussignés, protestant contre la violation des formes juridiques au procès de 1894, et contre les mystères qui ont entouré l'affaire Esterhazy, persistent à demander la revision.*'

This circular was followed up by a petition requesting the Chamber of Deputies to order a revision of the Court's proceedings, which was also subscribed by many names held in high estimation throughout France. But unfortunately such temperate methods of obtaining a rehearing of the *res judicata* thus subjected to conscientious doubts were not deemed sufficient by the celebrated author who had initiated this movement. On the 13th of January, in the '*Aurore*,' the organ of M. Clemenceau, a most remarkable challenge, addressed to the President of the Republic, denouncing the chiefs of the national army, was proclaimed in the face of the world, couched in the most audacious language which the skilful pen of the writer could produce. The letter concluded with a categorical *acte d'accusation*, in which

which M. Zola, deliberately, accused Colonel du Paty de Clam, Generals Mercier, Billot, de Boisdeffre, Gonse, and de Pellieux, with other officials of the War Office, the experts and the members of the two courts-martials, of suppression of the truth, judicial error, treason to humanity and justice, partiality, misleading public opinion, screening error, violation of the law, &c.

The Government had but one course to pursue. It was the *fourth* time, said General Billot, that the Minister of War had been forced to take up the defence of the *chose jugée*, and he formally lodged a complaint of defamation against the 'Aurore' and M. Zola, which was at once accepted by the Public Prosecutor.

The Zola trial before the Assize Court began on the 7th of February, and lasted sixteen days. It is not our intention, for it would be impossible within anything like our limited space, fully to analyze this remarkable case. From the first it was apparent that Zola must be convicted, that no defence would avail him against the condemnation to which he had voluntarily exposed himself. Of all the separate accusations put forward in the 'Aurore' the Advocate-General had astutely selected, not the most important, but only those denouncing the second court-martial for acquitting Esterhazy by order.* The judge, M. Delegorgue, on opening the proceedings, placed his foot down on any attempt to re-open the Dreyfus-Esterhazy case—the avowed object of the libel; but during the protracted hearing, he was not strong enough to prevent the able counsel for the defence, Maître Labori, or the Generals of the War Office, from breaking through his ruling, and producing testimony, documents, and pleadings wholly connected with the courts-martial of both Dreyfus and Esterhazy. The 'Dreyfusards' certainly succeeded in bringing before the eyes of Europe a vast amount of scandalous intrigue with which people connected with the General Army Staff were mixed up, in exciting considerable mistrust as to the way in which the prosecution of Captain Dreyfus had been conducted, and on the method by which that unfortu-

* Lettre à M. Felix Faure, Président de la République. 'Un conseil de guerre vient, par ordre, d'oser acquitter un Esterhazy, soufflet suprême à toute vérité, à toute justice. Et c'est fini, la France a sur la joue cette souillure. L'histoire écrira que c'est sous votre présidence qu'un tel crime social a pu être commis.'

'Ils ont rendu une sentence inique qui à jamais pèsera sur nos conseils de guerre, qui entachera désormais de suspicion tous leurs arrêts. Le premier conseil de guerre a pu être inintelligent, le second est forcément criminel.'

'... J'accuse le second conseil de guerre d'avoir couvert cette illégalité par ordre, en commettant à son tour le crime juridique d'acquitter sciemment un coupable.'

nate man's conviction had been established in the eyes of the first court-martial. Indeed, a curious incident illustrated the remarkable ideas on legal proof held by the military chiefs.

On the tenth day of the trial General de Pellieux requested to be heard. He said :—

'The defence has just read in public a passage from the report of Commandant d'Ormescheville, which was heard with closed doors. I now ask to say a word, not of the Dreyfus trial—I shall not speak of it; but I will repeat the characteristic expression of Colonel Henry: "They shall have information. They shall have it." During the Castelin interpellation a fact occurred which I will now reveal. They have had at the War Office—and remark that I am not speaking of the Dreyfus affair—an absolute proof of the guilt of Dreyfus—absolute! and that proof I have seen. At the moment of that interpellation a paper was brought to the War Office, the genuineness of which cannot be disputed, and which said—I will tell you what is in it—"Il va se produire une interpellation sur l'affaire Dreyfus. Ne dites jamais les relations que nous avons eues avec ce juif." And, Gentlemen, the note is signed! It is not signed by a real name; but it is accompanied by a visiting card, at the back of which is an unimportant appointment signed with an assumed title, and this title corresponds exactly with the signature of the note; the visiting card bears the real name of the person who makes the communication. Well, Gentlemen, the defence are endeavouring by indirect means to obtain a revisor of the trial; I just give you this fact. I swear to it on my honour, and I call upon General de Boisdeffre to support what I have said. This is what I wished to say.'

Generals Gonse and de Boisdeffre confirmed the above particulars, but declared that prudence prevented them from bringing these proofs, real and absolute though they were, publicly before the Court; and General de Boisdeffre significantly added :—

'Et maintenant, Messieurs, permettez-moi en terminant de vous dire une chose: Vous êtes le jury, vous êtes la nation; si la nation n'a pas confiance dans les chefs de son armée, dans ceux qui ont la responsabilité de la défense nationale, ils sont prêts à laisser à d'autres cette lourde tâche. Vous n'avez qu'à parler. Je ne dirai pas un mot de plus!'

Can these, indeed, be the same generals, we might ask Count d'Haussonville,* in whom, as he tells us, 'France places her unshaken confidence—the vigilant sentinels of her security, the silent guardians of her honour'? Their rôle on this occasion was assuredly incompatible with their presence in the ranks of 'that army which has been so aptly termed the *grande muette*,

* *Vie* 'Réponse du comte d'Haussonville au discours de M. le comte Albert de Mun'—Académie Française, March 11, 1898.

which

which it ought ever to remain.' The extraordinary intervention in the Assize Court of three Generals, holding high positions in the army, thus throwing their swords into the scales of justice, was an exhibition of Cæsarism which would certainly not have been permitted in our Courts of law, but which after all did not affect the finding of the jurors. Tried before an English judge and English jurymen, the verdict could not have been different; and therefore, as the accused had himself anticipated, the maximum penalty was inflicted on M. Zola and the manager of the '*Aurore*.' It is unnecessary, as we are only incidentally concerned with the trial of M. Zola, to refer to the subsequent proceedings before the *Chambre Criminelle de la Cour de Cassation*. It is sufficient to say that the Court held the prosecution advised by the Avocat-Général, M. Van Cassel, to be illegal, and quashed the whole proceedings before the *Cour d'Assizes*.

More important results followed at the Palais Bourbon, where M. Méline expressed the intentions of Government:—

'The duty of the Government will be to put an end to this agitation, and we shall not fail to do so. We can only apply the laws when they seem applicable, but we shall take whatever disciplinary measures may be demanded by circumstances. We consider that, after to-morrow, no one who persists in continuing the contest can any longer plead good faith. . . . I do not hesitate to say from this tribune that we shall apply the existing law with the utmost severity, and that, if the weapons which we already hold in our hands are not sufficient, we shall ask you for others!'

It may be noted as a curious sign of the times that the Minister of War, being called on to defend himself, delivered a sort of confession of faith in order to show how he belonged to no political party:—

'Eh bien, messieurs! le général Billot suivant les inspirations de sa conscience, a toujours marché droit devant lui sans dépendre d'aucune coterie, d'aucun parti. Soldat républicain, né dans une famille chrétienne, je ne suis ni franc-maçon, ni jésuite, ni juif, ni athée!'

The promise of rigorous disciplinary measures at once bore fruit in the dismissal of M. Leblois, who had been counsel for Colonel Picquart, from his post as Deputy Mayor of the Seventh District of Paris, whilst the Bar Council suspended him from practice for six months. Colonel Picquart himself was placed on the retired list on a reduced pension (*mis en réforme*) for grave faults when on duty. Other prominent supporters of the
defendant

defendant who held official appointments were likewise suspended, or retired from the service.

M. Ferdinand Brunetière, whose well-balanced opinions have great weight among us, in a recent article, '*Après le procès*,'* has discussed various questions connected with the Zola trial, and from his opening sentence it is evident that his verdict agrees with that of the jury: '*Il s'agissait de savoir si le premier venu sans preuves ni commencements de preuves, a le droit d'insulter grossièrement la justice et, en même temps, l'armée . . .*' But it is not our purpose here to discuss the legal or political aspects of the Zola business, which, so far as our subject is concerned, is interesting only from the glimpses it affords of such strange doings behind the scenes at the War Office, exhibiting the existence of suspicious complicity between editors of Parisian journals and functionaries of the official bureaux. It is not to be wondered at that, in these circumstances, *fuites* continually recur. In fact, the closer we regard the Dreyfus-Esterhazy complication, the more we are impressed with the fact that the very atmosphere of the offices of the General Army Staff is impregnated with espionage—not always lawful espionage of foreign manœuvres and hostile machinations, but that more hateful system of spying which consists in shadowing the movements and prying into the private affairs of officers belonging to the establishment.

Mr. Courtenay Bodley has fully exposed the evils of that system of '*secret instruction*' hitherto followed in ordinary cases of criminal procedure, when the possible innocence of the accused is seldom taken into account. He tells us how all the forces of the police are worked to get up evidence against the untried prisoner, of the very nature of which he is kept ignorant, whilst the *juge d'instruction* in his interrogatories uses the craft of a skilled expert to drag damaging admissions from the mouth of the man, bewildered with the isolation of captivity, sometimes browbeating him with threats, &c. But we were not prepared to find an officer of position thus treated by his brother officers, with aggravated contumely also because he happens to be a Jew. This spectacle has certainly afforded the many admirers and well-wishers of the French army sad subjects for reflection and regret.

The merits of the reconstituted army of the Republic have been deservedly extolled by Mr. Bodley, of which he writes:—

'The entire manhood of the nation passes through the ranks of the army, and grave as is the economical aspect of compulsory service,

* '*La Revue des Deux Mondes*,' 15 mars 1898.

which takes from their training at a critical period the apprentices in every art, craft, and science, since Europe has to be a military camp, the army of France may be regarded as a national institution of beneficial influence. The officers usually set an example of devotion to their duties, avoiding luxurious pretension even in the rare cases where they are rich, and a close study of garrison life has helped me to understand the general affection in which the French soldier is held, whatever his grade. The respect for the uniform, no doubt, is greatly due to the martial instinct of which few Frenchmen are destitute; but for the practical enjoyment of that sentiment every French family pays in kind, and as, moreover, the peasant and the tradesman have a fervid horror of war, the universal popularity of the army speaks well for the general effect of military discipline on the nation.

And again another passage informs us:—‘Whatever is open to criticism now in the nation, the army, in spite of isolated scandals, is exempt from the ills which deface political or fashionable society.’ We would, therefore, fain believe that the incidents connected with the Dreyfus-Esterhazy case may prove mere isolated scandals which the full exposure of the truth may ere long wholly dissipate. If we can trust Colonel Picquart, who has, throughout, shown himself to be as intelligent an officer as he is a straightforward and fearless gentleman, the truth will certainly be revealed sooner or later.—‘Et ce jour est plus rapproché qu’on ne suppose, je vous le garantis.’

In conclusion, we can only hope against hope that the practice of officially employing public funds for secret military service, at least within countries where military *attachés* receive hospitality, may cease altogether. By this entertainment of foreign military *attachés* an implied, if unexpressed, contract may be supposed to be created, that no deceitful practices, no clandestine correspondence with suborned functionaries, are permissible. The breach of such tacit engagement must be perfidious and contrary to the dictates of honour. Could the great Powers come to some definite understanding on this point, either by discountenancing the practice of military espionage between friendly nations in days of peace—as they now denounce privateering and the use of explosive bullets in time of war—such an arrangement, if practicable, could not fail to prove in every way of inestimable advantage to the international morality of armed Europe.

- ART. XI.—1. *Korea and her Neighbours*. A Narrative of Travel, with an Account of the Recent Vicissitude and present Position of the Country. By Mrs. Bishop (Isabella L. Bird). Two Vols. London, 1898.
2. *Hwang ch'ao ching shih wên su pien* ('The Blue-Book of China'). 1888.
3. *Diplomatic and Consular Reports*. 1897.

WE have placed Mrs. Bishop's book first in the list at the head of this article, partly because its contents are of great current interest, and partly because they represent a transition stage between the galloping transformation of Japan and the stolid indifference to all progress which distinguishes the Chinese. To speak of reforms in Japan at the present day is on the face of it an anachronism, since so far as the surface of the national life is concerned it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that complete reform is an accomplished fact. During the last forty years everything that was distinctively national has been reformed out of existence. The administration of the Government, which in the 'fifties' was based on an extreme feudal system, has given place to institutions which are modelled after the newest European pattern; the native literature and learning, which were entirely founded on Chinese methods, have been exchanged for educational principles evolved from the latest scientific works which have issued from the presses of London and Paris; while the youths of the country pursue their studies through a progressive course of local schools until they graduate at the Imperial University of Tōkiō, within whose hospitable doors upwards of 1,500 students have taken their degrees since its foundation. Instead of the slow method of travelling known to the fathers of the present generation, their sons and grandsons whisk over the country on railways which traverse the Empire in every direction. Levies of swashbucklers have within the same period become an orderly army capable of facing the most redoubtable troops of Europe, and a navy of ironclads swims where junks and sampans were accustomed to display the Dalmos' flags.

To this talented and impulsive nation one gift has, however, been denied; and it is as though some Fairy Godmother had bestowed on the people of the 'Land of the Rising Sun' quick wits, great courage, indomitable perseverance, and complete self-control, but had withheld from the thus favoured race the power of subduing and controlling peoples of other tongues and of other climes. Their short reign in Korea was marked by a series of curiously hasty and ill-judged regulations. One day
a decree

a decree appeared ordering every Korean to cut off the top-knots of hair which for centuries have been the distinguishing mark of the race; another day the 'three-foot-long' tobacco-pipes, which were the delight of the Koreans of the capital, were abolished; and then in rapid succession came edicts prohibiting early marriages, establishing local councils, providing for a new coinage, adopting the solar calendar, regulating the postal, telegraph, and railway systems, besides a host of other ready-made remedies for the undeniable confusion which had hitherto reigned in the country. But the supreme indiscretion perpetrated by the Japanese was their connivance at the attack on the Palace which ended in the murder of the Queen. The subsequent flight of the King to the Russian Legation changed all this. Almost without an exception, the oppressive regulations and untactful ordinances were instantly abolished, and only a residuum of wholesome reform, which was later introduced by British and Russian representatives, has been allowed to take root. Out of the chaos of extravagance and insolvency, Mr. McLeavy Browne has with wonderful success produced a sound and satisfactory financial system; and whereas an air of peculation and robbery was invariably associated with every Government transaction, an accurate method of accounts has been introduced which, to the astonishment of European lookers-on, no less we should imagine than to the Koreans themselves, has been the means of providing a surplus of one million dollars which stood to the credit of the Crown at the end of last year. Under the orderly supervision of this and other European advisers, the aspect of the country and the sanitary conditions of the large towns are undergoing a marked change. Seoul, which as Mrs. Bishop tells us was, with the exception of Peking, 'the foulest city on earth,' is now in many parts no longer to be recognized.

'Streets with a minimum width of fifty-five feet, with deep stone-lined channels on both sides, bridged by stone slabs, have replaced the foul alleys, which were breeding-grounds of cholera. Narrow lanes have been widened, alimy runlets have been paved, roadways are no longer "free coops" for refuse . . . and Seoul, from having been the foulest is now on its way to being the cleanest city of the Far East.'

Under the influence of recovered credit trade has improved throughout the country, and the shops at Seoul and other towns show an unmistakable evidence that there is springing up a taste for articles of a kind which were formerly unknown on Korean counters. The municipal policemen have discarded their unbusinesslike robes and wickerwork hats, and now appear
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in a semi-military dress, which enables them to do really useful work as guardians of the peace. Meanwhile the army, which hitherto has been nothing more than a mere rabble armed with the most obsolete weapons, is in process of effective formation under the inspiring guidance of Russian instructors. A corps of 4,800 men is garrisoned at Seoul, while a force out of all proportion small, numbering only 1,200 rank and file, keeps the peace in the thirteen provinces of the Empire. In the currency a great advance has been made. Under the dispiriting influence of China, copper cash, or what passed for copper cash, were the only coins known. This one fact was enough to discourage commerce and put difficulties in the way of trade. Mrs. Bishop reckons that it took six men to carry ten-pounds-worth of this most inconvenient money. Happily for the people—

‘a new fractional coinage, in which the unit is a twenty-cent piece, has been put into circulation, along with five-cent nickel, five-cash copper and one-cash brass pieces. The fine Japanese yen or dollar is now current everywhere. The Dai Ichi Gingo, and fifty-eight banks of Japan, afford banking facilities in Seoul and the open ports.’

The complicated means of oral and written communication in Korea have always been a bar to the much-to-be-desired enlightenment of the people. ‘The protection’ of China was purchased at a great cost in many ways, and in none more so than by the imposition of her complicated characters for all literary purposes, to the neglect of the alphabetic native writing of the country. To Korea belongs the credit of having been the only country in the Far East which has produced an alphabet. The Japanese at an early period arrived at a syllabic system of writing, but it was reserved for the now despised Koreans to invent at their own initiative an alphabet, which in addition to its generic advantage has the further convenience of being one of the simplest in the world. So great, however, was the influence of China, that for all official and literary purposes the language and writing of that Empire were employed, the use of the Korean script being relegated to cheap novels and such works as are disdainfully styled ‘Women’s books.’ The contempt in which the Korean writing was thus held was precisely analogous to that under which the Japanese syllabic system suffered. In the ‘Land of the Rising Sun’ a compromise between the two methods of expression was after much agitation arrived at, and by the agreement come to books of all sorts were printed in a mixture of Chinese and *Hiragana*. The same medley has now been effected in Korea. Books are

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no longer printed in Chinese pure and simple, but in Chinese mixed with *en-mun* or native writing. In the Government schools this system has been adopted, and so long as the Chinese classics hold their place in the national curriculum it is inevitable that it must be so. But it is permissible to hope that, for the sake of students and readers generally, a halcyon day may soon arrive when all books will be printed in the native character.

Another system borrowed from China, that of competitive examinations, has been happily abolished, and a more reasonable method of estimating candidates' qualification for office has been generally adopted. Under the auspices of the Government, schools are springing up on all sides where English and other foreign languages are taught; and at Seoul there has been founded a Royal English School with a hundred uniform-wearing students, who in the intervals between their literary studies are regularly drilled by a British sergeant of Marines. Schools for instruction in Japanese, French, and Russian have also been brought into being, but probably the establishment which exercises the most powerful educational, moral and intellectual influence in Korea is the *Pai Chai College* ('Hall for the rearing of useful men'). This college pertains to the American Methodist Episcopal Church, and, in addition to a Chinese section, has—

'an English department, in which reading, grammar, composition, spelling, history, geography, arithmetic, and the elements of chemistry and natural philosophy are taught. . . . This college,' adds Mrs. Bishop, 'is undoubtedly making a decided impression, and is giving, besides a liberal education, a measure of that broader intellectual view and deepened moral sense which may yet prove the salvation of Korea.'

One notable feature in the national life before treaty days was the entire absence of all religion, and it is probable that at that time Seoul was the only capital in the world in which no building existed for the worship of any deity. A kind of Shamanism, such as is to be found among the wandering tribes of Mongolia, satisfied all the cravings after the supernatural of which the Koreans were conscious. Their very tottering steps in the paths of morality found a kind of support in the teachings of Confucius, but the level of their aspirations was distinctly of the earth earthy, and if any one might have desired to see how it was possible for a nation to live without a god in the world, an example, and a very pregnant one, may have been found in the Korea of that period. For years Roman Catholic missionaries had been living in the country, at the risk

risk of their lives, and in the hope that they might be able to instil some trace of religion into the people. Their success, however, was not on a par with their deserts, and the existence of even a small congregation was enough to stir up a bitter persecution against these emissaries of Christ. Since the conclusion of the Treaties, however, the missionary movement has found wide expansion, and representatives of every form of Christianity are now busily at work propagating their various doctrines.

Mrs. Bishop, who is a sympathetic observer of missionary effort, speaks with wise though moderate enthusiasm of the work that is being done. This is her description of a congregation assembled at a missionary church at Phyöng-Yang:—

‘As I looked upon those lighted faces, wearing an expression strongly contrasting with the dull, dazed look of apathy which is characteristic of the Korean, it was impossible not to recognize that it was the teaching of the Apostolic doctrines of sin, judgment to come, and divine love, which had brought about such results, all the more remarkable because, according to the missionaries, a large majority of those who had renounced demon worship, and were living in the fear of the true God, had been attracted to Christianity in the first instance by the hope of gain! This, an almost unvarying testimony to the same effect, confirms me in the opinion that when people talk of nations “craving for the Gospel!” “stretching out pleading hands for it!” or “a thirst for God,” or “longing for the living waters,” they are using words which in that connexion have no meaning. That there are “seekers after righteousness” here and there, I do not doubt, but I believe that the one “craving” of the Far East is for money—that “unrest” is only in the East a synonym for poverty, and that the spiritual instincts have yet to be created.’

It must for truth's sake be admitted that, though Korea has undoubtedly made some steps in the paths of progress, the character of the King unfortunately leaves it always a doubtful matter how long an advance will continue to be made in any given direction. With unhappy and fatal facility he is in the habit of adopting the views of the person or persons who for the time being may happen to secure his confidence or successfully minister to his whims. Years ago, under the influence of foreign advisers, he adopted numerous reforms, all of which, after brief existence, ceased to be, and, as a rebound, the old order of things, or even worse, was resumed. Quite lately, during His Majesty's residence in the Russian Legation, the numerous innovations which had been urged upon him by the Japanese were not only abolished, but all the worst traditions of unregenerate Korea were again resorted to.

'Old abuses cropped up daily, ministers and their favourites sold offices unblushingly, and when specific charges were made against one of the King's chief favourites, the formal demand for his prosecution was met by making him Vice-Minister of Education! Men were thrown into prison without reason, some of the worst of the *canaille* were made Ministers of State, the murderer of Kim Okyum was appointed Master of Ceremonies, and a convicted criminal, a man whose life has been one career of sordid crimes, was made Minister of Justice.'

Hitherto, however, though much has been lost by these reactions on the part of the King, some substantial advance has been gained, and though the prospect of the future of a country so governed must always be checkered, we may be allowed to indulge a hope that as education spreads among the people, and as religion diffuses its softening influences throughout the land, civilization in its truest sense may yet fall to the portion of Korea.

But though Korea thus presents many disappointing aspects, there is probably a nearer prospect of better things for that country than appears to be in store for that 'jest and riddle of the world,' China. It is always easier to influence small bodies of men than large, and Korea enjoys the, in this respect, inestimable advantage of being of manageable area. A quarter of a century ago the Chinese statesman Wênsiang remarked to an English diplomatist that, though the Chinese were difficult to move, yet if once they started on the path of progress they would advance at a speed which would astonish the world. If this dictum had any basis on fact, we are obliged to believe that the nation has not even taken the necessary first step in the right direction. A more hopeless country for the energy of reformers it is impossible to imagine, and though there are certain indications that among a small body of the people there is a desire for the acquisition of Western knowledge, it cannot be said that as a nation there has yet been displayed the slightest tendency towards any serious measures of reform.

The population of the Empire may be roughly divided into three classes. The mandarins and literati, that is to say, those who have qualified for office by passing competitive examinations, but who have not been given employment; the merchants, and the people. The first is infinitely the most powerful and influential section of the nation, and is far more numerous than is generally supposed. Many thousand candidates successfully pass the examiners every year, and all those who are not at once admitted into the Mandarinate go to swell the ranks of the hangers-on at the *yamêns*, and the company of
discontented

discontented dependents on the rich. All these men, official and non-official, have the deepest interest in maintaining the existing state of things. Extortion, peculation and jobbery are the practices by which mandarins of all grades, from the Li Hungchangs of the Empire down to the most insignificant district magistrates, have acquired the wealth which is the envy of all those who are not yet in possession of these weapons with which to carve out their fortunes. A reform of administration, which must be one of the first reforms effected if any of a serious nature are to be made, would at once stop the current of wealth, which has for many centuries been accustomed to flow into the pockets of the officials. Even with most men to touch their pockets is to arouse their indignation; but with Orientals, whose one ambition is to acquire riches, such an interference is unendurable. Only the other day it was confidently asserted, and no doubt with truth, that a syndicate of rich Cantonese, who desired to present a memorial to the Emperor on the subject of the Peking and Hankow Railway, had to pay thirty thousand taels to the officials of the Peking office through whom their petition had to pass in order to make sure that it would reach the eyes of the Son of Heaven. As is well known, some of the greatest courtiers at Peking can compete with American millionaires in the extent of their fortunes, and it is no exaggeration to say that these fortunes have all been acquired by illegal and ill-gotten gains. Such remunerative perquisites could only be secured in China under the existing corrupt system of administration, and it is safe to assume that the mandarins to a man will place every obstacle in the way of those who desire to exchange corruption in political matters for an approach to incorruption. It may therefore be taken for granted that nothing but those mechanical reforms which will add to the convenience, without diminishing the profits, of the officials, will receive the support of these eminently self-seeking persons.

In the next class, that of the merchants, are to be found many in whom the hope of the nation resides. The Chinese are eminently a nation of shopkeepers, and the trading classes have a keen and practical eye to their own self-interest. Many centuries of Chinese rule have unfortunately robbed them of their independence, and have reduced them to a state of abject submission to the wills of the mandarins. But there are yet among them those who have glimpses of a better way, and who if left to themselves would desire to acquire the knowledge and skill which have placed countries like England in the forefront of the world, and which would as a natural consequence afford them

them opportunities of increasing their stores of wealth. Among these men the leaven of reform is already working though feebly, and there are sufficient signs in the sky to show that if they could be removed beyond the reach of official trammels they would at least be glad to adopt those reforms which are likely to be most profitable to them. And no doubt the first aspirations of these progressists would be in the direction of improving the means of intercommunication. The slowness with which goods are transported from one part of the Empire to the other; the expenses incurred in the transit; and the damage often done to the goods in passage, handicap Chinese merchants most materially and interfere perniciously with the ordinary transactions of commerce. Junks, the commonest means of transport in China, which are dependent on the winds of heaven and the currents of rivers, pursue their leisurely way regardless of days and months, and the impatience of buyers and sellers; and in some of the more troubled parts of the large rivers are as long traversing 400 miles as a steamer would take in making the voyage between Shanghai and London.

The constant passage of steamers along the coast has familiarized the native merchants with the advantage of steam vessels over these leisurely boats, and at the ports they have readily availed themselves of the benefits which follow from the speed, certainty, and security of goods, which belong to steamships. If they were allowed to have their way they would doubtless like to see the extension of steam power on the inland waters of the Empire. This however is to some extent denied them by the opposition of the two classes interested in preserving the *status quo*. The mandarins, recognizing the difficulty of collecting Likin duties on goods carried in foreign steamers, have banded themselves together to oppose the proposed innovation, while the boatmen, animated by the same spirit which guided the coachmen and ostlers in George Stephenson's days in their campaign against railways, are already loud in their outcries against the wrong which such a movement would inflict upon them. No doubt the concession will be granted before long within certain limits, and while the mandarins in the districts concerned will be called upon to deny themselves a portion of their illegal dues, the boatmen will learn, as the English coachmen and ostlers did seventy years ago, that far from detracting from their gains it will add enormously to their profits.

The same people who thus recognize the advantage of steamers have for some years been agitating for the introduction of the 'iron horse' into the provinces of the Empire. As to a certain

certain extent this idea chimed in with the interests and policy of some members of the Supreme Government, the memorials which were forwarded on the subject were allowed to reach the Throne. With, however, that system of how-not-to-do-it which is so thoroughly understood in China, the question of adopting railways was referred to the High Officials of the Empire for their counsel and opinions. Many of the answers which were received to this communication appear in the 'Blue-Book of China,' and it is curious to find the rooted objections to the innovations which are held even by men who have had experience of the convenience of railways in Europe and America. Liu, who was at one time Minister in Germany, condemns them unconditionally. He states to his Imperial Master that after two years of close observation and consideration he could not but come to the conclusion that railways were things for Europe and not for China, and he goes on to enumerate eight reasons why they are unsuitable for his native country, eight more why they must be unprofitable, and nine further to show that they would be injurious.

In support of these pleas he points out that railways in Europe are for the most part made and managed by mercantile companies of a kind to which China is a stranger, and to show the incapacity of his countrymen for such management he instances the case of the China Merchants Steam Navigation Company, the money for which was drawn from the pockets of merchants who at first received interest at the rate of 3 or 4 per cent., but who had ultimately to put up with the meagre pittance of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. ; and he contends that, if a similar state of things were to exist in the matter of railways, the Treasury would be constantly besieged by applicants who considered themselves defrauded and the coffers of the State would be speedily emptied. But turning from mundane to spiritual considerations, he points out that foreigners who worship the 'Lord of Heaven' are stupidly ignorant of the existence of the gods of mountains and rivers. To these deities the works necessary for the construction of railways—the blasting of rocks, the tunnelling through mountains, and the bridging of rivers—are naturally disturbing and are apt to provoke their anger as well as that of the kings of demons and streams. In the midst of this and other pieces of amazing folly, he occasionally shows glimpses of perception. The management of affairs, and this is the real crux, he considers, would eventually fall into the hands of the mandarins, when at once loopholes would be given for speculation and bad work. Again, the speed at which the trains travel is, in his opinion, very dangerous,

dangerous, and would besides present serious obstacles in the way of collecting provincial tolls.

In travelling Chinamen have a rooted objection to being separated from their luggage, and Liu, who appears to be ignorant of the existence of luggage vans, supposes that, because Europeans travel apart from their impedimenta, they are in the habit of doing without any baggage at all; and on this supposition he points out that a train would only carry half as many Chinese as European passengers. His ideas on political economy are much on a par with such views as the above. He acknowledges that railways in Europe are profitable, but considers this fortunate result to be due to the fact that on the Continent they are not confined to any particular country, but run from one to the other without let or hindrance. But, he argues, the provinces of China are like members of one family, and when the wealth of one is used to make merchandize with the other's goods, it is as though an elder brother should expend his cash in buying his junior's merchandize, the result being that one would lose his cash and the other his wares, and that as a whole they would neither be gainers nor losers by the transaction. Above all, however, he is of opinion that railways are not required in China, for the people are not in the habit of travelling about. It is a foreign custom, he says, for women to dislike staying at home, and as they insist on going abroad their husbands have to follow them, and so travellers are numerous!

Fortunately for China, there were found men of comparative light and learning who took a more sensible view of the situation. Chang Chih-tung, the Viceroy of the two Kwang provinces, was one such, and as others followed suit, an Imperial Edict, signed with the Vermilion Pencil, was issued authorizing in general terms the construction of railways. It is difficult to read without a smile many of the suggestions put forward by even the most advanced memorialists. Some of them, amongst whom was Chang Chih-tung, held that no railways should be allowed to touch the coast for the sapient reason that such a line would afford injudicious facilities for the advance of an invading force into the country. Others carried the idea still further, and opposed the construction of any line leading to the capital. The construction of one or two short lines was tentatively suggested, but Chang Chih-tung, with a wider grasp of the situation, strongly urged the making of a trunk line from Hankow on the Yang-tze-Kiang to the neighbourhood of Peking. So persistently did he support this project that the Emperor nominated him to an appointment on

the spot, and made him justify his prescience by making the proposed line. Some years have passed since this transfer was made, and not a yard of the railway has been constructed. It was lately reported that Shêng, the Manager-General of Railways, was going to Hankow to turn the first sod, but even if this ceremony ever took place, it is at least certain that it has not yet led to any further disturbance of the soil.

In the north of China, on the other hand, some advance has actually been made in railway construction. A line now connects Taku, at the mouth of the Peiho, with Peking, and a branch line from Tientsin has been carried as far as Shanghai Kwan, at the point where the Great Wall reaches the coast. The success of the Taku and Peking line—about 125 miles in length—has been unmistakable. The Chinese are intensely utilitarian, and once having recognized the convenience of railway travelling, they have readily availed themselves of every opportunity of taking advantage of it. So large has the traffic become, that a single line is no longer sufficient for the demands made upon it, and a second pair of rails is now being laid. These railways are the only ones which have as yet been completed in China, nor is there any probability of a large extension of the systems by native enterprise. A short line is in course of construction between Shanghai and Woosung, where, as will possibly be remembered, a line was made about twenty-five years ago. This pioneer venture was largely used at the time by the country people, but so strenuous was the opposition to the innovation on the part of the literati, that it became necessary to abandon it, and the metals, that they might no longer desecrate the sacred soil of China, were shipped to the island of Formosa.

The immediate obstacle in the way of the fulfilment of Chang Chih-tung's dream of a trunk line from Hankow to Peking is the want of funds. The Government is not in a position to supply the needed money, and though the Emperor some time ago issued a seductive Edict in which he asked for subscriptions from the mercantile communities, on the distinct understanding that the management should not fall into the hands of the mandarins, no response was made. In this dilemma the redoubtable Shêng attempted to raise a foreign loan, having received the sanction of his Imperial master to the project. On several occasions reports were current that he had been successful in his negotiations: at one time it was a Belgian Syndicate, and at another it was the Hooley Syndicate who were to supply the money; but in each case he failed to convince the lenders that he had sufficient security to offer to justify

justify the outlay. His proposal to the Hooley Company was a curious mixture of *naïveté* and impudence. He proposed that Messrs. Hooley should at once pay down a large sum to be placed to his credit at Peking. This was naturally declined, and the negotiations fell through.

Other railway-lines have been suggested, such as those from Shanghai to Soochow and Nanking, and from Canton to the foreshore opposite Hongkong, but they have not so far gone beyond the initial stage of discussion. The root of the difficulty in the way of the fulfilment of these and other schemes is the corruption of the officials. Until that Upas Tree which blights every prospect of reform, and withers every effort towards better things, is hewn down and cast into the fire, the introduction of substantial reforms into China must remain mere dreams. It is strange and disheartening to notice that though it is acknowledged by all concerned, from the Emperor downwards, that the admission of mandarins into any undertaking whatever is fatal to its success, no effort is made to remedy the evil, and no shame is felt in confessing the fact. In no country in the world but China would a Sovereign be found so lost to all sense of political morality as to try to enlist the support of possible subscribers to railways by promising that no mandarin should interfere in their management.

The same evil influence which has thus been destructive to railway enterprise has made its ominous presence felt in other industries in which merchants have desired to co-operate. Some years ago Li Hungchang established a cotton-mill at Shanghai, an example which was speedily followed by Chang Chih-tung at Wuchang. It was obviously to the interest of these officials that foreigners should not be allowed to compete with them in this new industry, and therefore in defiance of treaty rights they moved the Central Government to forbid the landing of machinery for the use of the outer barbarians. For years our Ministers at Peking had been fighting, and fighting in vain, against this illegal prohibition, and it was not until China had been brought to her knees by Japan that she agreed to accept the only possible interpretation of the treaties and to admit machinery equally with other goods. The result of this agreement has been that cotton-mills have sprung up in all directions. At the present time there are some 275,000 spindles at work at Shanghai, which annually turn out about 424,000 bales of cotton. At Ningpo, Hangchow, and other places, companies have been formed and capital subscribed for the building and working of mills. Lately at Hangchow a prospectus was issued for the formation of a company with a capital of

480,000 dollars. The prospectus was no sooner issued than the shares were eagerly applied for, and before the day of allotment came the total sum had been subscribed five times over. Many of these companies are purely native ventures, and it is therefore difficult to get accurate statements of their accounts. But the probability is that, while working at a profit, they all suffer from official interference, if not to the same extent, yet in the same manner as the foreign-owned mills at Shanghai.

Success in any branch of trade is the opportunity of the mandarins. In Korea, as Mrs. Bishop tells us, a native is afraid to accumulate even a small share of wealth lest the local officials should insist on his disgorging the greater part of it for their benefit. In China the people are able to show a somewhat firmer front to the mandarins than their Korean brethren can, and it is only by indirect means that Chinese rulers are able to attack the stores of wealth which are amassed by persons within their jurisdictions. Still a wealthy man is always liable to be called upon in some way or other to supplement official incomes, and on the same principle wealth-making machines, such as mills, are regarded by governors and their underlings as legitimate objects of prey. The demand which has sprung up for raw cotton has given them the opportunity they desired, and by the clever arrangement of Likin stations on roads and waterways—one to about every ten miles—they are able to plunder at their pleasure foreign owners, and those of their own countrymen, who are energetic enough to enter on new ventures.

The amount of duty payable on the cotton going abroad is laid down by treaty, and only a certain amount of Likin can be charged upon it, but no such protection is extended to that which is destined to be turned into yarn in China, and the result is, that while cotton exported to Japan and other countries pays altogether something like 12 per cent., the cotton intended for the foreign mills at Shanghai is taxed to the extent of from 20 to 30 per cent. No wonder that under such comparatively favourable conditions the Japanese manufacturers should be flourishing abundantly. The half-yearly profit of the Tōkiō Cotton Spinning Company was at a recent audit declared to be 79,324 dollars, yielding a dividend to the shareholders of 14 per cent. per annum, and other factories are in an equally satisfactory position. The same condition of affairs prevails with regard to the culture of silk, which suffers heavily at the hands of the Likin collectors.

One condition which is proposed in connexion with the present much-needed loan was that the Likin should be collected under the direction of Sir Robert Hart, which
arrangement

arrangement it was foreseen would, while fulfilling the condition of supplying security for the money, relieve merchants of the uncertain and excessive taxation to which they are now subjected. Like our own income-tax, Likin was primarily imposed as a war-tax, and was first levied at the time when the T'aip'ings were desolating the central provinces of the Empire. After the usual decentralized system which prevails in China in all matters of administration, and which works such injustice in the poorer provinces, the tax was in the beginning imposed only on those districts which were the seat of the rebellion, and the people of which were naturally less able to meet increased burdens than their more fortunate countrymen. But regardless of the suffering of these downtrodden taxpayers, the income resulting was found to be so convenient for administrative purposes, that in 1861 it was decreed by the Emperor that the levy should have both a local and universal application. At the same time, his faithful lieges were assured that so soon as the T'aip'ings, the Nienfei banditti, and the Mahomedan rebels of the West should cease from troubling, Likin would be no longer imposed. When peace was restored, however, the Imperial promise was forgotten, and the tax was certainly not mitigated either as regards amount or stringency. In each province the governor is in the habit of appointing stations at all the large towns and on all the leading water-ways and roads within his jurisdiction, and over each station a subordinate official is placed whose duty it is to transmit as large an amount as possible to the local exchequer. According to the official tariff goods are liable to pay alternately 2 and 3 per cent. at four stations in each province, making a total of 10 per cent. But where, as it often happens, they have to traverse two or three similar jurisdictions, this 10 per cent., as a matter of course, becomes 20 or 30. Happily, however, for merchants China is a land where laws and regulations are uncertain quantities and where compensations are general; and although, no doubt, on occasions the tariff is insisted upon, yet traders for the most part find no difficulty in bargaining with the collectors for the passage of their cargoes or loads. The advantage of this system to the collector is obvious, and in consideration of the merchant's *douceur*, which varies in amount according to the value of the goods, and which goes without deduction into his own pocket, he defrauds the provincial chest, and hides his infamy by reporting every hundred piculs weight of merchandize as being sixty or eighty, as the case may be. The same process is repeated by the governor of the province when making up his accounts with Peking, and thus the
amounts

amounts due suffer at least two diminutions in the course of collection and transmission. One notable instance of arranging Likin by bargain has lately occurred on the Peking Railway. The difficulty of collecting the tax on goods carried by train compelled the tax-gatherers to come to terms with the directors of the line, who agreed to pay them 5000 taels per annum in lieu of the levy. Such arrangements will be a necessary consequence of the spread of railways, and will in the future powerfully influence the fiscal arrangements of the Empire.

One undoubted advantage which the mandarins see in the Likin-tax is that it can readily be made adaptable to trade in all its branches. Of late it has been largely applied with success to industrial undertakings; and not long since, under the shadow of this tax, a case occurred in which 200 taels were charged to the owner of a brick factory for the privilege of working his own machines. At other times employés, as well as employers, are called upon to satisfy the collector's cravings, and thus the silk weavers at Soochow pay a regular though small weekly levy on the wages they receive. To this extortion, when limited in extent, they have been in the habit of submitting without complaint. But a recent attempt, made by an injudicious mandarin, to increase their contributions, produced so serious a riot that matters were allowed to revert to their original condition. It is reckoned that the total amount raised by this tax throughout the Empire is equivalent to about 2,158,666*l.* per annum.

It is obvious from what has been said that though material reforms are exercising a certain amount of influence on a small section of the people, this influence is naturally hampered and curtailed by the infamous fiscal arrangements which prevail, and if, therefore, we are at the present moment to hope for any general reforms we must look in other directions than those upon which we have been dwelling. There is no doubt that one effect of the late war has been to arouse a certain interest in Western knowledge and literature. The Chinese have never shown themselves averse to acquiring useful knowledge when it has been put before them in a way which they can understand. It will be remembered that during the seventeenth century Matthew Ricci and others, by their scholarly rendering into Chinese of European works on mathematics and astronomy, opened a new field of knowledge to the scholars of the Empire, who greedily studied the sciences which were thus placed within their reach and intelligence. The favour with which these new studies were received was extended personally to the Jesuits, who in recognition of their services to the State were advanced

to distinguished positions at the Chinese Court. Unhappily, the same high standard of scholarship as that possessed by the early Jesuits has not been reached by succeeding generations of missionaries, and, on the other hand, the unwillingness of the Chinese to learn foreign languages has prevented them from making themselves acquainted with the thoughts of Western writers in their own tongues.

Some few translations, such as those made by the late Mr. Wylie and others, are recognized by native scholars as standard works, but for the most part translators have not succeeded in rendering their texts into idiomatic Chinese so as to attract the attention of native readers of the upper ranks. The result of the late war with Japan has supplied a motive which has induced natives of the more intelligent classes to enquire how it is that Japan, which fifty years ago was a *quantité négligeable* in the eyes of the Chinese, should have raised herself to a position of equality with the much feared but hated European Powers. They see that, after all, the works of their own revered authors, whether in the direction of naval and military tactics, scientific inventions, or industrial undertakings, have failed them in their emergency, and they are now turning to Europeans to show them the way by which a weak nation can become strong and a poor people can become rich. In pursuance of these very material ideas—and a Chinaman is nothing if he is not material—a demand has arisen for instruction in English and other European languages, and for the translation of such works as might be expected to further the new-formed ambitions which have grown out of their reverses. Curiously enough, this phase has been displayed mainly at the two points in the Empire where it might have been least expected to develop—at Peking, and in the extremely anti-foreign province of Hunan. In the capital the movement took the shape of a Reform Society which was started rather more than a year ago, and to which a number of native scholars enjoying Hanlin rank gave in their adhesion. The objects of the Society were undeniably good, but the promoters were guilty of making an injudicious and fatal choice of the title by which they desired to be known.

Chinese rulers, like all abusers of power, have a rooted objection to private associations of all kinds. Their souls abhor societies which on any pretence can be said to be connected with politics. All associations, such as the 'Kolao,' 'The White Lily Sect,' and others, are designated *Hui*, or 'Confederations,' and by an unfortunate oversight the Society at Peking was included in this category. The opportunity thus carelessly afforded to the enemies of the movement was instantly seized

seized upon, and memorials were presented to the Throne calling on the Son of Heaven to put a stop at once to the existence of this dangerous body of persons. Acting on this advice the Emperor ordered the police to occupy the building, from which, however, the leading members, having had timely notice of the intended raid, had escaped, leaving only the printers to face the wrath of the authorities. With unnecessary severity these comparatively innocent culprits were promptly imprisoned for the very subordinate and mechanical part which they had played in the transactions of the Society. Happily, the movement was not without powerful supporters, and it is said that, during the Imperial reception on the following New Year's Day, representations were made to the Emperor which led him to reconsider his hasty decision. On the recommendation of his official advisers he permitted the reopening of the establishment, on condition that the obnoxious word *Hui* was struck out of the title, and that the humbler designation of 'Bookroom' was substituted for that which had provoked his displeasure.

At Changsha, in Hunan, a curious transformation has taken place. It is not many years since the people of this province refused to allow the telegraph wires and posts to cross its frontiers, and showed a solid front in opposition to every progressive movement; and now, in this hot-bed of unreasoning conservatism, the scholars who were the leading reactionaries have established a school of foreign languages, and have even gone so far as to adopt the system of electric light in their capital. The governor's Yamên now is lighted by this novel method, and the electric company, which is entirely Chinese, is busily engaged in laying on a supply of wires to the houses of the upper classes. It is reported that this conversion of the Hunanese is not entirely unassociated from an anti-dynastic movement which has of late made wholesale converts among the people. But be this as it may, and it will be most unfortunate if reforms were to become associated with disloyalty, it is to be hoped that the study of general history and of the political institutions of European countries will at least teach the students of the new college that revolutions are not necessary to the introductions of reforms, and that the shedding of blood need not accompany the advance of progress. At Shanghai, Hangchow, Nanking, and other places, colleges and schools for the teaching of foreign languages are already in working order, and the scholars of Hangchow have even gone the length of converting the Confucian College of that city into a foreign science school. Chang Chih-tung, who is a good type of the best class of conservative statesmen, and whose
cry

cry has ever been 'China for the Chinese,' has, in addition to his grand railway scheme, founded at Nanking a Reform Society in imitation of that at Peking. His motives in doing this are not far to seek, nor does he conceal them for a moment. He recognizes that China has fallen behind in the race of nations, and his eyes are so far opened as to be able to see that China must run the course of other countries if she is to reach the same goal. It is therefore from purely utilitarian motives, and from no love of foreigners and their ways, that he has been induced to accept the presidency of the institution which now adds lustre to his capital. His loyalty is beyond suspicion, as he lately proved, much to the discomfiture of the secretary of the society. The ordinary way of reckoning dates in China is by the reigns of the sovereigns; and the present year, for example, is described in Chinese documents as the twenty-fourth year of the reign of the Emperor Kwanghsü. In a fit of ardour for reform the secretary carried his desire for change to the extent of dating the journal of the society not from the reign of the Sovereign, but from the year of the death of Confucius. It is quite possible that no disloyalty to the ruling Sovereign was intended, but in China the very appearance of disaffection is a dangerous thing, and Chang Chih-tung instantly suppressed the journal, and gave the editor plainly to understand that there was to be no flirting with even the terms of disloyalty in any undertaking with which his name was connected.

Under the inspiration of the same class of people who advocate railways and have founded schools of foreign learning, mints have been established, mines have been opened, steam-launches have been introduced on inland waters, and the manufacture of tea, which has of late fallen on evil days, is undergoing a complete reformation. But unfortunately every step which has hitherto been taken in advance, has been taken in opposition to the immense bulk of the nation, who in their supreme ignorance, are quite unconscious of any necessity for change. The reformers, therefore, have to wage a constant war against ignorance, conceit and folly, and so stern is the contest that even the most sanguine must regard the regeneration of the Empire as an event of the dim and distant future.

From time to time it has not unfrequently been anticipated, and even announced, that China was prepared to launch her vessel on the sea of reforms. After the war of 1860, when the allied troops marched on Peking, it was confidently expected that the crushing defeat which the country had sustained would have aroused the Leviathan from its slumbers. Later again, the Marquis Tsêng wrote, or is said to have written, an article

on

on the 'Awakening of China,' in which we were told that China was prepared to march shoulder to shoulder with the most advanced of Western nations. And after the recent victory of Japan it was not unnatural to expect that at last China would be driven in the interests of self-preservation to put her house in order. But all prognostications have been doomed to disappointment. For a moment after the war of 1860, and again within the last year or two, there were signs which afforded ground for supposing that the Empire had at last been aroused from its sleep of centuries, but the weight of the conquering hands was no sooner removed than these appearances vanished, and experience has shown that the awakening was in each case just long enough to enable the sleeper to turn round on the other side and fall into a still deeper slumber.

It is a fact, and it is one that it is well to recognize at the outset in all our dealings with China, that she sees nothing in reform that she should desire it; and looking back on her long history it may be noted that every improvement in the administration of the Empire and in the condition of the people has been forced upon the country from the outside. Following this tradition, it would appear that her only hope is that circumstances may so shape themselves that some foreign Power or Powers should supply the momentum which might be expected to move the half-inanimate State. This is the hopeful symptom in the recent action of Russia and Germany. The present barrenness of the Imperial exchequer is indeed a blessing in disguise, since the loan which is so much needed is accompanied by conditions which compel the Government to place the direction of some fiscal branch of the State under foreign control. For forty years the Chinese have had before them an object-lesson in administration in the Foreign Customs Service which for more than a generation has been under the able direction of Sir Robert Hart. By the exercise of careful administration and common honesty the income derived from this Service has increased from seven million to twenty-two million taels, and, as the Chinese have repeatedly had occasion to learn, has formed the only security on which they have been able to borrow in the European markets. It is not too much to say that, if the collection of Likin is placed under the same management, the annual income, which as we have already stated amounts to rather more than two millions sterling, will increase in like proportion.

The opening of new Treaty Ports will also prove a distinct advantage not only to Europe but also to China, since it has been proved undeniably by experience that the opening of new ports confers

confers greater financial advantages on native than on foreign merchants. When Li Hungchang was in this country, he could suggest no other way of making that addition to the revenue of his country which he so much desired, and which might be readily secured by improving trading facilities, than by the crude expedient of doubling the foreign duties. This is a specimen of the kind of ideas which pass for statecraft in China. A Chinaman's mind is by nature narrow and unimaginative. There are no better hagglers over a bargain in the world than the Ministers of Tsungli Yamên, but these same men who will drive a foreign envoy to despair by cranks and quibbles on some small and insignificant matter, are quite incapable of forming broad views on political questions. If any evidence were needed in support of this statement it is only necessary to refer to their action in the matter of Talienwan. It was an open secret that Russia desired to have the Liaotong Peninsula under her influence if not as her own private property, and that this was the real reason why she objected to the opening of Talienwan as a Treaty Port. This circumstance should surely have been enough to make the Tsungli Yamên accept with avidity a proposal which would have preserved to them the possession of their own territory, besides opening up a fresh source of revenue. But no! their pettifogging minds were occupied with small intrigues and unreasoning fears, so that one day, when the English ships steamed into Port Arthur, they were inclined to listen to Sir Claude Macdonald's arguments, and on the next, when the same ships had taken their departure, they would have none of him.

While China hesitated and procrastinated, events marched apace, and, so far as British interests are concerned, generally in the right direction. The Anglo-German loan for 16,000,000*l.* has been arranged on conditions which cannot but have a lastingly beneficial effect on the administrative machinery of the country. The clause which places the Likin Revenue of certain ports and districts in Central China under the control of Sir Robert Hart is full of promise for the future, and strikes a second wedge into that mass of official corruption which at present saps the strength and poisons the life of the Empire. The opening to foreign trade of the ports of Yo Chow on the Tungting Lake, of Funing Fu in Fuhkien, and of Chingwang on the Gulf of Liaotung, is also a marked step in advance. At the same time the right of access by steamers to the great waterways of China will be cordially welcomed. It is impossible to regard the acquisition of Weihaiwei with the same complete satisfaction. That it was necessary in order to maintain

maintain our legitimate influence at Peking in face of the action of other Powers, must be admitted. But it is none the less a departure from our recognized policy in China, and cannot but be regarded as an unfortunate necessity.

The process of dismemberment has commenced. Where will it end? One thing seems certain. If China wishes to retain the possession of her remaining territory and to check that partition of her Empire which has already begun, only one course is open to her, since as a fighting power she is by common consent quite unable to guard her own frontiers. By throwing open all her maritime and inland ports to foreign trade, she would place them under the safe and sure protection of the Treaty Powers, and would put it beyond the range of possibility that any one State should, after the manner of the Russians at Port Arthur and the Germans at Kiaochow, seize on ports and territories. But when once the immediate pressure is removed, it seems hopeless, judging from past experience, to expect that her 'statesmen' should realize and carry out this elementary act of salvation. At present, 'Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all,' she is in daily danger of dismemberment, and so purblind are her counsellors that, if she is to be saved at all, it must be by action taken against their will and in defiance of their most cherished prejudices.

- ART. XII.—1. *The Irish University Question, the Catholic Case. Selections from the Speeches and Writings of the Archbishop of Dublin.* Dublin, 1897.
2. *The Reports of the Presidents of the Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway.* Presented to Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. Dublin, 1897.
3. *Fifteenth Report of the Royal University of Ireland.* Dublin, 1897.
4. *University Education in England, France, and Germany, with special reference to the needs of Ireland.* By Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Bart. London, 1898.

AMONG the many vexed Irish questions, over which controversy has so long and persistently raged, there is none that involves more perplexing problems of debate than the establishment of a Roman Catholic University. Within the last sixty years several attempts have been made to settle the problem of the higher education of the Roman Catholics of Ireland by legislation, but their hierarchy are still dissatisfied, and the agitation for separate treatment has only gathered strength with the lapse of time.

No leader of the movement for the settlement of the Roman Catholic claims has been more determined in attack upon the disabilities under which the Roman Catholics suffer, than Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin. His book, mentioned at the head of our article, embodies his writings and speeches on the subject since his appointment to the diocese of Dublin in 1885, and its publication marked an important stage in the history of the agitation, coincident indeed with the debate in the House of Commons which brought the question to a definite issue at the opening of Parliament in January 1898.

To understand the difficulty of the problem, much more to attempt its solution, it is necessary briefly to review its history, with special attention to previous efforts to solve it by legislation. Anyone who has the most casual acquaintance with the people of Ireland and the history of that country must be aware of the passionate devotion which the Roman Catholics feel for their ancient faith. Neither penal laws, nor proselytizing schools, nor other similar agencies have weaned them from their allegiance to the Roman Church. Nay, further, as Sir James Graham well said, in introducing the Bill for the establishment of the Queen's Colleges, 'the various plans for educating the people of Ireland with the aid of Government grants had generally failed, and they had failed whenever there was an interference with conscience in matters of religion.'

In

In the past the position of young Roman Catholics in respect to higher education, and State aid, was deplorable. Every endowed school in Ireland was Protestant, and it was not until the establishment of the Intermediate education system in 1878 that the Roman Catholic schools and colleges received any State aid (on terms applying equally to Protestant schools), and this only as the result of reaching a high standard of examination. Until the establishment of the Queen's Colleges, in 1845, the University of Dublin, with its one college, Trinity, was the only University in Ireland. Founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it has for upwards of three centuries been the centre of Protestant thought, culture, and feeling. In this respect it was in no way different from the sister Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The Protestant religion was that by law established, and every other denomination was in consequence excluded from the degrees and privileges of Dublin University. But long before Oxford and Cambridge had thought of extending their advantages to the youth of alien creeds, Dublin University offered the privilege of its degrees to the Roman Catholic youth of Ireland. But although Roman Catholics accepted the privileges thus opened to them, Dublin University, with its Protestant character and traditions, never overcame the hostility of the Roman Catholic Church. After the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, a strong demand was made to remove the disabilities under which the Roman Catholic youth of Ireland suffered in the matter of higher education. Sir Robert Peel admitted the justice of the claim, and a Select Committee, under the chairmanship of Sir Thomas Wyse, was appointed to enquire into and report upon the subject. Acting upon the recommendations of this Report, Peel's Government introduced two measures in 1845. The first reconstituted Maynooth on a more independent foundation and largely increased the endowment of that College, which was established in 1795 for the education of those intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood; the second met the wants of the lay members of that and other denominations on the basis of religious equality, by establishing three colleges, in Belfast, Cork, and Galway. The treatment of Maynooth was most generous: a sum of 30,000*l.* was granted for building purposes, and the annual grant was raised from 8,928*l.* to 26,360*l.*, which was to come from the Consolidated Fund; and we may here note that under the Irish Church Act (1869) the College received a sum of 369,040*l.* in compensation for the cessation of this grant. About 100,000*l.* was granted for the building of the new Colleges; an annual sum of 10,000*l.* was granted to each for endowment; and a further

further sum of 5,000*l.* a year to defray the necessary expenses incurred in examinations under the new University scheme.

The difficulties Peel had to meet were formidable and real enough to try the patience and courage of that intrepid statesman. He had faced political and religious bigotry on the question of Catholic Emancipation, and he fearlessly met a hostility equally bigoted on the Maynooth Bill, against which three thousand petitions found their way to the House of Commons. No man ever grasped the whole difficulty of the 'Irish problem' more comprehensively than Sir Robert Peel. He laboured incessantly to lay the foundation of better social order in Ireland, and to detach the best elements among the Roman Catholics from the agitation which rendered government of that country almost impossible. He thoroughly understood the forces at work, and the patient toil which he devoted to grappling with them was, as he himself said, 'too much for human strength.' The guiding policy of the new collegiate system, in the words of Sir James Graham on the second reading of the Bill, May 30, 1845, was to be as follows: 'This collegiate system is avowedly an extension, and nothing more than an extension, of the present system of National Education, from the children of the humblest to the children of the middle and upper classes.' This system was established in the primary schools in 1831, on the basis so well known in Ireland as 'combined secular and separate religious instruction.' From the beginning it has worked well. More than three-fourths of the National Board (primary) schools are under the management of the clergy of the various denominations, and opportunity is given for religious instruction at hours arranged by the managers; but the State offers no remuneration for such instruction, which, however, is widely undertaken by the teachers in addition to their secular duties.

Sir Robert Peel, having seen the system successfully at work, modelled the Queen's Colleges, as they were called, on the same principle. The staff of each College was appointed by the State, and the Government were to maintain complete control over the management of the Colleges. The keeping of terms by attendance at lectures was made compulsory; but no residences were provided for students, nor did the State pay any minister of religion to instruct them in the principles of their faith, or attend to their spiritual wants.

It is not difficult after the lapse of half a century to see defects in the system, as applied to higher education and to the instruction of students living away from their own homes. It is easy to censure Peel, and pour the epithets of 'halting,'
'lame,'

'lame,' 'costly,' and 'fantastic' upon his scheme, but the fault of its want of success surely lies not so much with Peel as with those who have refused to accept it and loyally work to remove its defects. It must be remembered, in justice to Peel, that the scheme was not launched without the full knowledge of the highest Roman Catholic prelates in the land, and that Archbishop Croly, Primate, and Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, approved of the scheme and agreed to the establishment of the Colleges. Further, in answer to the objections raised to lack of endowment for religious instruction, he had already dealt generously with Maynooth, and he naturally looked for support to his scheme from those whom it was especially intended to succour. Peel felt, too, that in the House of Commons and the country at large, there was a limit to the support he would receive in any further concessions, which would increase the endowment of the Roman Catholic priesthood. It would have been easy indeed, in order to remove these defects, for a Church that commanded so many teaching Orders, to have grafted resident establishment upon the system, or made provision for religious instruction under deans of residence, thus following the policy of Archbishop Murray, and according to existing statutes. Spent in this direction, the money wasted on the costly failure of the Roman Catholic University would have gone far towards solving the present difficulty.

The three Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway were opened in 1849, and in the following year the Queen's University was founded. While much liberty was given to each College in the management of its own affairs, the general government of the University, the preparation of its curriculum, the appointment of examiners, and the granting of degrees were entrusted to the Chancellor and Senate of the new University. The fact is not generally known that the name of Dr. Murray stands third on the list of the original members of the Senate. But these were the days when the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin attended the levee of the Lord Lieutenant; and the Primate and he took their seats on another Board in spite of the thunder and opposition of O'Connell and 'John of Tuam.' Though the Roman Catholic clergy were not unanimous in supporting the new Colleges, there can be but little doubt that they would in time have adopted the wise and enlightened policy of the Archbishops.' But Dr. Croly died the year the Queen's Colleges were opened, and two years later the Archbishop of Dublin followed him to the grave. The successor to each in turn was Dr. Cullen, who became the arch-opponent of the

the new educational scheme, and to him, more than to any other man, may be attributed the failure of the Queen's Colleges and University as popular institutions.

The political wave that at this period swept over Italy banished the Pope for a time from the Vatican. It was a dual revolt against despotism and dogmatism, by those who cherished the golden dream of Italian emancipation. Secularism, which could take such a form, could not but be utterly repugnant to the Ultramontane mind. Dominated entirely by Ultramontane policy, Cardinal Cullen could only view Irish affairs through the medium pervading the Vatican. His appointment to the primatial see of Armagh was by exercise of the papal authority, for, contrary to the ordinary practice, the *dignissimus* of those recommended by the clergy was set aside. For thirty years he had been resident in Rome, and had filled the post of Rector of the Irish College with marked distinction and success. He was a man of great ability, and a zealous defender of the rights of the Church, many of which he had seen relentlessly violated. He saw in the secularism of the Irish scheme of University education an element most dangerous to faith and morals. He at once denounced the whole scheme of higher and elementary education and the principle upon which it was based, and summoned a Synod to meet at Thurles, where it received the solemn condemnation of the Church.

Dr. Walsh, in one of his letters,* reviews the action of the Roman Catholic bishops in connexion with Peel's scheme from its inception to its condemnation at the Synod of Thurles in 1850. We are willing to accept the Archbishop's disclaimer that that condemnation was carried by a 'majority of one,'† and also that, if it were so, the deciding vote was given by a delegate selected by Archbishop Cullen to fill the place of a bishop favourable to the Colleges, but absent from illness. The special powers given to the Archbishop as Apostolic Delegate were quite sufficient to carry the Synod with him without descending to any such subterfuge.

Before the Synod had risen, however, they decided to found a Roman Catholic University, at the instigation of Propaganda, which was to be modelled on the lines of the University of Louvain. Upwards of 150,000*l.* was in time contributed to its support, and Newman was its first Rector, which post he held for a few years. It was established, as one of its advocates has

* 'The Irish University Question,' pp. 400-6.

† This was stated again by Mr. Courtney in the debate in the House of Commons on February 17, 1898.

said, on 'the eternal principles which regulated the relations of the Catholic Universities of the Middle Ages.' It was to be the central citadel of the Roman Catholic faith in Ireland, which was to draw to itself all the youth of that creed throughout the kingdom who sought for higher education, and where their spiritual needs would be more especially supplied. It was to be the source from which should emanate a stimulating influence for the propagation of the faith throughout the English-speaking world. A lofty aim surely, but in the high ideals Newman formed he was doomed to disappointment, as he found ere he resigned his office in 1858.

It has been an oft-repeated grievance that the Government 'sternly refused,' to use Archbishop Walsh's words, to recognize the Roman Catholic University. But the difficulties were insurmountable, on account of the restriction imposed upon the selection of its professors, lecturers, and authorities, all of whom were subject to the control of the Episcopal Board, the uncertainty of its income, and the incompleteness of a large portion of the arrangements for the teaching of science. These were fully stated in the fifth Report of the Royal Commission on Scientific Institutions (1874). It is much to be regretted that a little more reasonableness, wisdom, and conciliation did not guide the policy of the Government on the one hand, and the Roman Catholic hierarchy on the other, in the past stages of this burning controversy. But it is necessary here to emphasize the fact, that the whole tendency of modern legislation has been to remove the disabilities of Roman Catholics and to place them on an equal footing with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. Catholic Emancipation was passed, which gave them long-delayed political freedom. The Protestant Church of Ireland was disestablished, ostensibly to destroy for ever the superiority it derived from official union with the State. The endowments of that Church have been appropriated, and in their subsequent distribution, educational and otherwise, Roman Catholics have largely shared to the present moment. The Queen's Colleges were established avowedly for the purpose of meeting their educational disabilities; but they were 'sternly refused' by the voice of the Church in Council, and a voluntary University was started in opposition. Pastorals such as the following were issued to crush the 'godless colleges':—

'The Holy Father sees the conspiracy that has been organized to withdraw the education of youth from the influence of the Catholic Church, and in the anguish of his paternal heart he declares that the result will be moral and intellectual corruption. He invites us all, clergy and laity, to join with him in deploring that Satanic scheme

scheme for the ruin of faith in the rising generation. . . . Parents and guardians of young men are to understand that by accepting education in them (the Queen's Colleges) for those under their charge, they despise the warnings, entreaties, and decisions of the Head of the Church. . . . Adhering to the discipline in force in this diocese, we once for all declare that they who are guilty of it shall not be admitted to receive the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, or of Penance, whilst they continue in their disobedience.'

Ministers responsible for the success of institutions established by Act of Parliament, and after vast expenditure of public money, were bound to resist such ecclesiastical tyranny as this. It was exasperating as well as regrettable, and it defeated its own ends by preventing concessions in the right direction. Nor do we see how statesmen committed to such a line of policy could endow or grant a charter to a University established on 'the eternal principles which regulated the relations of the Catholic Universities of the Middle Ages.'

But to the general principle that there should be no religious endowment the Government, and especially the Liberal party, stood pledged. Mr. Gladstone, in 1873, on the first reading of his University Bill, thus clearly enunciated their attitude:—

'Denominational endowment, whether applied to a University or a college in Ireland, would be in opposition to the uniform and explicit declarations which have been made, ever since this question assumed a new position six or seven years ago, by, I believe, every member of the Government, and, as I can safely assert, by myself.'

Political shibboleths, to which a party becomes pledged, have worked mischievously before now, and will do so again. Why the political principle of 'no religious endowment' should become sacred, and be worn as a phylactery by the Liberal party, we have always been at a loss to understand. With characteristic irreverence for such things Mr. Matthew Arnold spoke of it as 'that spavined vicious-eyed Liberal hobby, expressly bred to do duty against the Irish Catholics.' Political axioms are good things, but only when they have been tried in the furnace of practice and the assay has proved them genuine.

As we have intimated, neither wisdom nor foresight guided the Government in piloting the Queen's University and Colleges through their early difficulties and the strenuous opposition they received. 'All government,' says Burke, 'is founded on compromise,' and of compromise we find but little in their management. The Senate originally consisted of seventeen members, twelve Protestants and five Roman Catholics. Fifteen years later it consisted of fifteen Protestants and four Roman

Catholics. Now if the system was to be carried out as an extension of the National Board principle, the Senate should have been constituted with equal numbers from the two denominations. And as to the appointments to the professorships, Sir James Graham said, on the second reading of the Bill, that 'an adherence to the Roman Catholic faith would be an additional recommendation—one, too, which I have little doubt would not be overlooked in the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown, acting under responsible advisers.' Lord Clarendon, the Lord-Lieutenant, on whom devolved the carrying out of the Act, said that 'in the Council, professorships, and other posts of each College, the Catholic religion will be fully and appropriately represented.' But in the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown this principle was so far overlooked, that in 1860 the Protestant professors numbered forty-eight, and the Roman Catholic professors seven.

The practice of making an appointment to a vacant professorship is somewhat anomalous. Three names are usually submitted by the President of the College in which there is a vacancy, in the order of recommendation. The first is not necessarily that always selected by the Executive, and sometimes those recommended are set aside and an outsider appointed. The system is a mistake, and was, we believe, never intended to be permanent. Sir James Graham said, on introducing the Bill:—

'I do not mean to say that after the first nomination has been made, a governing body might not advantageously have that power confided to it, a veto being reserved to the Crown. . . . I shall not be unwilling, in the case of the professors, after 1848, that is, three years after the foundation of the Colleges, that Parliament shall reconsider the mode in which the professors shall be appointed.'

That reconsideration has not been made to this day; and the neglect is one of the reasons why the Queen's Colleges and a kindred establishment, the College of Science in Dublin, are not the popular institutions they might otherwise have been. The simple expedient should have been adopted of appointing a Board, on the lines existing in Scotland and more recently in England, in which the local element would be represented. The Executive could not have reserved to themselves a more thankless office than the appointment to the professorships in these Colleges. It has been a never-failing source of irritation, and at times given ample room for legitimate criticism.

The unstinted criticism and censure which the Queen's Colleges received ought to have condemned those institutions
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among the Roman Catholics of Ireland; but neither these nor the opening of the Roman Catholic University kept young men of that faith from using these institutions, as will be seen from the annexed table, taken from the published reports :—

	1871.		1881.		1891.		1897.	
	Rom. Cath.	Others.	Rom. Cath.	Others.	Rom. Cath.	Others.	Rom. Cath.	Others.
Belfast . .	14	366	22	486	17	433	16	364
Cork . .	86	164	179	148	159	86	116	90
Galway . .	61	62	87	121	37	73	46	59

If the charge that 'the Queen's Colleges have wholly failed' cannot be maintained, it is also plain that the Roman Catholics did not fully avail themselves of the privileges they afforded. Their whole attitude, however, can only be compared to that of one person crippling another and then abusing him because he could not walk. Demands continued to be made; fruitless negotiations were carried on in 1866 and 1868; and in 1873 Mr. Gladstone introduced his University Bill. This contemplated the abolition of the Queen's University and Galway College, and the establishment of a National University, which was to embrace Trinity, Belfast, Cork, and such other colleges as fulfilled certain necessary conditions. The three Colleges named were still to be maintained by public endowment, but no provision was made for any Roman Catholic college. The professors were to be subject to a censorship, and the subjects of history and philosophy excluded from the curriculum. The Bill was a splendid instance of the uncontrollable imagination of Mr. Gladstone; it was destructive in its policy, unsatisfactory to the Roman Catholics, and mischievous in the restraints it attempted to put upon the free and independent thought that should prevail within the college walls of any University.

Mr. Fawcett's subsequent Act for the abolition of all religious tests, which threw open every office and privilege in Trinity College to all denominations alike, was opposed by the Irish Roman Catholic members. 'The Bill,' says Dr. Walsh, 'was, strange to say, favoured to a large extent by the authorities of the College and of the University (Dublin).' There was nothing strange in it, and to suggest, as the Archbishop does, that 'Probably they were influenced by the consideration that no such change in mere legal constitution could, to any appreciable extent,

extent, take away either from the College or from the University their essentially Protestant character,' is to take a narrow and ungenerous view of the whole attitude of the authorities of that institution for the previous century. In 1793 Dublin University admitted Roman Catholics to degrees fully fifty years before similar privileges were granted by Oxford or Cambridge. In 1854 it established a system of non-foundation scholarships, specially intended to meet the disabilities of Roman Catholic students. It welcomed the change, because it was tolerant, though Protestant, and true to its ideal as a great republic of letters. It says much for the toleration and liberty that had hitherto been shown to the Roman Catholics who entered its walls, that there has been no increase commensurate with the legal privileges afforded by Mr. Fawcett's Act of secularization, abolishing all tests. The numbers from reliable sources are as follows :—

1871.		1881.		1891.	
Rom. Cath.	Others.	Rom. Cath.	Others.	Rom. Cath.	Others.
74	917	115	1223	76	1086

Bitter things have been said and written of Trinity College, and Archbishop Walsh has been candid enough to give full publicity to his strictures on that institution, which another and weaker man would have omitted from such a collection of addresses. He, however, and more particularly in his later utterances, disclaims all desire to injure the prestige of Trinity College. The cry of *Delendum est Trinitatis Collegium* is abandoned, and we are assured there is no wish to contract or destroy its sphere of usefulness.

But it cannot be too strongly laid down as a principle in any fresh legislation that, whatever attempts may be made in the way of levelling up new institutions, there must be no levelling down of the old. The time has gone by for any such process. Among the few institutions that have rooted themselves deep in Irish soil, Trinity College stands dominating all. The lands upon which it is situated were the free gift of the citizens of Dublin in the days of Elizabeth, and the imposing piles of buildings, with their Greek porticoes, which flank its quadrangle, were erected from the sums voted by the Irish Parliament in the last century. But its richest endowment has been the intellectual wealth created by the genius of its own sons. Where, even among the greatest of those who have made the reputation of Oxford and Cambridge,

Cambridge, can be found names to eclipse those of Berkeley, Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Grattan? Among living teachers within its walls are men whose names are respected in the great centres of education in every civilized land. It has given of its noblest and its best to the service of Greater Britain in whatever field genius can reap reward or the reputation of the Empire be sustained. In 1892, when it celebrated its tercentenary, representatives of learning from most countries in Europe, from the United States, and from the Colonies assembled to do it honour. Those who witnessed the brilliant series of celebrations then held can never forget the impressiveness of the scene. The occasion clearly demonstrated to the civilized world that Trinity College must not be interrupted in the path of intellectual progress in which it advances abreast of the greatest. The statesman who would now attempt to level down such an institution would deservedly damage his reputation for generations to come, and lose the confidence of every thoughtful man in the United Kingdom.

Since 1873 Roman Catholics have passed freely through Trinity College, and in no instance has their religious conviction been openly or secretly assailed, or their profession of faith cast in their teeth. They have taken an active and leading part in its intellectual and athletic life. The College Historical Society, the oldest debating society in the United Kingdom, which traces its foundation to Edmund Burke, and has a prestige—from its long roll of distinguished members—greater than the Unions of Oxford and Cambridge, elects its auditors yearly by the free suffrage of its members; this is the highest and most coveted honour the students can confer, and in the last thirty years it has been conferred six times upon Roman Catholics. Surely this is proof, if proof were needed, of the toleration that prevails in the so-called 'citadel of ascendancy,' and it is to the credit of the authorities and student majority that the spirit of ascendancy is never felt by the minority of other denominations who trust themselves within its gates.

We must revert here for a moment to the Intermediate Education Act of 1878, for which one million of money was voted from the Surplus Fund of the Disendowed Irish Church. The income derived from this sum, and that which comes from local taxation duties, now amounts to over 80,000*l.* yearly. The Board consists of seven members—two Episcopalians, one Presbyterian, one Methodist, and three Roman Catholics. The positions in every department under the system are most fairly divided between the Protestant and Roman Catholic denominations. The administration has been eminently satisfactory, and

and the system has established itself in the confidence of the public. It has given a unity to Intermediate Education in Irish schools to which the sister Kingdom cannot be said to furnish a parallel. Over 50,000*l.* are awarded in results fees to the managers of schools for children of both sexes, and a large sum is also distributed in exhibitions, medals, and prizes, among the students. Some system of examination is necessary in any method of State aid, and especially among schools of rival denominations; but, whatever objections may be urged against the examinations, the improvement which the system has made in the whole range of education, and the impetus it has given to the teaching profession in the country, must be admitted by those best acquainted with the old state of things and the new. We may therefore hope that without the fullest and most careful enquiry no attempt will be made to alter it in response to any empirical or doctrinaire cry. It has been of inestimable service in supplementing the incomes of the Roman Catholic schools and colleges, nearly all of which are under the management of the various ecclesiastical Orders, and which had hitherto no State aid or endowment. They have so far availed themselves of the advantages thus offered that fully two-thirds of the results fees fall to the managers of the Roman Catholic schools. A large portion of this sum is received by the Christian Brothers, whose pupils are in the majority in the elementary grades. The education of large numbers of these children, except for the results fees, would probably be primary and not secondary. In the upper grades, however, there are hundreds of Roman Catholic students whose education fits them for a University career. An immense impetus has been given by the Intermediate system to the production of such students, whose numbers and quality render a satisfactory settlement of the Roman Catholic University question imperative. Some of the large colleges, such as Clongowes, Blackrock, Castleknock, and others, in general equipment, educational and otherwise, are equal to any schools and colleges in the United Kingdom. This statement may sound strange to some, but it is not so to those who have examined the forces now at work in Ireland other than those of politics. These colleges have not only turned out students, many of whom have gained high positions under Her Majesty in the diplomatic service and on the bench, but the efficient service they render in the cause of higher education at the present moment is also abundantly attested by the honours and prizes they obtain in the Intermediate and Royal University examinations.

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The Royal University was established in 1880 on the lines of the London University. The Queen's University was abolished, but the three Queen's Colleges were retained, and residence at any college was no longer enforced. Degrees were to be conferred on any candidate passing the required examinations—the new University being, in fact, nothing more than an examining body. Archbishop Walsh bluntly gives his opinion of it thus: 'I am unable to recognize that institution as a University in any proper sense of the word.' Fellowships of the value of 400*l.* a year were established, and are held on condition of teaching at the Queen's or other colleges approved of by the Senate. Of the thirty-five, nineteen are at present held by Roman Catholics, many of whom hold professorships in the Catholic University College and School of Medicine. It will be seen that there has been an advance here, and a broadening of the basis to meet the Roman Catholic demands. But Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert, in an article quoted by Dr. Walsh, states several objections to the system. He says:—

'The system of indirectly endowing a school or college by giving large salaries to its professors as University examiners, with the duty of testing the relative merits of their own pupils and of outsiders, is essentially a dangerous and unsatisfactory system. It cannot last in the Royal University, and it must be changed, in the interest of justice and fair play. . . . The present arrangement of fellowships, as a means of giving a small and indirect endowment to one or two colleges, was never intended to be permanent; it was a makeshift for a time, and served a useful purpose for a while, but the sooner it is got rid of the better for all parties concerned.'

'It is good,' says Bacon, 'not to try experiments in States, except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident.' Whatever may be said about the 'urgency,' there was never any doubt amongst thinking men of the inutility of the scheme. It is to be regretted that the patchwork legislation which produced the Royal University was ever attempted. It has made confusion worse confounded; in the event of any establishment of a Roman Catholic University it can have no *raison d'être*, and hundreds of its graduates will thus possess degrees of a University that has ceased to exist, in addition to those still living who belong to the defunct Queen's University. 'Seamen,' says Swift, 'have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship.' The Royal University has acted like the tub, and given amusement for a time; but it has ceased to divert, and its emptiness has
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long since been found out. The principle upon which it is established stands condemned. A system which divorces teaching from examination cannot be considered a satisfactory substitute for the older system which combines both. With Mr. Balfour, we do not deny that the system has some merits; but he is also, in our opinion, right when he adds,—

‘that the general experience of mankind is that, if you want to get the best results, you cannot and ought not to depend on examination alone, but that you ought to associate the teaching body with the examining body, and that the same influences which prevail with the examining body should prevail also with the teaching.’

Influential action has recently been taken to establish teaching in connexion with the London University. The objections to a University as a mere examining body are real and unanswerable. Under it the principle that for so many centuries had governed the University system was deposed, and examinations, which had held but a subsidiary position, became the supreme source of all honours and rewards. Under the Royal University the students are mere numbers to the examiners, and to a large proportion of the students the examiners are only names, with whom they have no contact in lecture-hall or classroom, and no association beyond the setting of an examination paper. Again, it is very questionable whether the facility afforded by the Royal University to the gaining of degrees is of the best advantage to many of the youth of the country. The fees are merely nominal, but one examination is held yearly and that at convenient centres, and the student may live where he chooses, away from any teaching body. Hence many are turned aside from business or other pursuits to gain the magic letters denoting a degree. It is hardly necessary to point out that all that is associated with the very nature of academic life is absent here. The rivalry in class-room, literary and debating societies, the friendly intercourse of commons and chambers, the high qualities brought into play in athletic contests, the moulding, fashioning, polishing, physical and mental, in fact all the refining influences, moral and intellectual, that make up the life of the older Universities, form a world unknown to many of the youthful aspirants to the privileges of the Royal University. Much of the verbal knowledge of the niceties of classical literature and other educational accomplishments acquired in University days may be lost in the storm and stress of later life; but the stamp given to character, the self-reliance and the self-knowledge acquired in daily intercourse with fellow-students and under the disciplined intellects
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of the best teachers, are not effaced, but form the solid foundation upon which future success most surely rests. As we have pointed out, the Intermediate Education Board is purely an examining body, and to crown the system by another similar one was highly detrimental to all culture, for under it indeed true culture finds no place. The cultivation of a just appreciation of the best in literature and art, the plantation of principles which should govern the 'quivering balance of judgment'—in fact, that patient nursing which a truly benign mother alone can give to all the higher faculties of mind and character—are ideals of education wholly excluded under the frigid system of an examining board. The youth of Ireland want patient teaching and mental discipline under the wisest and best intellects the country can command. A wide measure of administrative policy is about to be conferred upon the people, and the higher teaching should be that which best fits the youth of the land for the practical duties of citizenship. Let it be, as Newman has so well said, that which 'teaches them to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant.' Surely such teaching is needed in Ireland. How much more so that which—

'aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life.'

Of the Royal University it might be said, as of Malvolio, 'an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortune before you.' It has not given satisfaction even as an examining body. Archbishop Walsh, in a letter to the 'Times,' written March 12, 1889, says:—

'So strongly was I convinced, five years ago, of the unfairness of the whole system of the Royal University examinations in this respect (the method in which the Senate selects its examiners) that I then resigned my place on the Senate of that anomalous institution, as a protest against the determined refusal of the Senate to take even one small step towards the removal of the basis of that unfairness.'

And again, in a speech, December 1896, he thus repeats his reason for not being a member of the Senate: 'Simply and solely because I found it impossible to reconcile with my notions of fair play and justice the principle on which the examining

examining boards of that body are constituted, and the method in which its examinations are conducted.'

We see, then, that the Royal University does not give satisfaction. At Trinity College, too, since 1873 there have been but two Roman Catholic fellows. One is dead; the other has recently been appointed to the presidency of Queen's College, Galway; and there is now no Roman Catholic on the tutorial or professorial staff of Trinity. The position then may be summed up thus: the Roman Catholic hierarchy are not satisfied with Trinity College, as though free it is still Protestant; they will not have the Queen's Colleges as they are non-sectarian; the Royal University gives no teaching, and in its examinations they lack confidence. We have endeavoured in this review to preserve 'the cold neutrality of an impartial judge,' and we confess that we are driven to the conclusion, arrived at long ago by Mr. Arthur Balfour, *alia tentanda via est*. The Roman Catholics say, be they right or wrong, that in compelling them to accept university teaching in a Protestant or purely secular college we are intruding on the rights of conscience, which is the 'vicegerent of God.' Are we right then in giving them no other alternative than to do without this teaching? Is it not better to try and meet them with concessions which they will accept, than to deny them what all admit is a necessity, and leave them under the weight of a sense of injustice, with the perennial discontent which it brings in its train; and the loss to the State of higher and more efficient service which this teaching would produce? It has been well said that 'few can see the beauty of being second or third in any career or occupation.' The absolute inferiority of Roman Catholics is exemplified in the difficulty of selecting properly qualified candidates of that creed for State service in Ireland, as admitted by both Mr. Gerald Balfour and Mr. John Morley, in the recent debate on the University question in Parliament.

Now what the Roman Catholics demand has been thus stated in an episcopal declaration issued on October 14, 1896:—

'What then do we claim? Simply to be put on an equality with our Protestant fellow countrymen. We take Trinity College, Dublin, with its endowments and its privileges, and, seeing what is done by public funds for half a million Protestants of the Disestablished Church of Ireland, we claim that at least as much should be done for the three and a half million Catholics.'

With this demand we have long been familiar, and it has been proclaimed aloud from many a public platform in Ireland in recent

recent months. It involves but two principles, insisted on again and again in Archbishop Walsh's speeches and addresses, equality in the matter of financial endowment, and equality in the matter of educational status. If it were a question of mere financial endowment, the matter would be a simple one; but equality of status by no means follows equality of endowment, and cannot be created by Act of Parliament or Royal Charter. There are two solutions to the question: first, the establishment of a University that the Roman Catholic hierarchy will accept; and secondly, adopting the principle of Mr. Gladstone's Bill, the creation of a Roman Catholic College, equal in status to Trinity College, under the University of Dublin. But how is such a college to be created? Neither a brand-new University nor a college can be called into existence equal to one with great historic claims and associations, and a noble record of work done. Nor can there be drawn to either, no matter what emoluments are offered, a staff of Roman Catholic tutors and professors, from the United Kingdom, equal in merit and renown to the fellows and professors of Trinity College. But suppose they could be drawn from Roman Catholic countries abroad; how would such a polyglot body realize national aspirations, or rise to the high ideal so forcibly set forth by Newman. It is on intellectual prestige alone, and not on wealth of endowment, that any true measure of comparison can be made between such institutions, and this prestige must long give to Trinity College a predominating influence over any new and rival establishment. If such an institution is to possess a staff similar to Trinity College, it can only be obtained by Roman Catholics taking advantage of the teaching of that College, entering for the fellowship examinations, and reaching the required standard. We see no other means by which intellectual status can be attained; and if this be submitted to for the next generation, why not for the generations to come? But we are met here at once with the difficulty of 'the danger to faith and morals' which, as 'intrinsic' in the very nature of the mixed system, is emphasized so strongly by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. We by no means desire to see the students of any creed debarred from religious instruction while pursuing secular studies at a University. But is the danger so great as the bishops think? Surely a Roman Catholic student of any fixed religious principles, and living in a Protestant environment, would by his life and conduct show the strength and conviction of the faith that was in him, and resist any temptation that would bring discredit on his creed. And again, are there not hundreds of Roman Catholic students in

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our cities attending the hospitals, inns of court, army and civil service coaches, to whom the danger to faith and morals is far greater, and about whom no such alarms have ever been sounded. We believe that a Roman Catholic student is safer against the danger to faith and morals in the atmosphere of Trinity College, and under the restraints of residence in it, than he would be while pursuing his course in any other path. As Newman has well put it:—

‘You have given him a liberty into the multitudinous blasphemy of his day; you have made him free of its newspapers, its reviews, its magazines, its novels, its controversial pamphlets, of its Parliamentary debates, its law proceedings, its platform speeches, its songs, its drama, its theatre, of its enveloping stifling atmosphere of death. You have succeeded but in this—in making the world his University.’

And yet he is not free to come in contact with a Protestant fellow-student, or listen to the teaching of a Protestant professor, as if they represented in the flesh an eighth and a deadlier sin than Spenser’s. Trinity College makes arrangement for the catechetical teaching of Presbyterian as well as of Church of Ireland students, and Mr. Lecky, speaking no doubt with some authority, has said, in the House of Commons, he believes ‘there would not be the smallest objection on its part to adopt a similar measure for the Catholic students, and to give any other reasonable safeguard for their faith.’ But suppose it be suggested that a Roman Catholic chapel be established within its walls and daily mass be said there, how would it be received by the authorities and the Protestants of Ireland at large? We gravely doubt that we are on the eve of such a millennium of peace and toleration as to hear of its favourable reception. Would the Roman Catholic hierarchy be satisfied with the concession spoken of by Mr. Lecky? We see no reason then why a dean of residence should not be appointed, holding at the same time a professorship of moral philosophy, a second course being selected to meet the views of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, as has already been done in the Royal University. We see nothing but the greatest advantage to be derived from the union of the various creeds in a great centre of learning, particularly in a country like Ireland, where the cleavage line has been so widely drawn for generations among the rival denominations—with the result that mutual distrust, estrangement, collision of interests, divided national feeling have hitherto characterized its history, and have so often poisoned the discussion of schemes for the welfare of that long-distracted country. But recent events show a marked tendency to close that line of cleavage; and in the attitude taken towards
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the opening up of the country to tourist traffic, the settlement of the financial relations, co-operation in agricultural and other industries, Irishmen of every creed and party have united in one common cause. Any scheme of education that tends therefore to bring Irishmen of the various classes and creeds together at their most formative and impressionable period of life should be welcomed by all those who are interested in the future peace and prosperity of the land. 'Why do we educate,' says Newman, 'except to prepare for the world? If, then, a University is a direct preparation for this world, let it be what it professes. It is not a convent, it is not a seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world.' If these words bear any interpretation, it is surely this, that the Roman Catholic youth of Ireland should not be cut off from intercourse with Protestant students during their University career—with the men whom they will afterwards meet in the world, in business and professional pursuits, and with whom they will share the amenities and pleasures of social life.

In 1894 an important memorandum on the Universities question was submitted to the Roman Catholic hierarchy by some of the leading members of that denomination in England, with the object of having their views made known to Propaganda. In it they expressed their opinion that liberty to attend the national Universities was absolutely essential to those who contemplated taking part in the national life of their time. The grounds upon which they based this opinion are patent, and the memorandum expressed them with irresistible force. It pointed to the great gain to the Roman Catholic Church which the Oxford Movement gave, in such men as Newman, Manning, and others. Against the objection to a mixed system it was urged that the Church, while opposing it, does so only as an ideal principle, and that in practice Roman Catholics attend national Universities in Germany, France, and Belgium. But the convincing argument of this interesting document lay in the testimony of those who had some years' experience of the Roman Catholic students who passed through Oxford and Cambridge under their observation. There was no loss of faith in either University, and they considered that, given good preliminary training, a student was as safe as at home. Open profession of faith was made, attendance at mass regular, some converts were gained, and at Oxford the Newman Society brought the Roman Catholics together and became the parent of Newman House. The result has been that Roman Catholics are now allowed freely to go to the Universities, care being taken that preliminary training is given, and that during residence

residence they attend lectures on Roman Catholic faith and doctrine.

If then the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland still refuse to accept the principle of the mixed system, we have the curious contrast of its acceptance in England by approval of Propaganda, even although Oxford and Cambridge make no provision for the religious teaching of the Roman Catholic students. We confess we cannot understand the inconsistency, as no fundamental law has ever been laid down by the Church upon the subject. The only argument that can be urged is that circumstances alter cases, and that Roman Catholics, being in the majority in Ireland, should have a University suited to their wants.

Let us consider for a moment the possibility of the mixed system being established, which is ideally the best. Had the Roman Catholics entered Trinity College in sufficient numbers since 1873, they might have largely leavened the constitution of its Senate, Council, and governing Board, controlled its endowments, regulated its curriculum, given a Roman Catholic colour to the teaching of history and philosophy, and so altered the character of its traditions and atmosphere as to effect a revolution, which Protestants would regard—in the words of Mr. Arthur Balfour—‘with profound distaste, almost with alarm and horror.’ But the Roman Catholic hierarchy have not sanctioned, and it is evident they will not sanction, the adoption of the mixed principle in Ireland. They fear the modifying influence of the Protestant atmosphere of Trinity College; they consider the idea of Roman Catholics ever being in the position of capturing Trinity College, commanding its endowments, and governing its policy, as an utterly unrealizable and Utopian dream.

As to the Conjoint Scheme of a college under Dublin University, we are met at once with the difficulty of the constitution of the governing body. Ripe scholarship and matured experience are the only qualifications for those who reach the governing Board of Trinity College. If the stereotyped Irish half-and-half principle be adopted, the one qualification for the members representing the new college will be religion. How would such an incongruous body work? Are the Roman Catholics likely to agree to a continuation of the present system of education prevailing in Trinity College? If they demand changes to meet Roman Catholic requirements, would the representatives of the older college be likely to submit to interference with their curriculum, the censure and prohibition of books, or the alteration in their standard of scholarship, which they might demand? Would the staff of Trinity College
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be likely to work in harmony with, or have confidence in, the staff of the new college, which would be its inferior in intellect and experience? Such interference would be bound to work mischievously, and the prospective good would not be worth the risk of the certain evil. To these grave difficulties we must confess we see no possible solution, nor do we think that what is ideally the best could ever be realized by such an 'ill-shapen, turbulent innovation' as the Conjoint Scheme.

We now come to the final consideration, namely, the establishment of a separate Roman Catholic University. This is the most feasible scheme; the best schemes, like the 'best men, are moulded out of faults,' and we believe that with the experience of past failures, the discussion the subject has received in and out of Parliament, and the more recent and explicit pronouncements of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, the difficulties are not insurmountable. In the negotiations with Lord Mayo, in 1868, the bishops clearly laid down the powers to be vested in that body in any scheme of University education. They stated that they possessed, and all Roman Catholics must acknowledge them to possess, the right to pronounce authoritatively on matters of faith and morals. That right belonged to them and to them alone, as compared with laymen, or even ecclesiastics of the second order.

'That is the exclusive province of the bishops. As faith and morality may be injuriously affected either by the heterodox teaching of professors, lecturers, or other officers, or by their bad moral example, or by the introduction of bad books into the University programme, the very least power that could be claimed for the bishops on the Senate, with a view to the counteraction to (of) such evils, would be that of an absolute negative on such books and on the first nomination of professors, &c., as well as on their continuing to hold their offices after having been judged by the bishops on the Senate to have grievously offended against faith and morals.'

They stated further that, according to the doctrine and discipline of the Church, it was essential in deciding on matters of faith and morals 'to recognize in the episcopal members of the Senate power denied to their fellows on the Senate.' They were prepared to permit students of other denominations to share the privileges of the University, and to provide security against undue influence with their religious beliefs; but they considered it—

'would be unreasonable, as well as inconsistent with the idea of a Catholic University, to deny or restrict the liberty of the professor to treat in a Catholic sense of history, ethics, law, or other subjects, in so far as they have a special bearing on religion, or religion on them.'

This would be introducing the principle which characterizes the mixed system.

The reply of Lord Mayo to these representations was that 'the proposition that the episcopal members of the Senate should possess any power greater than that of their lay colleagues is one that Her Majesty's Government cannot entertain.' Now, if the Government was not prepared to accept those conditions in 1868, it cannot be expected to accept them now. The practical difficulties here involved have to be met before definite action can be taken in the establishment of a Roman Catholic University. An important declaration has, however, recently been made by the bishops. In June 1897 they published a statement, unanimously agreed to, which has reduced the area of controversy to a much narrower compass. On the matter of their representation on the governing body, they are prepared to accept the principle that they should be in the minority. Secondly, as to theological teaching, they state, that accepting the principle—

'that a Theological Faculty should not be excluded from the Catholic University, provided that the chairs of the Faculty are not endowed out of public funds, we are prepared to assent to such a provision, and to any guarantees that may be necessary, that the moneys voted by Parliament shall be applied exclusively to the teaching of secular knowledge.'

Thirdly, on the question of appointment of professors and their tenure of office, they think that absolute security for the interest of faith and morals, and all reasonable protection for the professors, 'may be met by submitting such questions to the decision of a strong and well-chosen Board of Visitors, in whose independence and judicial character all parties would have confidence.' Fourthly, they are prepared to admit the principle of opening-up the degrees, honours, and emoluments of the University to all comers. We have in these important considerations a basis of negotiation which should produce a scheme that will meet the approval of all reasonable men.

The denial of University education to the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland is a grievance so patent that much should be sacrificed for its redress. The bishops, in their statement, say that one of the advantages to be derived from the new University would be the opportunity it would afford of giving this higher education to the candidates for the priesthood. They are the only body of clergy in the United Kingdom debarred from this higher education, and, by the affiliation of Maynooth, as a divinity school, to the new University, the students would be enabled to pursue an arts course, which would give them a

wider

wider view of life, and better fit them to take their proper place in the ranks of educated men.

As for the endowment of the new University, as we have already stated, there is no reason why the Royal University should be maintained, and its income will be by its abolition available for the new scheme. The Queen's College, Belfast, has the strongest claims for re-establishment, with proper endowment, as a Presbyterian University, in the sense in which Trinity College is Episcopalian and the new University Roman Catholic. A strong plea for somewhat similar treatment in the case of Queen's College, Cork, has been put forth in the pamphlet of its President, Sir Rowland Blennerhassett. His scheme has much to recommend it, and demands careful consideration from the legislature. Its adoption would involve a reconstruction of the College, but on lines which would be acceptable to the people of Munster. As to the Queen's College, Galway, it should be closed and its endowment divided between the other colleges. What Galway wants is not a college such as its present one, but an institution for the practical development of industries in that most backward province Connaught. Compensation on a liberal scale should, of course, be given to the President and Professors of the existing College, if it should prove impossible, or inadvisable, to appoint them to positions in the contemplated University.

We frankly confess that, however tolerant and free the University might be, we do not share Mr. Arthur Balfour's hope that Protestants will share in its privileges, permeated as it must be by Roman Catholic ideals and aspirations, in preference to one that has the 'relish of the saltiness of time' about it. We believe that it is a *pis aller*, but the Roman Catholics will be 'accommodated—which is an excellent thing.'

Mr. Balfour is no 'prentice hand in grappling with Irish questions; his task here is a delicate one and not to be minimized; he has to deal, too, with men who, though they show every desire to facilitate matters to a satisfactory solution, are nevertheless adepts in the art of negotiation. He has, too, to break through the watertight compartments of the Nonconformist conscience, and he may expect for some time to have his ears dinned with the harmless echoes of philosophic thunder from the Liberation Society and other quarters. But the best intelligence on both sides of the Channel will be with him in removing a grievance, which the bishops in their statement already referred to, consider to be 'one of the few disabilities still attached to the Catholic Church in Ireland.'

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END OF THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVENTH VOLUME.

